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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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# Eclectic Magazine

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## THE AMERICANS IN TURKEY.\*

IN the following article we shall leave out of view the work of religious reformation, and confine ourselves to some of the incidental and secular results of the labors in which the Americans in Turkey have been engaged for the past half century. We make this omission

not because we do not appreciate the importance of the religious reformation, but because the public is somewhat well informed in regard to that reformation, while these more secular and incidental results are not so well known. Fortunately for our purpose, in the various works mentioned at the head of this ar-

\* (1.) *The Annual Reports of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* 1825-1875.

(2.) *Missionary Herald.* Bound Volumes. 1825-1875.

(3.) *History of the Missions of the A.B.C.F.M. to the Oriental Churches.* By RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., late Foreign Secretary of the Board. Two Vols. 1873.

(4.) *Travels in little-known parts of Asia Minor.* With Illustrations of Biblical Literature and Researches in Archaeology. By H. J. VAN LENNEP, D.D. Two Vols. New York and London. 1870.

(5.) *Biblical Researches in Palestine.* By Rev. EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., and Rev. ELI SMITH, D.D. Various editions.

(6.) *The Land and the Book.* By Rev. WM. THOMSON, D.D. New York and London. Various editions.

(7.) *Forty Years in the Turkish Empire.* A  
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVII., No. 6

Memoir of WILLIAM GOODELL, D.D., late Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. at Constantinople. By Rev. E. D. G. PRIME, D.D. New York. 1876.

(8.) *Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners, illustrative of Scripture.* By H. J. VAN LENNEP, D.D. Harper Bros. New York. 1876.

(9.) *The Women of the Arabs.* By H. H. JESSUP, D.D. New York. 1873.

(10.) *Ten Years on the Euphrates.* By Rev. C. H. WHEELER. Cong. Board of Publication. Boston, U.S.A.

(11.) *The Romance of Missions; or, Inside Views of Life and Labor in the Land of Ararat.* By MARIA A. WEST, Missionary of the American Board in Turkey. 813 pp. New York. 1876.

(12.) *Report of the U.S. Commissioner of Education.* Article 'Education in Turkey.' 1876

ticle, we have abundant and reliable sources of information. Above all others we place 'The Annual Reports of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,' and the volumes of the 'Missionary Herald' from 1825 to 1875, a period of just fifty years. The Reports have evidently been prepared by men of marked ability, and with a severe scrutiny of the facts. It may be questioned whether the Turkish Government itself can present so complete and truthful a record of the material, social, and moral progress of the empire during the period under review, as is found in these Reports and the accompanying volumes of the 'Herald.' The record is all the more valuable because it comes to us simply as the testimony of those who were laboring in the country for other than material ends.

The work of Dr. Anderson is a history of the operations of the American Board of Missions in Turkey since 1820. It contains a great amount of information in regard to the strictly missionary work; the style is clear but never impassioned; the facts are arranged in a methodical order, and the author evidently omits a great deal more than he inserts, and a great deal too that would be interesting to the general reader. There is, however, no attempt to sketch the history, character, or even the religious systems of those among whom the missionaries have labored. Had there been even brief statements in regard to the special characteristics of the various nationalities mentioned, the value of the work would have been greatly increased. Little is said of the physical geography of the country, almost nothing of the Turkish political system. Had the author devoted fifty pages to these and kindred topics as an introduction to his work, his readers would have been greatly aided in understanding what the Americans are doing in Turkey. Notwithstanding this omission, the work is one of profound interest. We confess our indebtedness to it for much of the information contained in the present article. The number who read these volumes of Secretary Anderson through will not be large, but it will be made up of those who are studying with deep interest the social and moral movements of modern times.

Some of the deficiencies of the work of Dr. Anderson are supplied in great measure by those of Drs. Van Lennep and Thomson. Dr. Van Lennep informs us that he was born in Smyrna, but removed to America at an early age. Knowing many languages, and gifted moreover with an Oriental fondness for detail in telling a story, he has given us many a carefully-drawn picture of Oriental life and scenery. In the work entitled 'Travels in little-known parts of Asia Minor,' the manners and customs of the people, comments on the natural history and geology of the country, the private affairs of the author, and many other subjects, are introduced with a somewhat tedious monotony. If the two volumes could be compressed into one, the improvement would be great. The most valuable portions of this work of Dr. Van Lennep are those which relate to ancient monuments which he visited. His accurate description of these monuments is greatly aided by excellent woodcuts, the sketches for which were made by the author on the spot. We know of scarcely anything of its kind more interesting than the pen and pencil picture of Niobé at the end of the second volume.

The work by the same author, entitled 'Bible Lands; their Modern Customs and Manners, illustrative of Scripture,' is a far more elaborate contribution to the literature illustrating the East, and is worthy of unqualified praise. Part I. may fairly be termed an exhaustive treatise on the physical geography of Asiatic Turkey; while Part II. relates to the ethnology of the country, embracing a clear account of the languages of the people, their manners and customs, their form and modes of government, almost everything, in short, that relates to their religious, social, and political life. Far from being prolix, the author seems desirous, in this volume, to give the greatest possible amount of information in the fewest possible words. We are confident that no work on this subject has appeared for many years that will compare with this in the breadth of its view and in the thoroughness and clearness with which the details are worked out. We are aware that this is high praise, but we are sure we shall be sustained by those who critically examine the work. The volume, which is a single imperial octavo

of 832 pages, is handsomely printed, and elaborately and elegantly illustrated.

'The Land and the Book,' by William Thomson, D.D., is the most popular contribution yet made by Americans to a knowledge of Eastern life and manners. Dr. Thomson has spent most of a long life in exploring Palestine and the adjacent countries, in noting places, antiquities, plants, animals, the manners and customs of the people, historical allusions, ancient sites, in fact, everything of interest in that portion of the world. Apart from his labors as a missionary, these volumes appear to have been the great work of his life. The style is rather monotonous, and is not relieved by the conversational form into which most of the narrative is thrown. The work differs entirely from that of Dr. Van Lennep last mentioned in its method of treating the same topics. Perhaps we can say that this is the more practical, the other the more scientific: the two together well nigh exhaust the subjects of which they treat.

Mr. Wheeler's 'Ten Years on the Euphrates' is a small volume, which is mainly taken up with an account of the work of evangelization as conducted by the missionaries at Kharpoot. There are, however, many incidental references to the manners and customs of the people, to the productions of the country, and occasional hints on questions of geography. Some of these questions are more distinctly mentioned in a small volume by the same author, entitled 'Letters from Eden' (Boston, 1868). Both these volumes were evidently written amid the rush of daily work, and show a lack of careful research, yet they are valuable for the purpose for which they were prepared.

We took up the work of Dr. Jessup, 'The Women of the Arabs,' with the expectation of finding much information in it in regard to Arab women: we were disappointed. The volume relates almost exclusively to the women of Christian and other races in Syria who have no Arab blood in them. The title of the book, therefore, is misleading; it should have been 'The Women of Syria.' The work itself is rather disjointed and unequal in its different parts. We cannot help feeling that the author has made the dark ground of his picture too dark,

and has painted the results of the efforts for the improvement of women in Syria in colors considerably too bright. Dr. Jessup writes like an enthusiast; many interesting facts are told in a graphic way, but the details are somewhat heavy, and you lay down the book with a rather dissatisfied feeling. A good dinner requires something more than pies, cakes, ice-creams, and champagne. We trust Dr. Jessup will rewrite this book: the subject is one of the deepest interest, and there is no work at present that satisfies the public demand for accurate information in regard to it.

We are sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the volume of Dr. Prime, entitled, 'Forty Years in the Turkish Empire: a Memoir of William Goodell, D.D.' The volume is principally made up of the letters and reminiscences of Dr. Goodell. The letters are full of genial humor, and written in a singularly pure and simple style. Dr. Goodell has sometimes been called the prince of missionary writers. Few who begin to read this volume will lay it aside until it is finished. Dr. Prime has collected and placed at the end of his work all the official declarations made of late years by the Turkish Government in regard to religious liberty.

Other works besides those mentioned above have been on our table while studying the subject we have in hand, some of them by English and some by American authors. Our sources of information, therefore, have been ample and of the best kind. What then are some of the results of this effort of the men of the New World to introduce modern ideas and modern civilization into the very heart of the Old? We say 'the heart of the Old World,' for when we speak of Turkey we mean the country which contains the sites and the old cities of Ur, Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus, Thebes, Troy, Baalbeck, Palmyra, and Jerusalem. We shall endeavor to answer this question by giving some account of what the Americans have accomplished in the Turkish Empire in respect to the following particulars:—1. Exploration; including some notice of the Physical Geography and Ethnology of the Country. 2. Literature and Education. 3. Medical Practice; and 4. The Improved Condition of Woman.

No one can fail to notice, at the outset, the sharp contrast between the American and the Oriental. The Oriental is sluggish almost to indifference; he dreads change, he easily submits to the decrees of fate; he has a profound regard for authority, and is disposed to allow all things to take their own course. To him time is of little value, success is not essential. Abundance of sleep, plenty of food, pipes, coffee, narcotics, long stories, formality, dignity, all these enter largely into the daily life of the dweller in the East. How strangely different the American. Nervous, impatient, short and sharp in speech, always in a hurry, despising formality, careless of his dress, unwilling to sleep till exhausted by overwork, ready to put his dissecting knife into everything, determined to make every undertaking a success, self-confident, filled with the conviction that American ideas are destined to lead the world, working always for definite results, and adapting his means to the end in a most positive way, who can predict the result of bringing this restless New Englander face to face with the slow and dignified Oriental? Strange as it may seem, we believe that the very sharpness of this contrast has been one of the main elements in the success of the Americans in dealing with the people of Turkey. The Oriental needed something bold and positive to arouse him, and this he has found in the Americans; for it must be confessed that whatever may be the short-comings of the citizens of the great Republic, a want of positiveness and self-confidence is not one of them.

Turning now to the actual work done by the Americans in Turkey, we call attention first of all to what they have accomplished as explorers of the country. On a careful examination of the authorities, we have noted the following facts. Two Americans, Messrs. Fisk and Parsons, examined the country embracing the Seven Churches as early as 1820. In 1823 Messrs. Fisk and King ascended the Nile as far as Thebes, making and publishing copious notes of the journey. Between 1821 and 1827 Messrs. Parsons, Fisk, King, Goodell, and Smith had explored nearly the whole of Palestine. In 1827 Mr. Gridley travelled through Cappadocia. In 1830 Messrs. Smith

and Dwight started on a tour through Asia Minor to Persia. As this journey was an extended one, and led to important results, it is worthy of more particular mention. These travellers left Constantinople on horseback, April 12th, 1830. They were dressed like native Turks, in order not to attract attention, and they proposed to go overland from the straits of the Bosphorus to the shores of the Caspian Sea, a distance of about one thousand miles in a direct line. The regions through which they were to pass were then little known; many parts of Turkey were inhabited by independent and hostile tribes; property was unprotected; there was no post, no telegraph in the country; there were no steamers on the Black or Mediterranean seas. Such a journey, then, may be compared to a trip from the head of Lake Superior to Alaska, or to a journey from Allahabad into the heart of Central Asia at the present time. Our travellers were gone fifteen and a half months, and returned in good health and spirits. They were richly rewarded by the information which they had obtained in regard to the regions through which they had passed, and the tribes and races which they had seen. This information is common enough now, but it was rare and interesting then. The travellers told their story in two modest volumes, which were published in Boston in 1833. That story made a deep impression on the minds of many thoughtful men, and led to the inauguration of important measures for the enlightenment and reformation of the tribes which the travellers had visited.

The exploration of Palestine by Dr. Edward Robinson, aided by Dr. Eli Smith, soon followed that of Armenia and Persia by Smith and Dwight. These investigations marked an era in antiquarian research: they began in 1838 and were renewed in 1852. No one can read the volumes of these explorers without being impressed by the great amount of labour which they performed, and by the practical common sense which they applied to every branch of their investigations. It is hardly too much to say that a great part of the romance of the Holy Land was destroyed by these unpoetical Americans, yet in its place we have a vast amount of historical information resting on a solid basis



of ascertained facts. The dross of history has been thrown away, its pure gold remains with us. The efforts of Robinson and Smith changed the method of antiquarian research in the East, and gave a new impulse to such research. The very title of Robinson's volumes has been a constant stimulus to all subsequent explorers. That title, 'Researches in Palestine and the adjacent regions,' exactly explains the character of the work. Since these volumes appeared men have not felt satisfied with second-hand reports; explorers have been compelled to see for themselves, to examine, to measure, to weigh the evidence on the spot. Later visitors have added much to what Robinson recorded, but no one of them of any respectability fails to acknowledge large indebtedness to the American traveller. A few have not agreed with him on isolated points, but any attempt to detract from the importance of what he did meets a quick protest from the best scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. At the time of his death Robinson was engaged on what he hoped to make the great work of his life, a treatise on the physical geography of Palestine, Syria, and the adjoining regions. The fragment of this work which was published after his death makes us deeply regret that he was not spared to carry out a design of such grand proportions. That Dr. Robinson was often dogmatic, and extremely tenacious of his own opinions, cannot be denied. He sometimes unjustly and too severely criticizes the opinions of others—in these respects some of the unpleasant characteristics of our trans-Atlantic cousins appear to his great disadvantage—yet it must be admitted in his favor that he formed his opinions only after mature deliberation, and therefore held them the more firmly, and his most severe criticisms were reserved for those who were pretenders in biblical research: for such persons his most bitter sarcasm seemed to him to come short of their deserts. Our own Palestine Exploration Committee speak thus of Robinson ('Our Work in Palestine,' pp. 7, 8): 'But the first real impulse, because the first successful impulse, towards scientific examination of the Holy Land, is due to the American traveller, Dr. Robinson. He it was who first conceived

the idea of making a work on biblical geography, to be based, not on the accounts of others, but on his own observations and discoveries. He fitted himself for his ambitious undertaking by the special studies of fifteen years, mastering the whole literature of the subject, and above all clearing the way for his own researches by noticing the deficiencies and weak points of his predecessors. He went, therefore, *knowing what to look for*, and what had been already found. His first journey was in 1838, his second in 1852. On each occasion he had the good fortune to be accompanied by his fellow-countryman, Dr. Eli Smith, a master of the Arabic language, and a keen and careful observer. Both travellers were gifted with that calm and sober common sense necessary above all things in a country where enthusiasm so often endangers accuracy, and a man, perfectly and entirely truthful and honest, sees what he wishes to see. Dr. Robinson seems first to have recognized that most important aid to biblical identification, the modern Arabic names, and the first edition of his work contains a very valuable list of names, chiefly collected by Dr. Eli Smith. Dr. Robinson, starting with the broad canon 'that all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the sacred places in and around Jerusalem and throughout Palestine is of no value, except so far as it is supported by circumstances known to us from the Scriptures or from other contemporary history,' was the first (except the German bookseller Korte, of the eighteenth century) to impugn the accuracy of the traditional sites. . . . Let it be understood that Dr. Robinson is the *first* of scientific travellers. His travels took him over a very large extent of ground, covering a large part of the whole country from Sinai north, and his books are still, after thirty years, the most valuable works which we possess on the geography of Palestine.' This is high praise, but not too high, and graceful as coming from Englishmen. Dr. Thomson has followed up the explorations of Robinson and Smith, and has added greatly to the information which they have given us. In these latter days the Americans have undertaken the scientific exploration of the region east of the Jordan. It is too soon to judge of their success,

but it is pleasant to know that they are working in entire harmony with the English Palestine Exploration Society. One of the best illustrations of what the Americans have accomplished in Turkey in the way of exploration, is afforded in the labors of Dr. Grant in Kûrdistan.

The Kûrds are undoubtedly the descendants of the ancient Carduchians, who are mentioned so frequently by Xenophon in the *Anabasis*. They live in the same mountains, and are now what the Carduchians were 2,000 years ago. When Dr. Grant went among them they were still lawless robbers, unsubdued by the Turkish Government. A few years before, Schultz—the celebrated German traveller—lost his life among them. Grant was not afraid to enter the mountain fastnesses of their country, to stop at their villages, to examine their habits and customs, and note the peculiarities of the physical geography of that part of Turkey. He gave us the first authentic information we have received in modern times in regard to many interesting questions relating to the Kûrds, the Nestorians, and other dwellers among the Kûrdish mountains. He was undoubtedly greatly aided in making these explorations by his knowledge of medicine and his skill as a surgeon. Even with this powerful ally, thirty-five years ago it required no little moral courage to explore Kûrdistan. Here is a description of his attending a celebrated Kûrdish chief in 1839. 'The sentinels upon the ramparts were sounding the watch-cry at midnight in the rough tones of their native Kûrdish. We entered the outer court through wide, iron-cased, folding-doors. A second iron door opened into a long dark alley, which conducted to the room where the chief was lying. It was evident that he was becoming impatient; and as I looked upon the swords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers which hung around the walls of the room, I could not but think of the fate of the unfortunate Schultz, who had fallen, as it is said, by the orders of this sanguinary chief. He had the power of life and death in his hands.' The chief recovered, and, in token of his gratitude, made his benefactor the present of a beautiful horse. Grant soon fell a victim to his own enthusiasm: he died at Mosul, after an active career in the East

of but a few years. His memoir and letters in the 'Missionary Herald' give us, even now, the most reliable information we have in regard to the Kûrdish mountains and their wild inhabitants. Dr. Grant was followed at Mosul by Dr. Lobdell, whose memoir has been prepared by Professor Wm. H. Tyler, of Amherst College, U.S.A., but we shall speak of his labors under the head of Medical Practice. In this Memoir (pp. 213-227) will be found an instructive account of a visit to the singular sect of the Yezidees, or devil-worshippers; and in the various numbers of the 'Missionary Herald' the letters of Dr. Lobdell contain a large amount of information in regard to this strange people, information which could only be gathered by the personal inspection of one acquainted with their language.

Besides these extended and positive explorations, the correspondence with the Missionary House shows that nearly all of the Americans have been more or less engaged in the work of exploration. There are accounts of extended journeys by Hamlin, Riggs, and Byington, in European Turkey; by Johnston, Azoniah Smith, Peabody, Dunmore, and Trowbridge, in ancient Armenia; by Coffing, Schmider, and Adams, in Cilicia and Cappadocia; by Wheeler, Basnum, Allen, and Williams, in Mesopotamia; and by Knapp in the region of Lake Van. True, the immediate object of these travellers was not the exploration of the country, but with commendable common sense they have noted almost innumerable facts in regard to its general features, and have collected a great amount of information that must be of special value to all students of the geography of those regions. The history of the civilized portions of our race seems to flow back to Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, the very countries where the Americans have lately studied and worked. May we not hope that their continued occupation and examination of the country will throw light on some of the interesting questions that are now attracting so much attention, the questions, we mean, relating to the early occupation of those lands by the primitive races.

The physical features of the country naturally attracted the attention and se-

cured the admiration of the Western strangers. They found the climate delightful, the soil rich: broad plains stretched far and wide, till they struck the base of rough, towering mountains. The vine, the olive, the mulberry, rich fields of waving grain, reminded them of the luxury of nature, so often the burden of classic song. The rivers, too, so celebrated in the history and the poetry of the world, the Halys, the Araxes, the Cydnus, the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Orontes and the Meander, still roll on to the seas, as they did in the infancy of our race. Here are the plains where the armies of the Greeks and Persians, the Romans and the Barbarians, the Moguls and the Turks, enriched the soil with their blood. Through these narrow passes of the Taurus Alexander and the Crusaders defiled as they marched to the East. The physical features of Asia Minor are deeply interesting in themselves, but that interest is increased by the fact that you cannot look there upon external nature without connecting it with the wonderful events that have occurred in the past in the very presence of these same natural objects. As you climb the Asiatic Olympus, you remember that Pliny was once governor of Bithynia; as you stand on the battle-field of Issus, and look north to the snow-covered Taurus ranges, you remember that some of the most beautiful letters of Cicero were written when he was governor of Cilicia. Egypt, Palestine, the Nile, the Jordan, the Hellespont, the Bosphorus, Rhodes, Cyprus, the islands of the Ægean Sea, Smyrna, the plains of Troy—we mention them all, only to bring before the mind's eye the wonderful physical beauty of the localities in which so many of the great events of man's history have occurred.

What of the races of men now inhabiting these countries, and what light have the Americans thrown upon their national characteristics? These questions open before us a wide field, and we must limit ourselves in this branch of our subject. We may partially answer the last question first, by saying that in their published works and letters the Americans have brought out in the clearest manner the marked and peculiar characteristics of each nationality. This is especially true of the scholarly works of

Dr. Van Lennep, but it appears in all of the published writings of the Americans who have lived in Turkey.

One of the marked peculiarities of the Turkish Empire is the great number of separate races over whom the Sultan is called to bear rule. Some of these are the following: the Kürds, the Osmanli Turks, the Arabs, the Yezidees, the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Circassians, the Copts, the Armenians, the Druses, the Maronites, and the Turcomans. Besides these there are great numbers of occasional and straggling residents, as Gipsies, Persians, Hindu Fakirs, and wanderers from the interior of Africa and from the most distant regions of Central and Eastern Asia. Of the Christian races, the Americans have come most in contact with the Greeks, the Armenians, the Bulgarians, and the Copts. The Greeks are too well known to require special notice here. As the Armenians, in modern times, have been brought forward to the notice of the civilized world in great measure by the Americans, a brief but particular notice of them will not be out of place. The same may be said of the Bulgarians.

The Armenians are undoubtedly one of the old, or primitive races of men. One of the names which they give to their country is 'Ashkanzean': this is derived plainly from Askenaz, who was the brother of Togarmah and the son of Gomer. They also call their country 'Doon Torkomah,' the 'House of Torkomah,' or Togarmah. There seems much reason to believe that the Armenians have occupied Armenia ever since the nations were dispersed over the face of the earth, and that they retain, to a great extent, the early characteristics of the race. They are described by one of the Americans as 'of medium height, squarely built, complexions rather dark, hair a glossy black, dark and beautiful eyes, thin frames firmly knit, so that they are capable of a great amount of physical labor. Many of the men have great strength. The marriage relation is guarded with the greatest sanctity; illegitimate births are almost unknown among them; marriage ties are seldom broken, or marriage vows violated: for many centuries intermarriages of relations have been strictly prohibited both by law and custom. These causes,

combined with a bracing climate, have produced a people remarkable for health and physical strength. Many of the females of the higher classes, especially in youth, are very beautiful.' The same writer adds: 'The Armenians have a high degree of mental capacity: this is shown in their ready mastery of the details of business, in the rapid progress they make in study whenever the opportunity is presented to them. Their young men generally take a high stand in scholarship when admitted to the schools and colleges of Europe and America. They have a sincere reverence for the aged, and delight in recounting the deeds of the great heroes of their race. In comparing them, in respect to their mental characteristics, with the civilized nations of the West, we should remember their history, a history which, for several hundred years, has been one sad tale of oppression and sorrow. If we bear this in mind, we shall wonder at the great amount of mental life and activity now existing among this interesting people.'\* It would take us too far from our purpose to enter largely into the history and prospects of the Armenians. This much is plain, that the Armenians belong to the races that have a future before them. In Russia and Persia as well as in Turkey they are increasing in numbers and in wealth. They have an aptitude for business, and this will serve them a good turn as the semi-civilized countries in which they dwell are more opened to the commerce of the world. The Bulgarians have recently acquired a painful notoriety in consequence of their treatment by the irregular troops of the Turkish Government. They come originally from the Volga, that part of Asia which has so long been the swarming hive of the human race. They are part of the great Slav family: the old Slavic is their ancient language, and they use the same alphabet and character in writing and printing Bulgarian as is used by the Russians. They number about five millions, and occupy the great plains of European Turkey on both sides of the Balkan mountains.

They are essentially an agricultural people, very industrious, hard-working, peaceful. During the past twenty years no one of the subject races of Turkey has made such rapid strides in education; great numbers of common and high schools have been established among them; the teachers are all supported by the people, and are well paid. A separate exarch and bishops of their own have recently been granted them by the Porte, so that they are now free from the overbearing dominion of the Greek patriarch and Greek ecclesiastics. School-books, newspapers, the Scriptures, magazines, tracts, and pamphlets, are having an immense sale among them. Under the fostering care of a good government there can be little doubt that the Bulgarians would soon rise to a high scale among the nations of Europe. We mention them thus particularly, because in various ways since 1858 they have come in contact with the Americans. Many of their books have been prepared by the Americans, and the Bulgarian newspaper that has by far the largest circulation is edited and published by them.

Of the Mohammedan races, the Americans have thrown special light upon the history and peculiarities of the Osmanli Turks, the Kürds, the Bedawin Arabs, and the Yezidees, if it is proper to class those last named among Mohammedans. We must, however, refer our readers to the works we have mentioned for information in regard to these races, remarking only in passing that the best description we have seen of the life and character of the Kürds is found in the Memoir of Dr. Grant.

Such then are the physical aspects and such the motley character of the inhabitants of the Eastern lands on which the Americans entered fifty years ago. What have they accomplished? A full answer to this question would take us beyond the limits of our space. We can only briefly indicate certain lines of effort, and the results that have thus far been reached. Mistakes have inevitably been made in prosecuting so difficult a work, and no doubt a considerable degree of imperfection is to be found in the results themselves. We turn first to what is usually designated as the work of the *Press*. Under this general term we in-

\* 'Armenia and the Armenians.' The New Englander, New Haven, U.S.A. Jan. 1874.



clude everything of every sort that the Americans have published in the various languages of Turkey. It is but fair to mention that when they began their labors in this department, somewhat over fifty years ago, the modern press was unknown in Turkey. Not a newspaper was published in the country, there was not a school-book in any one of the modern languages.

We have before us a catalogue of the books, tracts, and newspapers published by the Americans in the various languages of Turkey. We find in this list publications in Arabic, Greek, Armenian (ancient and modern), Bulgarian, Turkish, Hebrew-Spanish, and Kürdîsh, besides what has been issued in the European languages. Moreover, some of the books are published two or three times in the same language, but in a different character. Thus we find the Scriptures issued in Turkish written with three different characters, the Arabic, the Armenian, and the Greek; and these versions are styled the Arabo-Turkish, the Armeno-Turkish, and the Greco-Turkish. So also of certain school and hymn-books. It is found that many Ar-

menians do not know Armenian, but Turkish: books therefore have to be prepared for them in the Turkish language, but written with the Armenian character. The same is true in respect to a large percentage of the Greeks in Turkey: they know only Turkish, but write it with the Greek character. When it is remembered that these books must be prepared in these different languages and dialects, and in these different characters, and so correctly as to stand the test of the severe criticism of educated men, we can form some idea of the obstacles overcome and the amount of labor bestowed by the Americans on this department of their work. Take for example the books that have been prepared for the common and higher schools. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin declares that when his countrymen entered Turkey there was not a school-book to be found in the spoken languages of the country. In looking over the published catalogue of books, we find a great number of school-books in the various languages now spoken in Turkey. A few of these we shall mention, as illustrating this special department of work.

In Armeno-Turkish. A Reading Book No. 1.....	60 pages.
"    "    "    "    "    2.....	204 "
"    "    "    "    "    3.....	293 "
"    "    Geography.....	195 "
"    "    Grammar.....	208 "
"    "    Physiology.....	262 "
"    "    Arithmetic.....	66 "
"    "    Ditto.....	367 "
"    "    Church History.....	396 "
"    "    "    "    .....	776 "
In Armenian. 1st Reader.....	108 "
"    Geography.....	209 "
"    2nd, or Large Reader.....	332 "
"    Grammar.....	228 "
"    Intellectual Philosophy.....	808 "
"    Arithmetic.....	312 "
"    Work on the Will.....	314 "
"    Moral Science.....	232 "
"    Whately's Evidences.....	187 "
"    Hopkins's ".....	462 "
"    Systematic Theology.....	508 "
"    Geometry.....	237 "
"    History of the Reformation, Vol. I.....	592 "
"    "    "    "    Vol. II.....	594 "
"    Algebra.....	262 "
"    Grammar of English.....	264 "
In English. Grammar of Armeno-Turkish.....	56 "
"    "    Armenian.....	84 "
"    Grammar and Vocabulary of Bulgarian.....	247 "

Quite a number of newspapers are published by the Americans at Constantinople and Beirut, in the Arabic, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greco-Turkish, and Bulgarian languages. The circulation by subscription of those published at Constantinople alone is now 6591 copies.

We pass over the school-books that have been prepared in the other languages and dialects; in the above list we have placed only those works that seem most interesting and important. In examining this list, we should remember that these works have been prepared only as an incidental part of the work of the Americans in Turkey. In the preparation of these books they have doubtless been greatly aided by well-educated natives of the country, but the final decision, and indeed the main responsibility, must have rested with the missionaries. As large editions of these school-books have been sold, and as the books themselves are now used in all parts of the country, their influence in raising the general standard of education must be considerable.

The most important contribution, however, which the Americans have made to the literature of Turkey, is found in the accurate translations which they have made of the Christian Scriptures. These translations are worthy of special notice, because, apart from the religious influence of the Scriptures, they are making a marked impression upon the intellectual life of the various nationalities of Turkey. Fifty years ago there was no version of the Scriptures in any one of the modern languages of that country. The task of making these translations was not an ordinary one. Regard must be had, on the one hand, to the uneducated classes—the style must be such that the common people would readily understand the meaning; on the other hand, regard must be had to the educated classes—the style must be sufficiently elegant and idiomatic to commend itself to the taste of those who are proud of the literary excellences of their ancient tongues. The Americans may fairly claim that they have succeeded in this difficult task, in respect at least to four of the important languages of the country. We refer to the modern Armenian, the Arabic, the Turkish, and the Bulga-

rian. The Turkish versions have varied somewhat, according as they have been prepared for the Armenians, the Greeks, or the Osmanli Turks. The preparation of the entire Bible in the Armeno-Turkish language (the Turkish language written with the Armenian character) was the life work of the late William Goodell, D.D. The Rev. Dr. Schauffler has given many years to the preparation of a version of the Scriptures in the Arabo-Turkish, or Turkish written with the Arabic character; while at the present time a permanent committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Riggs is chairman, is engaged in an attempt to recast all the Turkish versions of the Bible, and form one that may be printed in any character. We understand that there is one English representative on this committee. The translation of the Scriptures into Arabic is the result of the labors of two accomplished American scholars, Rev. Eli Smith, D.D., and Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, D.D. We are assured by many who are capable of judging, that this Arabic version of the Scriptures is worthy of the highest praise, and reflects great credit upon the scholarship of the translators. The same is said of the translations of the Bible that have been made into modern Armenian and Bulgarian by the Rev. Elias Riggs, D.D. We cannot forbear quoting an extract from a letter from Dr. Riggs in regard to the time spent on this branch of his work.

You ask (he says) in regard to the time devoted to the Armenian and Bulgarian translations of the Bible. In both cases the translations were first issued in parts in small editions, intended partly to supply the existing demand and partly to secure criticisms and to leave room for corrections arising from comparison of the different parts of the Bible. In both cases the whole Bible was finally printed in a single imperial octavo volume, with references. To the Armenian Bible (including the two editions) I gave most of my time for seven years, and to the Bulgarian more than half of my time for eleven years. How long our committee will take to complete the Turkish version, it is quite impossible to say. We spent a year on the four gospels.

When we remember that these translations are all made from the original Hebrew and Greek; and when we remember also that the translations, when put in their permanent form, have been commended by the best Arabic, Turkish,

Bulgarian, and Armenian scholars of Turkey; and when we recall also the great obstacles the Americans must have met in carrying these translations through the press at Constantinople and Beirut, we cannot refrain from expressing our appreciation, not only of their high scholarship, but of their persevering diligence and steadfastness of purpose, and we are convinced that generations of men yet to come will join in this hearty commendation. We have taken no little pains to inquire as to the style and character of the aids to the higher education that have been issued by the Americans in Turkey. We regret that the number of these works is not larger. As the work of the Americans is essentially evangelistic, it was natural perhaps that many books especially adapted to that kind of work should be issued. We are glad to find that the professors in the college at Beirut have felt the importance of supplying, to some degree, the wants of educated men and of those who wish to enter upon the study of the higher branches of science. They have published in Arabic a work on Anatomy, of 741 pages octavo, illustrated by 360 cuts; they have also published in the same language text-books on Chemistry, Natural History, Physiology, Botany, Surgery, Materia Medica, Mental Philosophy, Physical Diagnosis, and Astronomy. A monthly medical journal is also published by one of the medical professors. Treatises on Pathology, Geology, and History are in course of preparation. The testimony of those best qualified to judge in regard to the character of these books, is that they are well prepared both in respect to matter and the style of the language.

From the annual report of the American Board for 1875 we make the following extract:—"The printing of the mission during 1874 amounted to 1,006,000 pages in Armenian, 220,400 pages in Armeno-Turkish, 107,800 pages in Greco-Turkish, and 450,420 pages in Bulgarian, making a total of 1,784,620 pages in that year, and a total from the first of 300,436,800 pages." During the same year there were printed in Arabic at Beirut, 30,000 vols. and 9,791,910 pages, making a total from the first in Arabic of 146,023,320 pages. If we add together the number of pages printed from

the first at Constantinople and Beirut, we find a total of 446,460,120. As to the weekly newspapers: of the 'Avedaper,' in Armenian and Armeno-Turkish, 1600 copies were published; and of the monthly paper bearing the same name, 4,000 copies were published; of the 'Zornitza' (the 'Morning Star,' in Bulgarian), 2000 copies were published.

We notice that several volumes have been prepared both in Turkish and Arabic for the blind, according to Moon's system.

As in regard to literature, so in regard to education, the theory on which the Americans have worked in Turkey has been that all their efforts should converge towards the evangelization of men. What they have undertaken therefore in respect to schools, seminaries of learning, and colleges, is in a sense incidental to their general work, and yet no less in vital connection with it. We gather most of our information on this point from a paper issued by the U. S. Commissioner of Education, and entitled 'Americans and Education in Turkey.' We find that the schools are arranged under the following designations. 1. Common Schools. 2. Girls' Boarding Schools. 3. High Schools for Young Men. 4. Theological Schools. 5. Colleges and Medical Schools.

We find a detailed account of two hundred and ninety Common Schools, in which there are found eleven thousand two hundred and sixty-eight scholars, of both sexes. The ages of the scholars in the common schools is from eight to fifteen years. The studies pursued in these schools are, of course, elementary: reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar. Sometimes Armenian history is introduced, and occasionally the English language is studied in the common schools, but these are exceptions. The teachers are all natives, and generally are the graduates either of the Girls' Boarding Schools or of the High Schools for Young Men. From various reports and letters, we conclude that much attention is given to the common schools; that these form the basis of all the educational work of the Americans in Turkey, and also furnish an important medium for communicating ideas on various subjects to the adult population, while the schoolrooms form convenient places

for gatherings for religious and social purposes. We notice that the common schools are supported, either wholly or for the most part, by the people themselves, the salaries of the teachers being raised by voluntary contributions.

The Girls' Boarding Schools deserve more notice than we shall be able to give them. They are fifteen in number, and are located at Constantinople, Brusa, Bardizag, Manisa, Samokoor, Marsovan, Erzeroum, Bittis, Mardin, Kharpoot, Marash, Aintab, Beirut, Latakia, and Alexandria. In all cases two, in some cases three or four, unmarried American ladies of good education are connected with each school. The main purpose of these schools is to raise up an efficient class of educated native women as general helpers in the work of evangelization. After spending three years in these schools, some of the young women become the wives of native pastors and preachers, others become teachers in common schools. The reports and letters show that there is a great and increasing demand for the services of this class of persons. The course of study is much the same in all the Boarding Schools for Girls. The principal studies are arithmetic, geography, Armenian and Turkish grammar, history, algebra, botany, physiology, composition, mental and moral philosophy, besides instruction in sewing and household duties. Regular biblical instruction, of course, occupies a prominent place in the course of each school. We have not been able to ascertain the exact number of scholars in all the schools, but the average attendance in those where the attendance is reported is about thirty in each school: this would give a total of four hundred and fifty in all the schools. The number is not large, but the girls are selected because of their promising character, and are trained for special service. We doubt whether the Americans are doing anything in Turkey that is so sure, sooner or later, to change the entire character of society as what they are doing in the line of the education of women.

There are High Schools for Young Men, which may be described as midway between the Common Schools and the Theological Seminaries: in these schools young men are fitted for the Col-

leges. The exact character of these High Schools, and the number in attendance upon them, cannot be made out from the reports.

What are called the Theological Seminaries are institutions designed expressly for training young men for the various spheres of the work of evangelization. The prominence given to these institutions seems to indicate that the Americans regard them of the highest importance. Three well qualified men, besides competent native teachers, are generally connected with each seminary. The course of study is adapted to the end in view, great prominence being given to scriptural and didactic theology and to mental and moral philosophy. The schools of this sort are located at Samokoor (European Turkey), Marsovan, Kharpoot, Mardin, Marash, Beirut, and Cairo. The number of young men in each seminary is small, in no case amounting to more than fifty, but these are chosen from a great number, and for four years they receive the closest attention. It is not too much to say that some of the men who give the greatest promise of wide usefulness in Turkey at the present time are graduates of these Theological Seminaries.

Three Colleges have been established by the Americans in Turkey: the Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and the Central Turkey College at Aintab. A fourth has recently been projected: it is to be called the Armenia College, and will be located at Kharpoot, in Upper Mesopotamia. These Colleges are regarded with special interest by the Americans, and therefore deserve particular mention. The first one was founded at Constantinople mainly by the liberality of Christopher R. Robert, Esq., of New York, in the year 1862. Mr. Robert has given in all £40,000 to the institution. Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., is the president of the College, and has given to it many of the best years of a singularly active and fruitful life. No man more properly deserves to be called the father of education in Turkey than Dr. Hamlin. In 1841 he was selected to take charge at Constantinople of an institution then just proposed for training native preachers and teachers. By the versatility of his genius and the force of



his will, he has given a marked stimulus to the cause of education throughout the whole empire. The College of which he is now president is situated on the Bosphorus at Rouméli Hissar, the very point where Mohammed II. built his fortifications in 1452, preparatory to his final attack on Constantinople. The site of the College is one of unsurpassed beauty and magnificence: here a substantial stone edifice has been erected at a cost of about £12,000. Here are gathered the professors and their families, and students of many nationalities. Sixty-seven young men have already graduated from the College, many of whom have taken prominent positions as teachers among their own people. At the beginning of the recent political disturbances, and the great financial depression in Turkey, there were two hundred and twenty-five students in the College, representing different nationalities as follows:—Armenian, Bulgarian, Greek, English, German, Italian, French, American, Swedish, Turkish, Tunisian, Dalmatian, Russian, and Jewish. The religious creeds represented by the students are as follows:—the Armenian, the Orthodox Greek, the Orthodox Bulgarian, the Protestant, the Catholic Latin rites, the Catholic Oriental rites, the Jewish, and the Mohammedan. The principal language of the College is English, but students speaking many different languages enter the preparatory department, in order to study the English language, and such other studies as are required before they can enter upon the regular college course. Greek, French, Armenian, Bulgarian, and Turkish are in constant use in the daily work of the College. Each student pays £40 a year for his tuition and board. For the past three or four years the income of the College has been from £5,000 to £7,000 per annum, while the expenses have averaged about £6,000 per annum. The institution has a carefully-selected library of six thousand volumes. We have examined with much interest the course of study at this College. We find that in the first year the students are kept mostly to Latin grammar, natural history, physics, algebra, geometry, and English composition, together with special studies in Greek, Armenian, Turkish, and Bulgarian. In the second

year, besides the special studies in the languages mentioned above, and besides the studies in English rhetoric and oratory, we find Latin continued, ancient history, Paley's evidences, physiology, mechanics, physics, navigation, trigonometry, and surveying. In the third year, Latin continued, modern history, commercial and parliamentary law, political economy, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, analytical geometry, and calculus, besides the special studies mentioned above. In the fourth year we find Latin continued, international law, mental philosophy, moral philosophy, history of civilization, astronomy, analytical chemistry, geology, and many special studies that are arranged with reference to the particular wants of the different nationalities. It must be acknowledged that, considering the low state of education in Turkey since the conquest of Constantinople, the above programme of study is a comprehensive and practical one. From a communication from Dr. Hamlin, in the report of the U.S. Commissioner of Education, describing a recent examination, we conclude that this is not merely a schedule of a course of study on paper, but that the students are taken through these studies and thoroughly examined in them before they are allowed to graduate. 'Some of the above studies,' writes Dr. Hamlin, 'had not been introduced into Oriental institutions until this American College set the example which they must now follow. Its influence is felt upon other institutions as well as upon its own students.'

The Syrian Protestant College was established at Beirut, Syria, in 1865. The language of the College is exclusively Arabic. In the literary department the course of study is as follows.

*Studies of the First Year.*—Higher Arabic Grammar, Algebra, Universal History, English or French, and Book-keeping.

*Second Year.*—Arabic, Prosody, Rhetoric, Logic, Geometry, Trigonometry (plane and spherical), Mensuration, Navigation and Surveying, Arabic History, English or French Prose Writers and Composition.

*Third Year.*—Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, European History, English or French Poetry and Composition, Lec-

tures upon Zoology, Botany, Turkish or Greek (optional), Latin.

*Fourth Year.*—Mental and Moral Philosophy, Astronomy, Geology, Political Economy, International, Maritime, and Commercial Law, Anatomy and Physiology, Modern History of Europe and America, English Logic and Rhetoric, or French, Latin, Turkish. Selected Lectures in the Medical Department.

Throughout the course there are weekly exercises in Arabic Composition, and systematic study of the Scriptures.

There is a Medical Department in this College. In regard to the course of study in this department, we find the following statement.

'Students applying for admission will be examined in the following branches :—

'Arabic Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric; Arithmetic, to Decimal Fractions; Algebra, to Simple Equations; Geometry, to the end of the Fourth Book of Euclid; Elements of Geography, History, and Natural Philosophy; and either English, French, German, or Italian.

'Studies of the Medical Course :—

'*First Year.*—Winter Session: Chemistry, Systematic Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Physiology, Latin (if previously neglected). Summer Session: Botany and Regional Anatomy.

'*Second Year.*—Winter Session: Systematic Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Materia Medica, Practical Pharmacy, Latin. Summer Session: Clinics and Hospital Attendance, and Zoology.

'*Third Year.*—Winter Session: Practice of Physic, Surgery, Clinical Medicine, Clinical Surgery, and Hospital Attendance. Summer Session: Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children, Hospital Attendance, and Mineralogy.

'*Fourth Year.*—Winter Session: Practice of Physic, Surgery, Clinical Medicine, Clinical Surgery, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, and Skin, and Hospital Attendance. Summer Session: Geology, Medical Jurisprudence, Examination of Students, and conferring Diplomas.'

The Sessions of the Medical Department are three :—1. The Winter Session, beginning the third Thursday in October, and ending one day before Christmas. 2. Beginning one day after New Year, and ending one day before Easter. 3. Beginning eight days after

Easter, and ending third Tuesday in July. Commodious buildings have been erected on the college grounds at Râs Beirût. The main building, which has a front of one hundred and fifty feet in length, includes dormitories for one hundred students, cabinets, lecture and recitation rooms, library, and chapel. The medical hall has all the appointments necessary for the prosecution of medical and surgical studies.

The Lee Observatory was erected by the liberality of Henry Lee, Esq., of Manchester. It is well supplied with meteorological and astronomical instruments.

These facts serve to illustrate the practical character of the work which the Americans are doing in Turkey. The entire sum thus far expended in the establishment and partial endowment of the Syrian Protestant College is about \$750,000.

Ten thousand pounds have been contributed by benevolent persons in Turkey, England, and the United States, for the establishment of a college at Aintab, in Central Turkey. The reasons for the establishment of this institution are thus forcibly presented by Dr. Hamlin.

'First: It has a noble field to work in, consisting of some millions who have no other Christian institution of learning of a high grade.

'Second: If this College does not occupy this field the Jesuits will. They follow the track of all our missions, and endeavor to make them abortive by educating the youth of the most intelligent and influential classes.

'Third: Such a College is the natural culmination of the missionary work. A true evangelical faith will always lead towards the highest mental culture. Not to support such institutions is virtually to abandon the work of universal evangelization.

'Fourth: The old civilizations of the many races and religions of Turkey are rapidly disintegrating, and some reconstruction or other must follow. A Christian college in these circumstances will have an influence for good impossible to any similar institution in a normal state of society.'

A wealthy Moslem has given a commanding and beautiful site to the Col-

lege, on which a handsome ouilding has been erected, capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty students and a professor's family, and furnishing also abundant rooms for library, cabinet, recitations, and lectures. There will be a medical department connected with this College, towards the establishment of which considerable sums have been collected and a valuable site secured. Two professors have been appointed to the medical department, and are already at work. The native Protestants of Aintab, though poor, have raised among themselves fourteen hundred pounds as a contribution to the College.

The Rev. C. H. Wheeler has undertaken to raise in America ten thousand pounds for the establishment of the College at Kharpoot.

We have left ourselves too little space in which to speak of medical practice and the improved condition of women. The Americans early recognized the importance of trained medical skill as an auxiliary to their general work in Turkey. It appears, however, that the first motive in sending educated physicians into that country was to protect and afford needed assistance to the missionary families. The medical gentlemen themselves soon found that it was impossible to live in the country, and not attend to the pressing wants of the suffering people. We find ourselves embarrassed by the great amount of information before us in regard to the character, extent, and results of this medical work in Turkey. It is all the more worthy of note because it is unknown except to a limited circle in the United States, and scarcely at all in England. For a long period of years well-educated physicians and surgeons from America have been quietly working in all parts of Asiatic Turkey. These gentlemen have made extended and interesting reports in regard to the diseases of the country, the climate, the state of medical practice, and their own special labors. From one of these reports we make the following extract. The writer, H. S. West, M.D., recently deceased, was for eighteen years resident at Sivas. He says :—

With a population of more than ten millions, Asia Minor is almost entirely destitute of educated physicians. There are a few army physicians stationed at various military posts, on

account of the soldiers. These men receive an imperfect medical education at Constantinople, where there is a military medical school. The other medical practitioners are mostly Armenians, who have never received any professional training, except to be initiated into a routine of practice employed by their ancestors for many generations back, consisting mostly of blood-letting and purging. These men are only found in the principal cities. In the hundreds and thousands of villages there are no medical practitioners whatever. There are no surgical practitioners except *bone setters*, ignorant men and women, who have learned from their ancestors to apply a bandage, but who have not the least knowledge of anatomy or of any other science. There are also operators for cataract and other diseases of the eye, who travel the country: they perform the old operation of couching. These are also entirely destitute of education, and know nothing of the eye. The midwives are rude, ignorant women.

As illustrating the methods and influence of educated medical men in a semi-civilized country, we would call attention to the labors of Grant, Lobdell, Azariah Smith, and West. Dr. Anderson, secretary to the American Mission Board, says of Grant: 'He awakened great interest as a physician: he was continually thronged with patients, sick with all manner of diseases, real and imaginary. Moslems and Nestorians came together. Children brought their aged parents, and mothers their little ones. Those blinded by ophthalmia were led by the hand. Those relieved from suffering were ready to kiss his feet, or even his shoes at the door. He gained great repute by the removal of cataracts and the consequent restoration of sight. There were patients from great distances, Kùrdish chiefs from 'the regions beyond,' and some from the distant borders of Georgia. Among the multitudes were the governor of the province, two princes of the royal family, and many of the Persian nobles. When he made his first journey into Kùrdistan he was exposed to great danger, but 'his fame as a physician had preceded him, and men came from all directions for medicine. Scarcely had he entered the village of Lezan, on the banks of the noisy Zab, when a young man, the only one he had ever seen from this remote region, from whose eyes he had removed a cataract the year before, came with a present of honey, and introduced him at once to the confidence of the people.

He became so thronged with the sick from all the region, that he had to forbid more than three or four coming forward at once.

Dr. Lobdell passed through Aintab on his way to Mosul in 1852. In 1846 an American missionary had been driven from Aintab amid a shower of stones. Dr. Lobdell was treated there with the highest respect: the change was due mainly to the fact that he was a physician. All classes, Mohammedans as well as Christians, united in petitioning him to remain there: several hundred signed the petition, and 'grey-headed men wept when assured that he must go.' After reaching Mosul, it is said: 'Scarcely had Dr. Lobdell set foot in the city, when he was besieged by patients of every class and description. He went everywhere armed with pills and lancet. A hundred patients, high and low, rich and poor, Moslem, Jew, and Christian, were often present together. Some rode on horses, some on donkeys, some came on foot, and some were borne on the shoulders or in the arms of their friends. The majority were often Mohammedans. The diseases were of every kind, real or imaginary, possible or conceivable. People wanted medicine to make them thin, and medicine to make them fat; medicine to make them hot, and medicine to make them cold. Children must have medicine to make them strong. A high officer of the government brought his watch to Dr. Lobdell, to mend, thinking that of course the "hakeen" must understand the mechanical arts.' The people were astonished at his diagnosis of diseases and his foresight of the issue. In a letter to a friend he reports that 'it was no uncommon thing for the native doctors to blister the head all over, and to cauterize every other part of the body with a hot iron.' Men would 'insist on taking a quart of medicine all at once, or go to the other extreme, and lay it aside till they should get better.' 'I find,' he adds, 'that many persons consider me a magician. When I ask them, "What is the matter?" they reply, "You know;" and say no more. I am very confident, as Dr. Mott told me it would be, that I do twice as much good here by my knowledge of medicine as I could without it.' No doubt this estimate was correct, but, overcome by the immense pressure of his

professional duties, he sank early to his grave, deeply and widely mourned by the natives among whom he died.

Dr. Azariah Smith died at Aintab in 1858. His contributions to the American Oriental Society and to various medical journals show that he was a man of wide and accurate scholarship; while the reputation which still survives him in Northern Syria proves that he was a successful practitioner, and that he knew well how to secure the confidence and love of the people among whom he labored. He arrived at Aintab at a time when the excitement against the Americans was at its height; but by his medical skill and his winning manner he entirely turned the tide of public sentiment, and was largely instrumental in establishing what is now known as the Central Turkey Mission, in some respects the most successful and interesting work under the care of the Americans in Turkey.

Dr. Henry S. West was a graduate of Yale College, U.S.A., and of one of the prominent medical schools of New York. After eighteen years of faithful service in Turkey, he has recently been removed by death. He is described as a man of small stature, of a nervous temperament, of kind and genial manners, who loved his profession passionately, and who had devoted his life to the good of his fellow-men in the practice of that profession. His modesty and diffidence were proverbial among all who knew him. In order to practise successfully among the native people, he learned the Turkish language. He attended to the wants of a large number of missionary families, located in some cases hundreds of miles from his own home and from each other, and all his journeys were made on horseback. He educated nineteen young men as physicians, taking them through the various departments of their medical studies unaided and alone. He was compelled to practise in all branches of medicine and surgery, and his practice was so successful that patients came to him from all parts of Asia Minor, often crossing high mountains, and exposing themselves to great danger and suffering, in order to avail themselves of his skill. He received large sums as medical fees, but his own salary was only that of an ordinary missionary, while all his fees



were given to a fund for building chapels and school-houses for the native people. One or two illustrations of his surgical practice will not be out of place. On one occasion, soon after he arrived in Turkey, he stopped about sunset at a rude village where he expected to spend the night. He was scarcely seated in the rough quarters furnished by the villagers, when word was brought that a man in a khan near by was suffering from a dangerous rupture. Friends and neighbors begged the doctor to go and see him. He found the patient lying on the floor in a dark room, suffering from strangulated hernia. Several hours had passed since the obstruction occurred; the man was already much exhausted, and the parts were swollen and feverish. Dr. West knew scarcely a dozen words of the Turkish language, and he had no translator, and no assistant but a common native servant, who was ready to faint at the sight of blood. There was no light to be had except that given by one small candle. The obstacles certainly were great, and the chance of success was very small. The doctor, however, true to the teachings and spirit of his profession, did not hesitate a moment. He threw off his coat, and in that dark room, by the light of a single candle, operated on the poor man *alone*. The operation was a complete success, and the patient entirely recovered. On another occasion he stopped at a Kûrdish village to spend the night. A young Kûrd was brought to him, fifteen years of age, totally blind: his eyes were covered with cataract, and had been so covered from birth. Dr. West examined them, and resolved to remove the cataract. He performed the operation the next morning before leaving the village, gave a few simple directions as to the subsequent treatment, and afterwards learned that the patient could see as well as any man in the village. At the time of his death, Dr. West had performed about fourteen hundred operations on the eye alone; thirteen times he had been called to operate for strangulated hernia; and his lithotomy cases had amounted to over one hundred and fifty. It was said on his death that Turkey had lost a public benefactor. During his last illness prayers were offered for his

recovery in the Armenian churches and in the Mohammedan mosques, as well as in the Protestant chapels. Thousands of people, of all nationalities, accompanied his body to the grave. It is probably not too much to say of him that, unaided and alone, by precept and example, he elevated the standard of medical practice throughout the whole of Asia Minor. He taught rich and poor alike, whether Turk, Christian, or Jew, to respect and place confidence in educated physicians, and to distrust mere pretenders.

With one more quotation we must close our account of the medical practice of Americans in Turkey. This quotation is from a report made by Prof. H. Lee Norris, M.D., of Aintab, and will illustrate the eagerness with which the people welcome real medical and surgical skill. Dr. Norris says:—

On Saturday, February 6th, 1875, assisted by Mr. Adams, a native physician, I removed a diseased elbow-joint from an otherwise healthy Armenian woman. The arm had been quite useless for more than a year, and the patient had suffered from severe pain in the joint. The operation was easily and painlessly performed with the aid of chloroform, and the patient recovered rapidly without a bad symptom. On the same day I was called upon to remove a large adenoid tumor from the neighborhood of the breast. The patient was a nervous, sickly Armenian woman, about forty years of age, and the presence of the growing tumor had caused her much mental and physical distress. After the operation she had a slight feverish attack, which passed off in a day or two, and in two weeks the large wound was entirely healed. These operations seemed to create a considerable impression upon the inhabitants of Aintab, for on the following Monday morning, at an early hour, the court of the house in which I lodged was filled with sufferers of every class, seeking relief for almost every variety of disorder. This condition of affairs continued as long as I remained in Aintab. The number of applicants for treatment was always much greater than I could attend to, though I devoted six to ten hours each day to medical practice.

We reluctantly leave this interesting part of our subject, feeling that we have done scant justice to the immense amount of hard and often self-denying labors of the American physicians in Turkey, most of whom laid down their lives in the cause which they had espoused. They were men who were content to work quietly and long, modest men.

They rest from their labors, but their works follow them.

We turn now to the last general topic of which we propose to treat—the *improved condition of woman*. A recent Mohammedan writer\* of much learning and ability has attempted to defend the character of Mohammed (and the Mohammedan system) from the charges so often made against him in regard to his estimate of women. His defence is ingenious, and undoubtedly the best that can be made. It is fair, however, to judge a system by its results. We may properly ask, What is the condition of the female sex in those countries that have been most entirely under the influence of the religion of Mohammed? Are the women of Mohammedan countries pure, virtuous, cultivated? Tried by the test of actual results, can we recommend or defend the system of polygamy and the laws of divorce as they are recommended and defended by Moslem writers? In answer to these questions we refer to the uniform testimony of these American witnesses. We make due allowance for the prejudices which they, as natives of the West, would naturally have, for the difference in religious views, and for unintentional exaggerations. Making the largest possible discount, it still remains true that, according to the testimony of these Americans, the condition of women in Asia Minor and Arabia is helplessly sad. Their garments, their houses, all the arrangements of social life, are intended to secure the seclusion of women from general society. To ask a Moslem after the health of his wife or wives, is to offer him a gross insult. So far from promoting virtue among women by these strict regulations, the very opposite effect appears to be produced. The gratification of sensual passion appears to be the main purpose, according to Mohammedan ideas, for which women exist; and this low, degrading estimate of their own sphere in life, seems to be the most common one among the women themselves. Moslem women become impure in their thoughts and desires.

We know that these are heavy charges to bring against a system that is so enthusiastically embraced by so many millions of men: the testimony, however, on this point is so uniform and so abundant, that it can hardly be rejected. When the Americans arrived in Turkey they found the women of the country in a degraded condition. There was no public sentiment, either among Moslems or Christians, in favor of the education of women. The general opinion seemed to be that the female sex has almost no intellectual capacity. The first efforts of the Americans to make the women sharers in intellectual progress and refinement were met with opposition and often with derisive laughter. Let us ask, then, What have the Americans accomplished in Turkey in respect to the improvement of women? We answer, They have created a new public sentiment in favor of the education of women.

That such a sentiment now exists to a large extent, is shown in a variety of ways. Several thousands of adult women have been taught to read, and this fact attracts a great deal of attention among all classes of the people. The husbands and relations of these female readers are proud of them. 'My wife knows how to read,' is a remark now often made with evident satisfaction. True, these women have not gone beyond simple reading, but that alone is a great boon: it opens to them a new world.

This new public sentiment is shown by the interest taken in the schools that have been established by the Americans especially for the education of girls. Annual examinations of these schools are held, and it is on these occasions that the public sympathy manifests itself. Pashas, civil and military officers of high rank, the ecclesiastics and wealthy men of all the different nationalities, are reported as attending their examinations, and as expressing their hearty approval of the efforts that are made by the Americans for improving the condition of the women of Turkey. The American ladies who have had charge of these schools have made great use of the press in enlightening the community on this subject. One of these ladies, many years ago, prepared a series of instructive let-

\* Syed Ahmed Khan, in "Essays on the Life of Mohammed." Trübner & Co., London. 1870.

ters to Greek mothers. They were first published at Smyrna in a Greek paper that belonged to the Americans; afterwards a Greek newspaper published the whole series at Constantinople; they were then collected into a volume by the Greeks themselves, and issued for the use of their schools. More recently the whole set of letters was translated into Bulgarian, and published in a Bulgarian paper at Constantinople, and thus scattered among the six millions of Bulgarians. Another lady prepared several articles for a newspaper which is published in the Turkish language. These articles were an attack on those Oriental customs and ideas by which women are kept in a degraded condition. They were extensively read, and created a sensation in many a town and village in Turkey. Another American lady has issued, in the Armenian language, a volume intended especially for mothers in Turkey. It is entitled, 'Loving Counsels for the Christian Women of Turkey.' Thus through the press and by their well-organized schools for girls, as well as by direct effort, are American women lifting up to a higher level the women of Turkey. The task is one of peculiar difficulty, and requires great moral courage, mingled with tact and patience. We are not unwilling to believe that the American ladies who have undertaken this work are the fit agents for carrying it on to a larger success. In concluding this review of an interesting enterprize, prosecuted by those with whom we are associated by intimate ties, in a land in which we must ever take a deep interest, we acknowledge that we have entirely omitted that phase of the enterprize to which the Americans attach the highest importance: we refer of course to the religious reformation which is going forward in Turkey. This omission has been intentional, as we stated at the beginning of this article. Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with that feature of the work of our American brethren, must go to the books to which we have directed their attention. One fact has struck our attention most forcibly on examining this subject, which is, that those in Turkey who have been quick to avail themselves of the advantages placed be-

fore them by the Americans belong uniformly to the *Christian* and not to the *Mohammedan* races, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, and Bulgarians, not Kürds, Turcomans, Turks, or Arabs. This fact is worthy of the attention of those who are now earnestly trying to forecast the future of the present Turkish Empire. We observe with satisfaction that the Americans have been prompt to acknowledge their indebtedness to the British Government and the English people for much assistance in prosecuting their work in Turkey. In the days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe the intercourse between the ambassador and the missionaries appears to have been frequent and cordial. Since the Crimean War not a little material aid has been sent by the people of Great Britain for the support of native pastors and schools, the building of churches, and the printing of books. The total amount of this aid is not far from £50,000, but this sum is exceeded by the annual expenditure of the Americans. The real aid, however, which the Americans have received from Great Britain, has been in the strong moral support which has been given them by the British Government. It is gratifying to know that that support has been prompt, constant, and of an energetic character. Happily the attitude of the Porte towards religious teaching, owing very much to British influence wisely exerted in the past, is of the most tolerant character; and whatever may be the issues of the present sanguinary struggle, we trust that this ample tolerance will be secured and continued. We are sure that in the future, as heretofore, our American brethren in their beneficent labors may count on the countenance and support of our Government, as of our ambassador at Constantinople and our consular agents in different parts of the Turkish dominions. The world at large, and especially thoughtful students of social and political, as well as of moral and religious questions, will watch with deep interest for the ultimate results of the efforts which the Americans are making for the regeneration of Turkey, and which have the hearty sympathy and best wishes of the people of England and of Protestant Europe.—*British Quarterly Review*.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON DESIGN IN NATURE.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

THE most recent attitude of natural science and of many investigators to the question of the origin and sequence of natural phenomena, has been that of denying the existence of any intelligent cause or design in the works of nature. The tendency of evolution at first sight appears to be thoroughly in opposition to the idea that any natural contrivance or structure in animals or plants was formed for the express purpose of serving a particular end. Maintaining that "secondary" causes alone are appreciated by the human understanding, many scientists content themselves with teaching the doctrine that the action of the world upon the living form, and the reaction in turn of the living being upon the world, are together competent to produce all the adaptations of structure necessary for the wants of its existence. According to this idea, which was held by Goethe, and which unquestionably involves a great, but not the whole, truth, the parts and structures of animals and plants appear as the result of a constant law of adaptation. The living organism is regarded as being moulded and formed by the outward circumstances of its life. Harmonious adjustment to its place or situation in nature forms, it is true, the predominating law and rule in the life of every animal and plant; and could no higher law be shown to operate, the question of design or no design might very well be put out of court altogether, and abandoned as a thing literally "past finding out." Examples of the harmonious relationship of living beings to their surroundings are very readily found. Changes in the habitation and food of animals and plants, for example, are well known to produce very marked and important results on their form and structure. Two plants of the same species, grown, the one in a moist locality and the other in a dry and barren situation, will vary in a marked manner in their general development as well as in special parts of their structure. The former will develop thick and fleshy leaves; these organs, in the latter case, appearing as thin, dried structures. The

nature of the soil has influenced the growth of the plants, and the development in either case presents us with an index of the principle of close reaction upon, and adaptation of the living form to its surroundings. The animal which possesses in a temperate climate a thin covering of hair, becomes covered with a woolly coat in a colder region. The bird which possesses a powerful flight in its wild state, deteriorates as regards the extent of its flying powers when domesticated by man. Whilst conversely, the domesticated birds, more accustomed to a terrestrial life than their wild neighbors, exhibit a special development of the leg-bones—facts well illustrated by the comparison of wild with domesticated ducks, and with other birds brought under the influence of man.

Perhaps the results accruing from the relationship between animals and their surroundings is in no case better exemplified than by the case of parasitic animals, which attach themselves to other animals or to plants, usually as guests of unwelcome kind. Every naturalist must admit that the condition of parasitism is an acquired one. We cannot reasonably believe that animals were created or produced with their parasites already formed. Every conception of natural law and order, on the contrary, forces us to the belief that the parasite has gradually acquired its curious habit of association with its host. Probably what was in reality a chance companionship at first, has become intensified into a permanent connection. The first guest benefited from its attachment to its host, and its descendants in like manner repeated the practice of association, until the habit became a confirmed and invariable practice. The parasite, having no need of its organs of locomotion, gradually loses its limbs. The inevitable "law of the use and disuse of organs" operates in the latter phase of its action and causes decrease and, at last, disappearance, of the limbs through the abeyance of their functions; and thus we find the great majority of parasites to be stationary, limbless creatures. Even to a



greater extent may this backsliding in development proceed, induced by the dependence of the parasite on its host for the necessities of existence. Provided, as in the case of internal parasites, with access to the stores of nourishment its host is elaborating, the parasite is saved the trouble of exercising its own commissariat, and hence its digestive organs may become depraved or may altogether disappear—a condition illustrated by many organisms living as parasites within the alimentary canal of neighbor animals. In such cases, then, we see exemplified in the most forcible manner the adaptation of the being to its environments, and to the special mode of life which it has selected, or which, through the operation of unknown causes, has been selected for its pursuit.

Regarding the whole scheme of living creation in this light, it can readily be understood how and why naturalists were led to depreciate the idea of design in nature. The opinions of former years, it must be owned, were unduly strained in the opposite direction, and it was with a sense of relief that scientists turned to the consideration of the law of adaptation, just illustrated, as a reasonable explanation of the origin of animal and plant forms and structures. The opinion which formerly maintained the creation or production of parasites as they were found inhabiting their hosts, might, it is true, be received by many as an article of unquestioning faith; but there can be no doubt of the reasonable supremacy of the explanation which, as we have seen, maintains the origin of parasitism through the gradual modification and adaptation of the parasite to its peculiar surroundings. The old ideas that such animals as the leeches were specially "designed" for the purposes of the surgeon, appear ridiculous when contrasted with the larger and truer conception of nature which the student is led to form, when he regards each animal as filling a definite place in the universe for its own good, and entirely apart from human needs and requirements. The idea of special design in the leech, for blood-sucking purposes, for example, is not more tenable than that which would hold that fur seals were specially intended to afford the materials for sealskin garments. This latter supposition, al-

though indefensible on the ground of its presuming that nature would minister to human luxury, is in truth not a whit more unreasonable than that of maintaining that inflammatory diseases and the presence of leeches are correlated facts in the domain of nature. The truth is, that animals and plants must be viewed as existing for their own good, and in accordance with the great plan of nature at large. Humanity is apt to take very selfish views of nature wherever a natural product has been found to minister to man's enjoyment or comfort. We continually overlook the higher purposes which animals, plants, and minerals serve in the maintenance of the universal order of nature, of which man himself is but a part—even if he may be regarded as having been favored above all other beings. The beauty and the wealth of nature have existed upon and have adorned our earth in the long ages before man appeared. Countless generations and species of animals and plants were produced and passed out of existence before the human epoch; and the choicest flowers still bloom and waste their sweetness in regions where man has not yet penetrated, or where the human sense of beauty has not attained development. It is against this narrow conception of natural objects, which assumes that all things were produced for man's exclusive use, that natural science so strongly protests; and it was similarly because such a thought was permitted to mingle with the question of the origin of animal structures that many naturalists were led to oppose the idea of special and preconceived design in nature as an unwarrantable supposition, or as a veritable myth.

But having thus substituted a reasonable conception of natural laws and operations for a very one-sided interpretation of these laws, the tendency of the new current of thought appeared to lead scientists to altogether ignore the idea of any primary source from which the regulation of the laws might proceed. Absorbed in their consideration of the law visible which operated within and adapted the living organism to the varied circumstances of its life, naturalists became unheeding of the possible existence of a law invisible—of a higher "law within the law," upon which the clearly per-

ceived laws of adaptation might depend. Hence the idea of preconceived design and of a Mind operating through well defined laws, came to be regarded as representing a primitive belief of a past era of scientific history. And thus, with uncompromising haste, the idea of creative or other interference with the regulation of nature was departed from, and by many scientists was relegated to the limbo of untenable and forgotten beliefs.

But if the older theories of design were, as we have shown, carried to extreme lengths, and if they were frequently of unreasonable kind in their assumption of the knowledge of the ends for which living beings were produced, no less plain is it that in refusing to recognize design at all scientists were exemplifying a most illogical form of procedure. The spirit of agnosticism, which asserts that it has no knowledge of any other but a secondary and ascertained *raison d'être* for the world at large, possesses no logical standing whatever. In making the statement that we cannot comprehend the existence of a Higher Law, the disciple of the "know nothing" school of philosophy is making a positive statement which his negative creed does not entitle him to advance. Persons who begin by postulating ignorance and negation of any given point, must needs be chary, as a matter of mere logic, in asserting their own positive knowledge of the inability of others to know and perceive. Hence, as far as the mere denial of knowledge of primary causes is concerned, the advocate of the recognition of higher laws is in no worse position than his agnostic opponent. But having ascertained the operation of the visible laws which regulate the life of animals and plants, is it reasonable to suppose that the intellect will stop short in its consideration of nature at large with the mere recognition of secondary causes? The existence of law logically implies the existence of a lawgiver, and the very harmony and exact operation of the law argue powerfully in favor of its inner and higher origin and cause. Every discovery which places what is curious in animal and plant structure on a reasonable basis of explanation, must be regarded as testifying no less powerfully to the perfection of the law's regulation and institution than to the excellence of the law itself.

Let us select, by way of illustration of the latter points, one or two examples of the striking harmony between cause and effect apparent in the lives of certain living beings. If we gather a number of primroses, and examine the structure of the flower, we shall find that in some of the flowers the pistil, or central and seed-producing organ, possesses a long neck or "style," reaching almost to the top of the flower; whilst in others the style is very short, and appears hidden within the deep cup formed by the united petals. This common flower presents to the botanist one of the most familiar examples of a condition known under the name of *Dimorphism*—this term indicating that in one and the same species of plant two forms or dispositions of flower occur. The arrangement thus detailed might be regarded by the casual observer as of no importance, and might be considered as exemplifying what is utterly unknown in the whole domain of life, namely, "a freak of nature"—nature's so-called "freaks" being regulated, in truth, by laws as definite as those which control her normal and ordinary states. To the botanist himself, this condition long remained inexplicable; but Mr Darwin, by the exercise of that patient industry in the observation of nature for which he is so justly famous, noted that the development of long-styled and short-styled primroses was perfectly adapted to secure an interchange of the pollen, or fertilising matter, between the two kinds of flowers. These flowers are fertilised through the agency of insects. It will therefore be readily noted that when an insect visits, say a short-styled primrose, and thrusts its proboscis into the flower, the organ will come first in contact with the stamens, which, in the short-styled primroses, are placed near the top of the flower. The insect will thus carry off some of the pollen, or matter formed in the "anthers" or tops of the stamens. When it visits a long-styled flower, the pollen gathered from the short-styled primrose is deposited on the pistil of the former; the long style being the first object with which the proboscis will come in contact. And, *vice versa*, the pollen carried off from the long-styled primroses, which have their stamens situated far down within the flower, will be placed by the insect on the pistil

of the short-styled flowers which it visits. In this way is secured a due interchange of pollen between the two forms of primroses, and the seeds of the one variety, as nature seems to intend, are thus fertilised by the pollen of the other form of flower.

Even more interesting than the case of the primrose is that of the *Myosotis versicolor*, a species of "forget-me-not," the arrangement for securing fertilisation of the seed exhibiting a perfect adaptation to all possible exigencies which may arise in the life-history of the flower. If we examine the myosotis just after the flower has opened, the pistil with its long style is seen to project above the level of the flower itself. It thus presents a most likely object for contact with the proboscis of an insect which has come from another myosotis laden with pollen. But failing to obtain fertilisation of its seeds by insect-carried pollen from a neighbor-flower, the myosotis has yet another resource in the pollen of its own stamens. The stamens at the opening of the flower are placed far below the style, and hence it is impossible, so long as the stamens remain below, for the pollen to be placed on the pistil, and thus to fertilise the seeds. But nature has been equal to such an emergency. As time passes we find the stamens to grow upwards with the petals, and as in time they overtop the pistil, the flower is enabled in this fashion to fertilise its own seeds. Not less interesting or remarkable are the phases observed in the action of pollen itself, in its work of fertilisation. Left to themselves, and unapplied to their special purpose, the little yellow grains of pollen wither and die. But placed in its appropriate and intended situation on the pistil, each pollen-grain, as if guided by some inherent instinct, projects from its surface a tube-like structure, which passes through the style of the pistil, and brings the essential matters of the pollen-grain in contact with the seeds.

Regarded even in a cursory manner, the foregoing phases of plant-history are full of meaning to the scientist. Everywhere he sees order and contrivance; blind chance seems to have no part in the ordering of nature's affairs. The growth of the long and short-styled flowers in the primrose, and the upward

growth of the flower of myosotis, are *purposive* actions in the plainest meaning of the term. They are meant to subserve a special end—thus much the botanist has discovered—and that they have been "designed," somehow or other, to this end is a statement with which every scientist will agree. That the pollen-grain has been invested by some power, and in some fashion or other, with the property of emitting its pollen-tube when placed on the pistil, and under no other circumstances, is a self-evident fact; and that we are thus witnessing the operation of some well-defined law regulating the functions of pollen-grains, constitutes a statement admitting of no dispute.

The great question, however, which underlies these statements, relates to the institution and regulation of the laws whose operation is so readily apparent to the seeking mind. Will it be regarded as a satisfying and reasonable explanation, that contrivances of such orderly and well-balanced nature have arisen by chance, fortuitously, or through the demands which nature at large has made upon her own resources? Has the purpose been self-created and self-propagated? and has the wondrous intercalation of cause and effect between insect and flower, between pollen and seed, or between one part of the flower and another, been induced and continued entirely by the operation of surrounding conditions? Are we, in short, to begin and end by simply seeing and admitting the perfection of the adaptation, and by assuming the competence of the conditions which we see in operation to have determined, in the beginning, their own impulse, effort, and direction? If we are to answer these questions in the affirmative, and as a certain school of thinkers would reply, it must be said that we are compelled to make calls upon our belief and imagination, of the extent of which we can hardly form any conception. The idea of an order or design which is capable of self-origination, is a conception requiring a much greater exercise of faith in scientific hypothesis than that which, through faith of another order, regards the design as the product of a Mind, correlating the most minute and insignificant as well as the grandest phases of natural law. The entire question, in short, is one of choice between

investing force and matter with self-creating and self-sustaining properties, or of relegating the source of natural actions to Mind and Will operating through force and matter, and through laws of well-defined and stable kind. Nor do we think the reasonable mind can hesitate in the choice between the two opinions. If the ordinary experience of life, and the common, every-day sequence of cause and effect in human life, possess any power or value in guiding us towards a rational explanation of the origin and control of nature's ways and works, there can be no hesitation in boldly affirming that the exhibition of design and purpose in nature is only explicable to the human mind on the assumption that there exist a Mind and Designer.

The attitude of modern science, where it has joined issue with natural theology, is strongly marked by its negation of the right to infer the operation of Mind in nature from the contrivances and designs discoverable in the universe at large; the presumption placed before us being that the apparent design has arisen out of necessity, and through the operation of the law of adaptation. But what, it may be asked, determines the necessity or institutes the laws which supply the needs and wants of nature? Could this allegation of necessity in nature being the parent of invention and contrivance be shown to possess no exception, and to be invariably explanatory of the origin of animal and plant structure, the theory might be regarded as possessing some strong points in its favor. But if we are to displace the idea of intelligent design in nature, it behoves us to assure ourselves of the fitness of the rival and deposing idea to fill its place. The belief in the existence of Mind in nature, ruling and controlling the destinies of all nature's belongings, satisfactorily, simply, and fully explains the origin and mutations of the living and non-living alike. If, on the contrary, we are to replace this idea of referring effects to a distinct cause, by another idea, in which the cause is relegated to some inexplicable and indistinct source, connected with, and originating from, "matter and force," we are bound to assure ourselves that matter and force are fully equal, as we know them scientifically, to the performance of the tasks

with the performance of which they are credited.

A case in illustration of the statement that design and contrivance in nature may arise in utter independence of causes—such as use and disuse—competent to produce many obvious changes in animals and plants, is afforded by the consideration of the electrical organs of certain fishes. As seen in the *Torpedo*, or Electric Ray, for example, the electrical organs consist of two large masses of honeycomb-like structure, placed one on each side of the head. In this structure are imitated all the conditions which man brings together in forming an electric battery; and through the peculiar modification which nerve-force undergoes when transmitted through this curious apparatus, an electric current is evolved, capable of being used with violent effect on the living beings with which the fish comes in contact. If we inquire how the electrical organ in this fish has been developed, and how the intricate conditions between the nerves and the organs have been adjusted, we find natural science to afford no clear answer to the query. The law of use and disuse of organs is totally inadequate to explain the nature or action of this apparatus, and it can hardly be accounted an explanation of any kind to allege that it has been developed through the interaction and operation of unknown conditions. Its purpose, on the contrary, is very evident. Living animals brought into contact with the fish are either killed or paralyzed, and thus no clearer example of the adaptation of means to an end could well be found than in the consideration of an instance like the present. If we refuse to admit the idea of Design in this case, we may simply confess our inability to form any idea whatever of the nature of the electric organ. If, on the other hand, we recognise this structure as presenting us with a clear example of an organ designed to serve a special end, and by a Mind which has through special laws wrought out its development, all our difficulties disappear. And in the contemplation of the electrical organ of the fish, we behold as perfect an exercise of constructive power and as admirable an adjustment of means to an end, as, when in the telegraph we note a veritable triumph of hu-



man science. The credit we so freely give to humanity in designing an apparatus of such delicacy, intricacy, and utility as the electric telegraph, we may not withhold when paying tribute, in the form of the deepest admiration and reverence, to the Mind, which, for the purposes of its creatures, designed a similar contrivance ages before man appeared on the stage of being.

The old standing of teleology, or the reading of purpose and design in the works of nature, can thus be shown to be unaffected by the modern extension of knowledge, and by the wider recognition of the laws according to which living beings are formed and arranged. Even if it be proved to us that the eye and ear of man represent modified and improved states of the organ of sight and hearing in lower animals—or if, as has been alleged, the eye of man itself is, as an optical instrument, not entirely free from defects—the consideration will not in one degree lessen the innate truth that the laws of development have been enunciated and ordered by a Great Lawgiver, and that the purpose and design of these organs are not a whit the less perfectly served, because of apparent imperfections or on account of their mode of origin. Disease itself makes sad havoc in the organ of sight, as well as in every other portion of our frame; and the argument that the imperfection of the eye betokens its emanation from a Hand other than Supreme, is of no more ac-

count than that which would maintain the imperfections of our whole frame, and our inability to retain our place in nature, because we are subject to disease and to death itself. The laws of life and development are, in truth, clearly correlated with those of disease and death; and exactly as we can extend our ideas to include all the laws and conditions of life in one great scheme, so proportionally shall we obtain clear glimpses of the perfect harmony between cause and effect, and of the attestation of living nature to the presence of her Lawgiver and Lord.

As a closing thought to these reflections, it may be appropriate to point out that, recognising this extension of the purposes of Mind in nature, each fresh discovery may frankly be hailed as furnishing us with new and striking proofs of the operation of intelligence and design. With the special readings and constructions of the Supreme Mind, as contained in systems of religious belief, there may be much with which science disagrees in her interpretation of nature at large. But beneath these discrepancies in the letter, there remains, in fact, the deeper reading of the spirit of a reasonable religion and of true science—a spirit which, recognising the incorporation of Mind with Matter, regards Nature as related to God in the light of a “living appeal of thought to thought.”  
—*Good Words.*

## IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY REV. R. W. DALE.

### I. SOCIETY.

IN the autumn of last year I spent two very pleasant months on the other side of the Atlantic. Since my return I have been asked, as a matter of course, by all my friends, what I think of America. I had to answer or to evade the question almost as soon as I was on the landing-stage at Liverpool, and before my portmanteaus were fairly through the Custom House; I am nearly sure, indeed, that the question was asked me on the tender before we had reached the landing-stage.

I have had to answer or to evade it nearly every day since.

I say that I have had to ‘answer or to evade’ it; for the question cannot be fairly answered in an omnibus, or between the courses at a dinner-party, or while putting on one’s great coat after a committee meeting, or while talking under an umbrella to a friend one has happened to meet in the street in a shower of rain. Indeed, I am not sure that I have a right to express any opinion on America and the American people, even when there is the opportunity for express-

ing it deliberately and fully. I sailed from Liverpool on the 1st of September, and reached Liverpool again on the 17th of November. In seven or eight weeks what trustworthy judgment can a man form of the habits, manners, temper, and character of a population so varied in its origin and occupations as that of the United States, and covering so vast a territory? After so brief a visit, what right have I to form any confident opinion on American institutions?

I do not imagine that all Americans are like the accomplished professors at Yale, or like the clergymen I met in New York and Brooklyn and Boston, and in several of the smaller cities of New England, or like the distinguished physicians who showed me hospitality at Philadelphia and Chicago, or like the Education Commissioners and the chairmen and members of school committees, with whom I spent many interesting days in several great cities, or like the heads of famous commercial houses to whom I was introduced by my friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Henry Lee. Nor do I suppose that I have a complete and exhaustive knowledge of American manners and character because I stayed in many American hotels, and travelled several thousands of miles on steamboats and in railway-carriages. I can but tell what I saw. But I saw enough to convince me that some of the representations of the American people which have become popular in England are gross and slanderous libels.

— An American who had formed his conception of Englishmen from the typical 'John Bull' in top-boots with a cudgel in his hand, would be rather perplexed on meeting Dean Stanley, whose hospitality to Americans has given him a reputation on the other side of the Atlantic almost as enviable as that which he has won by his literary genius; nor would his perplexity be lessened if from the Deanery at Westminster he crossed over to the House of Commons, and happened to see and hear Mr. Gladstone. He might go to fifty London dinners and still wonder where the ideal Englishman was to be found. At churches, concerts, museums, picture-galleries, and theatres, his curiosity would still be unsatisfied. He might ride in innumerable omnibuses, he might travel morning after

morning by the underground railway, and go from London Bridge to Chelsea every afternoon in a penny boat, and never see the object of his search. He might go down to Oxford, or York, or Brighton, or Salisbury, and still look in vain for the John Bull of his imagination. Neither in appearance nor in manners would the men he met with correspond to the familiar type. At an agricultural show he might find a man here and there who looked dressed for the character, but the chances are ten to one that if he began to talk with the burly-looking farmers he would discover that many of them, though a little rough in their ways and rather loud in their speech, were wholly unlike in their temper and spirit what he had supposed that every Englishman ought to be. Occasionally, no doubt, the type is realised—realised physically and realised morally; but it is possible to live for months in many parts of England without seeing a man who has anything of the appearance of the John Bull of one of *Punch's* cartoons; and when you have found a man who looks as if he might have sat for the picture, he often turns out to have no moral resemblance to the conventional ideal of our national character. The people I happened to meet with in New York and Chicago, in Boston and Philadelphia, in Washington and the manufacturing towns of New England, were equally unlike the high-falutin', self-asserting American of caricature and popular fancy. They were quiet instead of noisy, modest instead of ostentatious and boastful, reticent rather than demonstrative.

My own impressions were confirmed by an English friend who had been living in New York for several months, and who asked me whether I had not been struck with the extreme gentleness of American manners. Nor was it the gentleness merely that impressed me. There was something of the old-fashioned formal courtesy which has now almost disappeared in this country. It is one of the reproaches, indeed, which the Republicans of America fling at the Democrats that the triumph of the Democratic party in 1801 destroyed the good manners of the people and made them rude and insolent. Before Jefferson's election to the Presidency—so it is said—the children, when they passed their elders on

country roads or in the streets of the smaller towns, made a respectful bow; but with the accession of the Democrats to power the bow began to subside 'first into a vulgar nod, half ashamed and half impudent, and then, like the pendulum of a dying clock, totally ceased.' To illustrate this charge a popular author, Mr. Goodrich, tells a characteristic story. 'How are you, priest?' said a rough fellow to a clergyman. 'How are you, democrat?' was the clergyman's retort. 'How do you know I am a democrat?' asked the man. 'How do you know I am a priest?' said the clergyman. 'I know you to be a priest by your dress.' 'I know you to be a democrat by your address,' said the parson.\*

It is true, no doubt, that the kind of respect which the people in an English agricultural village sometimes show to their pastors and masters is not to be found, as far as I know, in the United States. The little girls do not draw up against the wall and make a respectful curtsy to every well-dressed stranger they meet. If you say 'Good morning' to a man you happen to pass in the rural parts of New England, and who looks like a prosperous agricultural laborer, but who is probably the owner of a farm of eighty or a hundred acres, he will not feel so honored by your condescension as to stand still and pull the front lock of his hair, he may even stride on with a grunt which is hardly courteous. The servants or 'helps' have not exactly the manners of servants in England. I always found them respectful and attentive, but there is a certain something with which we are familiar on this side of the Atlantic that is absent. It is quite clear that they do not suppose that their master and their master's guests belong to a superior race. At an English picnic the younger ladies and gentlemen sometimes spread the cloth, hand the lobster-salad, the cold chicken, and the bread, pour out the wine, and take round the fruit; they wait 'for love' and not for wages. Perhaps, when the dinner is half over, they take their seats and are waited on themselves. American servants reminded me occasionally

of these kindly volunteers. Seneca tells one of his correspondents that he should treat his slaves not like beasts of burden, but as 'humble friends.' Seneca would have found himself quite at home in America. If he thought that the slaves who waited on him should be treated as 'humble friends,' he would have treated free men and women who waited on him as friends that required to be described by another epithet. I found that the servants took quite a hospitable interest in me. The day before I left New Haven I called to bid good-bye to a friend, whose guest I had been during the earlier part of my stay in the city. He happened to be out, but the housemaid who opened the door understood the object of my call, and hoped I was well, and that I had had a pleasant time in America, and that I should have a good voyage, and find all well at home. I do not think that the girl did her work at all the worse because she felt herself at liberty to speak in this way to her master's friend. Sometimes, indeed, this sense of social equality may show itself in ways which strike an English traveller as rather odd and not quite agreeable. An English gentleman told me that he was being driven through the beautiful park at Philadelphia by an American lady with whom he was staying. She wanted to leave the carriage at a particular point, walk through the Exhibition building, and meet the carriage at another entrance, and she asked her coachman, a colored man, whether he thought the doors at the other end of the building were open. 'Dunt know,' was the reply; 'hadn't you better get down and ask?' If he had proposed that the gentleman should 'get down,' it would have been more consistent with our notions of propriety.\*

I was told that there are delicate distinctions among the servants which it is necessary for a stranger to remember. When you leave the house an Irish girl

\* An English servant who has not been well 'broken in' can sometimes be sufficiently free and independent. A lady in the south of England had a new housemaid who, after being in the house a fortnight, omitted to put any water on the dinner table. When she was reminded of her omission she replied, 'Fur varteen days I ha' putt they bottles on the table and none of yur have drunk any watter; I dunt mean to putt 'em on any more.'

\* James Parton's *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, pp. 584, 585.

will take your dollar with as much satisfaction as a servant in England receives the customary 'vail.' I believe that most German and Swedish girls will be equally accommodating. But I heard that if by chance your friend has a genuine American girl for a housemaid, she will resent the offer of money as an insult. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, as I did not happen to have the opportunity of trying the experiment. A story that was told me by an English lady living at Ottawa—the wife of a colonel in the English army—shows that the conditions of American life have affected Canada. A girl applied to her for a housemaid's place, and asked what seemed to the lady extravagant wages. 'How much did you have at your last situation?' asked my friend. 'Well, ma'am,' was the reply, 'I only had six dollars a month, but the lady gave me music lessons.'

American mistresses have their sorrows, and are disposed to envy ladies in England, who seem to have their servants more perfectly under command. But English mistresses are not without their annoyances. I believe that the real trouble on the other side of the Atlantic, as on this, is the difficulty of finding servants who really understand their work. In the relations between servants and masters I saw nothing that was offensive; indeed, I am democratic enough to think that the friendly ease of the American 'help' is more satisfactory than the absolute self-suppression and mechanical deference which are seen in the servants of many English houses.

When I said that in America there remains something of the old-fashioned courtesy which among ourselves must have vanished for at least fifty years, I was not thinking of the relations of the 'lower orders' to their 'betters,' but of the manners of educated American society. Again and again I was reminded of the characters in Miss Austen's novels. There was just a touch of the same formality. 'Politeness,' which is a word that has very much gone out of use in England, still survives in America; according to an American author, 'politeness appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out to live together in peace.' As the word is in more common use in America

than among ourselves, so I think that in the ordinary life, even of those who are in no danger of 'falling out,' there is more of what the word denotes. The disappearance of the reverential habits of the last century is of course deplored. Jonathan Edwards's children always rose from their seats when their father or mother came into the room. This surprising custom does not exist in any of the families that showed me hospitality; but I noticed that one of my young lady friends often called her father 'sir,' and that she used the word not playfully, but with all the respect with which she would address a stranger. Her father was not 'stiff and unsociable' as Jonathan Edwards was thought to be by those who had but a slight acquaintance with him,\* but one of the kindest, simplest, and most genial of men. His children were on the freest and easiest terms with him, teased him and played with him just as children on this side of the ocean tease and play with their fathers; but the line of filial respect was never passed, and the respect showed itself in the deferential 'sir.' The 'sir' was used, indeed, unconsciously. I asked my young friend, who was a bright clever girl, whether she generally called her father 'sir'; she said that she did not know that she ever did, but within five minutes the word was on her lips again. A day or two afterwards I asked a gentleman, whom I met frequently, whether it was customary for children when addressing their father to say 'sir.' He said, 'Oh yes—is it not customary in England? We teach our children to do it; we have not too much of the spirit of reverence in America, and we think it desirable to cultivate it.'

I came to the conclusion—to me a very unexpected one—that the Americans are a reserved people. They are not eager to talk to you about their own affairs. Manufacturers, except when I asked them, did not tell me how many men they employed. Merchants were not anxious to impress me with the magnitude of their business transactions. Nor, indeed, did I find that the strangers I met were very anxious or indeed very willing to talk at all. I often found it

\* Hopkins's *Memoir* prefixed to English edition of Edwards's Works, p. 44.



hard to discover whether the people I was travelling with approved of Mr. Hayes's Southern policy or not, or even whether they belonged to the Republican or the Democratic party. When I was fortunate enough to find a man with a cigar in his mouth standing on the platform of a Pulman car, I could sometimes make him more communicative; and occasionally, under these conditions, I learned a great deal about the country. But, as a rule, strangers opened slowly and shyly. Nor was this because I was an Englishman. I used to watch the people in railway carriages—a dozen or twenty in a Pulman drawing-room car, forty or fifty in an ordinary car—and if they did not know each other they would travel together all day without exchanging half-a-dozen words. Occasionally three men who were friends would ask a stranger to take a hand at whist, but this was not very common. Perhaps the reticence is confined to the wealthier people. On the lines which have two classes of carriages I often spent half an hour in a smoking car intended for both classes of passengers. There I generally found much more freedom. Working men talked to each other without any difficulty; but even there the passengers who had come from the first-class carriages sat and smoked in silence.

I remember one conspicuous exception, however, to the general reserve. In the smoking-cabin of a steamboat a Southern gentleman, a professor in a college of some reputation, gave the company an elaborate account—*à propos* of nothing—of the exercises he had had to perform for his degree in a German university. As most of the men were obviously men of business, and just as uninterested in university affairs as in the incidents of the gentleman's personal history, they smoked on in silence, looking at him occasionally with an expression of stolid wonder, alleviated slightly with perplexity and amusement. On another occasion, and equally without provocation, the same gentleman gave the same company the most minute information about his physical ailments and how he treated them, and was listened to with the same look of amusement, perplexity, and wonder. It was very odd. He was under fifty, so that he had not become garrulous through old

age. He had not lost the control of his tongue by drinking whisky and water. I had several private talks with him outside the smoking-room, and found him an intelligent and well-read man. He had seen a great deal of the world, and though he was extraordinarily communicative about his opinions and doings he could talk pleasantly about many things besides his own learning, headaches, and attacks of indigestion. But he was the only instance I happened to meet with of an American absolutely free from reserve. As a rule, the people appeared to me to be more reserved than ourselves.

The same quality of their national temperament shows itself in another form; as a rule, they are undemonstrative. The late Lord Lytton tells us that on one occasion when Kean was performing in the United States, he came to the manager at the end of the third act and said, 'I can't go on the stage again, sir, if the pit keeps its hands in its pockets. Such an audience would extinguish *Ætna*.' After receiving this alarming threat the manager appeared before the curtain and informed the audience that 'Mr. Kean, having been accustomed to audiences more demonstrative than was habitual to the severer intelligence of an assembly of American citizens, mistook their silent attention for disapprobation; and, in short, that if they did not applaud as Mr. Kean had been accustomed to be applauded, they could not have the gratification of seeing Mr. Kean act as he had been accustomed to act.'\*

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was lecturing many years ago in some city in Vermont or New Hampshire, and the same 'severe intelligence of an assembly of American citizens' baffled and perplexed him. There was no sign of interest. His brightest wit and his shrewdest humor failed to produce even a passing smile. The people sat as if they had been in church listening to the dullest of sermons. But as he was walking away from the lecture-room with the full conviction that he had made a miserable failure, his host said to him quietly, 'Why, Mr. Holmes, you said some real funny things to-night; I could hardly

\* \* Upon the Efficacy of Praise.' *Caxtoniana*, vol. i. p. 335.

help laughing.' Mr. Holmes was comforted. I also heard of a politician from the south who made a long speech to a political meeting in New England without provoking the faintest expression of sympathy or approbation. He thought that the audience was unfriendly. But as soon as he sat down a gentleman rose and moved, with great gravity, that the meeting should give the speaker three cheers; and when the motion had been duly seconded and formally put from the chair, the cheers were given with well-regulated enthusiasm.

The last two stories seem to show that this undemonstrativeness is characteristic of the New Englanders and is not common in other parts of the country, though perhaps it may exist in those districts in the Middle and Western States which have been settled by immigration from New England. My own impressions favor this supposition. I think that the manners of the people I saw in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, though quiet, were freer and more cordial than the manners of the people I saw in New England. There was less restraint upon the expression of kindly feeling, in words and tone and bearing. The New Englander is apt to keep his heart where he keeps the furnace which heats his house—underground. He does not care to have an open grate in every room, and to let you see the fire. But the fire is there, and the heat makes its way secretly to every part of the house. You see no coals burning, but behind the door of the dining-room there is a hole in the carpet, and through the register there comes a stream of hot air which keeps the room at 70° on the coldest day. There is another register in the hall and another in your bed-room. I missed the sight of the fire. When we had what the Americans call the first 'snap' of cold weather, I wanted the assurance of my eyes to make me believe that though there was a frost outside there was no reason for shivering indoors. Sydney Smith tells us that soon after the introduction of plate-glass Samuel Rogers was at a dinner-party, and thought that the window near him was open all the evening. The window was shut, but Rogers went home with a severe cold which he had caught from an imaginary draught. Unkindly critics

might affect to mourn that his imagination was not always equally active when he was writing his verses. He soon learned that a window might be shut though he could not see the window-frame; and I soon learned in America that a house may be warm on a cold day—too warm indeed—though I could not see the fire. And so, though Americans, and especially perhaps the New Englanders, are not demonstrative, a stranger soon discovers that they are among the kindest people in the world. There are no limits to their kindness. They find out what their guest would like to see and to do, and spare themselves no thought or trouble to gratify him. Their hospitality is of the best sort; they do not force a stranger to visit the places which they themselves may think the most interesting and attractive; they consult his tastes and place themselves absolutely at his disposal. A Brooklyn host would probably be very much distressed if an Englishman persistently put aside a proposal to drive to Greenwood Cemetery, and a Philadelphian would be vexed if he could not persuade his guest to take a drive through the charming park in which the Centennial buildings were erected; but they would bear their disappointment quietly. I wanted to see the common schools. Most of my friends had become familiar with the common schools, and saw very little in them that was novel or surprising; they therefore wished me to go to lunatic asylums, prisons, and hospitals, where they thought that I should see something that was much more remarkable. But when they discovered that my preference was no mere whim they took a great deal of trouble to satisfy it.

I was struck with the admirable temper of the people. Though I travelled several thousands of miles on steamboats and in railway carriages—westwards as far as Chicago, and southwards as far as Richmond—I never heard the noisy quarrelling which some sketches of American manners might have led me to expect. On my way from Chicago to Washington, the train was delayed for several hours. The 'watchman,' as I think they called the man who had charge of a portion of the line near one of the stations, had left his post to attend a democratic meeting. While he

was away, a wooden bridge was burnt down. The train was stopped for an hour or two at a small station some ten or twelve miles distant from the burning bridge. There was no refreshment room, no 'bar,' and the passengers could do nothing except lounge about the line, speculate on the cause of the accident, smoke, and wonder when the train would get to Washington; but every one was in excellent temper, and accepted the delay without any resentment. After a time we went on, and when we were within a mile of the river which the train could not cross, we were met by an omnibus and several of the rough wagons of the country. The passengers packed themselves as close as they could in the several conveyances—some of them having to climb to the summit of a mountain of luggage on the top of the omnibus—and were driven, still in excellent humor, round the country and over a bridge which crossed the river a mile above or below the point where the flames revealed the scene of the disaster. At the little town on the other side we had to wait two or three hours more; but still there was not a sign of bad temper, there was no abuse of the railway in general, and only a very measured and moderate condemnation of the official whose political zeal had led him away from his post, where he might have prevented the accident. It occurred to me that if the Limited Mail between London and Edinburgh were stopped for three or four hours by a similar accident there would be the expenditure of a great deal of stormy eloquence; the company would be denounced for having even a single wooden bridge on the line; there would be loud threats of letters to the *Times*, and of actions to recover damages caused by the delay; the zealous Liberal who had deserted his duty to listen to Mr. Chamberlain or to some other orator of his party would be vigorously abused; the offence would be treated as a characteristic illustration of the effect of Liberal principles; Mr. Gladstone would be made indirectly responsible for the whole business. But the Americans treated the delay with as much equanimity as if it had been an eclipse of the moon, for which no one was to be blamed and at which no one had a right to grumble. This was not because they are more ac-

customed to railway accidents and delays than we are. The trains seem to me to keep as good time in America as in England, and it is maintained by the Americans that their accidents are not more frequent than ours.

It is possible, I think, that the war produced a great effect on the national manners. An immense number of men went into the army, and had to learn to obey the word of command and to submit to a rigid drill. For three or four years they were 'under authority.' While in the army they had no time for idleness and dissipating pleasures. They had to make long marches and to do a great deal of fighting. The self-control and orderliness which seem to me to characterise the mass of the American people may be partly the effect of the discipline, the serious work, and the perils and sufferings of those terrible years. Such an experience could hardly fail to produce a deep impression on the national character.

The absence of a powerful and hereditary aristocracy, the trustees and heirs of the culture and refinement of many generations, produces, no doubt, a sensible difference between American society and our own. In England the classes which are never brought into contact with the county gentry or with families wearing old titles are affected more or less powerfully by aristocratic traditions and manners. Even the servants and tradesmen of great people acquire habits of courtesy and deference which are not likely to be found in societies organised on a democratic basis, and these habits have an effect on their friends and neighbors. But, on the other hand, when the power of an aristocracy has begun to wane, their position and their pretensions will probably provoke in the classes which do not share their dignity a spirit of self-assertion which is far more 'vulgar' and far more alien from the 'sweet reasonableness' which Mr. Arnold wishes us to cultivate than the spirit of equality which troubles some English travellers in America. When the mass of the English people supposed that a duke with estates covering a whole county was as much an ordinance of nature as Skiddaw or Ben Nevis—when the existence of an aristocracy of wealth and of title was accepted just in the same spirit in

which men accept the succession of day and night—there were certain gracious habits of mind produced by the inequalities of our social order. But for good or evil that time has gone by. The best men of the middle classes are, indeed, almost unconscious of the existence of the classes above them, and devote themselves to their business, their books, their pictures, and their public work without troubling themselves about 'society.' But the men of inferior quality cannot make themselves quite happy unless they can penetrate into the charmed circle. There is a certain measure of suppressed resentment as long as they are excluded from it; and even when they obtain occasional admission, and are tolerably well content with their own good fortune, the mischief is not over. They begin to draw invisible lines between themselves and the 'ruck' of the people about them. This in its turn provokes ill-feeling and self-assertion, and the feeling spreads—assumption on the one side and resentment on the other—through all the imaginary degrees of social inferiority beneath them. Some years ago, a Birmingham manufacturer told me that the girls who wrapped up his goods in the warehouse refused to tolerate the humiliation of leaving the premises by the same entrance as the girls who made them in the workshops. The 'uppishness' which offends many of the critics of the manners of English manufacturing districts is, I believe, the direct result of our aristocratic social order. There is no great reason for a man to be 'uppish' in America. He does not live in the presence of social institutions which permanently assert the social superiority of a class to which he does not belong.

To an English traveller the scare which the Americans received last autumn from the railway disturbances is very surprising. I talked with many grave and wise men—men who had studied the political and social history both of America and of Europe—who imagined that the Pittsburg riots were an outburst of the spirit of communism, and that they indicated the existence of a serious conspiracy against the institution of private property, and against the whole social order of the country. The strikes were no doubt very annoying.

They showed that some of the economical and social troubles from which the old countries of Europe have suffered will have to be faced in America. Perhaps, too, they showed that the present means for repressing popular disturbances are inadequate. But that the strikes were the result of a deep and general hostility against the present social organisation of America, that they were the premature explosion of forces which threaten America with a social revolution, appeared to me to be one of the wildest and most grotesque fancies which ever found a lodgment in the brains of reasonable men.

It is very possible that in several of the great manufacturing cities there may be a few hundreds of restless and discontented men who have carried with them across the Atlantic the bitter hostility to government and to society which exists among the less fortunate classes in many continental nations. Men with similar passions may be scattered thinly through the agricultural States. In the New World as in the old some of these men see visions and dream dreams. They are hoping for a social millennium in which all the present contrasts between poverty and wealth, luxurious ease and severe labor, will disappear. They have clung to the hope so long and so passionately that they cannot easily surrender it. They see that under a republic these contrasts, if less violent than in the monarchical countries from which they came, are still violent enough. They believe that it is an economical, not a merely political, reorganisation of society, which is to remedy all human evils and redress all human wrongs. But of all the great countries in the world America contains the smallest number of people that can have any motive for desiring a social revolution. The fiercest hatred of the institution of private property gradually cools when a man finds that he is getting his house filled with good furniture; it vanishes altogether when he is able to buy a farm. There has been considerable distress during the last few years in some of the manufacturing districts of America; but the distress has been very slight and transient compared with what was suffered in this country during the first quarter of the present century; and the enormous



numbers of the population holding property in land constitute a conservative social force of enormous and irresistible power.

While I was staying at Bridgeport, in Connecticut, my host proposed that we should drive twenty miles round the neighborhood, that I might have some impression of the agricultural districts in New England. It was a charming afternoon in October, and the maple and the oak and the hickory were beginning to clothe themselves in their autumnal splendor of scarlet and gold. But it was not the beauty and the glory of the foliage which struck me most powerfully. We drove on for mile after mile, but there was not a laborer's cottage to be seen. We came to a village—it was a group of beautiful houses with lawns and trees about them. In the open country, at intervals of every few hundred yards along the road, there was a cosy clean-looking farmhouse. The houses were nearly all built of wood, and were painted white; the windows were protected against the sun by green Venetian shutters. I hardly ever saw a house that was in bad condition. The paint was nearly always bright and fresh. There were no mansions belonging to great landlords. The farms belong to the men who cultivate them. On my voyage out a New York lawyer, with a large knowledge of American affairs, said to me, 'A girl will not look at a man who wants to marry her, if he hasn't a farm of his own. Marry a man that hires his land!—she will not dream of it. It sometimes happens that a man takes a farm and can't pay the money down; in that case he engages with the owner to rent it for four or five years; but it is arranged that at the end of that term—or earlier if he is able to find the money—he shall have the farm for a price that is fixed when his occupation begins. Tenant farmers are almost unknown in America.'

The farmer owns the farm and works on the land himself. His sons, if he has any, work with him. If he wants additional labor, he may get help from a neighbor whose farm is too small to occupy all his own time, or he may get help from his neighbors' boys when their fathers can spare them. If he is obliged to engage laborers, they are described as 'hired men,' and they live in the house

with their employer. In the Census for 1870\* the total number of persons, over ten years of age, engaged in agriculture is given as 5,922,471. Of these, only 2,885,996, or considerably less than half, are described as 'agricultural laborers'; if we add 'dairymen and dairywomen,'† 'farm and plantation overseers,' and 'turpentine laborers,' we have a total of 2,895,272 persons employed in agriculture who are not their own masters. The 'farmers and planters' number 2,977,711—that is, the masters are more numerous by 80,000 than the men. Add to these, 'apiarists,' 'florists,' 'gardeners and nurserymen,' 'stock-drovers,' 'stock-breeders,' 'stock-raisers,' 'turpentine farmers,' and 'vine-growers,' and we have a total of 3,027,099; and even if some of these should be included in the class of 'hired men,' the error is very slight, for the whole of these minor classes together number only 49,388, and we still arrive at the result that in the United States the men that employ agricultural labor are more numerous than the men they employ.

Of course this implies that the farms are small. In Connecticut the average size of a farm, in 1850, was 106 acres, and of this acreage there was a percentage of 25.8—more than a fourth—consisting of 'unimproved' land; in 1860, the average size of a farm was 99 acres, with 26.9 per cent. of 'unimproved' land; in 1870, 93 acres, with 30.4 per cent.—nearly a third—of the land 'unimproved.' In Maine, in 1850, the average size of a farm was 97 acres; in 1860, 103 acres; in 1870, 98 acres; and the proportion of 'unimproved' land at these periods was 55.2, 52.8, and 50 per cent. of the whole. In Massachusetts the farms averaged 99 acres in 1850, 94 acres in 1860, and 103 acres in 1870; of this acreage in the same years 36.1, 35.4, and 36.4 per cent. were 'unimproved.' For the whole of the States the average size of a farm was 203 acres in 1850, 199 acres in 1860, and 153 acres in 1870; the 'unimproved' land included in this acreage was 61.5 per cent. in 1850, 59.9 per cent. in 1860, and 53.7 per cent. in

\* *Compendium*, Table lxx., 'Occupations,' pp. 604, 605.

† It is doubtful whether all the 'dairymen and dairywomen' should be included in the class employed by others.

1870.\* It follows therefore that the average amount of land which each 'farmer' was actually cultivating amounted in 1850 to about 77 acres, in 1860 to about 80 acres, and in 1870 to about 70 acres. If 'considerable nurseries, orchards, and market gardens' had not been enumerated as farms, the average holdings of those who are properly described as 'farmers' would have been slightly increased; but an examination of the tables will show that the difference would probably have amounted to not more than an acre.

In New England the person whom we describe as the 'gentleman farmer' is, therefore, almost as unknown as the 'tenant farmer.' The same man is landlord, farmer, and laborer. He owns the soil and he cultivates it with his own hands—cuts the drains, loads the manure, holds the plough, sows the seed, works in the harvest field, and does the thrashing. Even if he employs 'hired' labor, he shares the work with the 'hired men.' In the Southern States, where the plantations are worked by the colored people, the economical condition of the country is, of course, very different. Even there the small farm system is being rapidly introduced. It was difficult,

however, at the last census, to obtain exact returns from the Southern States 'in consequence of the wholly anomalous condition of agriculture at the South. The plantations of the old Slave States are squatted all over by the former slaves, who hold small portions of the soil, often very loosely determined as to extent, under almost all varieties of tenure.' The holdings of these squatters have been treated in the Census as farms 'of more than three and less than ten acres,' and it is believed that the assumption answers to the real facts of the case in ninety-nine out of every hundred instances.\* In the Middle and Western States there are larger farms, and there must be, I imagine, an occasional reproduction of our own idea of a farmer, as a man who employs agricultural laborers but does none of the rough work himself; but in these cases, too, it is necessary to remember that the farmer is not a tenant but a freeholder.

This organisation of agriculture, so remarkable to an Englishman, raises many economical and social questions. I was especially anxious to learn its effects on the intellectual and moral life of the farming population. What kind of men are these New England farmers? That they have advantages which raise them to a condition far above that of our own agricultural laborers might be assumed without much inquiry; but are they, as a class, inferior to those tenant farmers of England who have land enough and capital enough to release them from the necessity of working in the fields? What kind of women are their wives and daughters? Are the men made coarse and dull by the severity of their physical labor? Do the women suffer any injury from constant association with men engaged in rough outdoor labor, and from the necessity of doing their own housework?

I was driving one afternoon, in the neighborhood of New Haven, with a gentleman who lived among New England farmers for many years, and I told him that I should like to see the inside of one of the pleasant-looking farmhouses which we were continually passing. He said, 'By all means,' and at the next

\* 'Farms . . . include all considerable nurseries, orchards, and market gardens which are owned by separate parties, which are cultivated for pecuniary profit, and employ as much as the labor of one able-bodied workman during the year. Mere cabbage and potato patches, family vegetable gardens, and ornamental lawns, not constituting a portion of a farm for general agricultural purposes, will be excluded. No farm will be reported of less than three acres, unless five hundred dollars' worth of produce has actually been sold off from it during the year. The latter proviso will allow the inclusion of many market gardens in the neighborhood of large cities, where, although the area is small, a high state of cultivation is maintained, and considerable values are produced. A farm is what is owned or leased by one man and cultivated under his care. A distant wood-lot or sheep-pasture, even if in another subdivision, is to be treated as part of the farm; but wherever there is a resident overseer or a manager there a farm is to be reported. By "improved land" is meant cleared land used for grazing, grass, or tillage, or lying fallow. Irreclaimable marshes and considerable bodies of water will be excluded in giving the area of a farm improved and unimproved.'—*Compendium of the Ninth Census of the United States*, pp. 688-9, notes.

\* *Compendium of the Ninth Census*, pp. 692, 936, notes.

farmhouse he pulled up. I asked him whether he knew the people who lived there. 'No.' My friend's daughter, a young lady who has also seen a great deal of country life in New England, went and asked whether two English gentlemen might see the house, and in a few moments she came to us and said that we might go in. The farm belonged to a widow. She met us at the door, and received us with a quiet dignity and grace which would have done no discredit to the lady of an English squire owning an estate worth four or five thousand a year. Her English was excellent—the English of a refined and educated woman. Her bearing and manners had an ease and quietness which were charming. The house had three good sitting-rooms well furnished. Books and magazines were lying about; and there was a small but pretty greenhouse. I went into one bed-room and saw that it was extremely neat, and that the linen looked as white as the driven snow. I found that the farm was an unusually large one, being about 200 acres. How much of it was under actual cultivation and how much was 'unimproved,' it did not occur to me to ask. The farm work was done by the lady's two sons and either two or three 'hired men' who lived in the house. There was another 'hired man' who did 'chores'—cut the wood, lit the fires, attended to the garden, cleaned the boots, went on errands, and relieved the solitary 'girl' of the rougher part of the housework; when the hay had to be got or the wheat cut, I dare say he was employed on the farm. The house gave me the impression that the people who lived in it must be surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries and refinements of life. The lady, whom I have already described, was the only member of the family that I was fortunate enough to see.

When we had got back into the carriage, I charged my friend roundly with having played me false. I told him that I felt sure that the house was not a fair specimen of its kind, and that the lady I had seen must be very unlike most of the ladies of the same class; that he must have selected the farm in order to give me a favorable impression. However, he assured me that it was not so. Then I appealed to the young lady who had

gone into the house with my travelling companion and myself. She said that the house was certainly rather better than the average farmhouse, but that there were very many others quite as good; and that the lady was rather superior, both in education and in refinement of manners, to the average farmer's wife, but that she knew very many ladies living in farmhouses who were quite her equals. The suspicion of my friend's good faith had to be dismissed, and though I was unfortunate in happening to hit upon what was admitted to be an exceptionally favorable illustration of farm life in New England, what I had seen made it easier for me to understand and to believe those of my friends who were never so eloquent as when they were celebrating the virtue, the intelligence, and the comfort that exist in the rural districts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine.

They reminded me that it was in the farmhouses of the New England States that a large number of the most eminent Americans—statesmen, theologians, orators, men of science—had received their early training; and that the sons of these plain and homely farmers had not only created the great manufacturing industries which are now established in the older parts of the country, but had been among the most adventurous and successful settlers in the West. An Englishman whom I met in New York the day after I landed, said that wherever I went I should find that the brains came from New England; my New England friends did not make quite so strong a claim as this, but they asserted that from the farmhouses of the New England States had been derived a very large proportion of the intellectual and moral strength of the country. One of the most learned and accomplished men in America, who for some years had preached to a congregation of New England farmers, assured me that they were generally men of strong shrewd sense and sound judgment, rather slow in their intellectual movements, but with a healthy appreciation for solid thinking. Many of them, he assured me, had a considerable number of excellent books and read them. On the other hand, I was told by a distinguished lawyer that the intellec-

tual development of the farmers was seriously checked by the severity of their outdoor work. On the whole, however, the testimony which reached me from those who had the largest acquaintance with them supported very strongly the most favorable estimate both of their intelligence and their morals. What I heard about the farmers' wives and daughters was still more decisive. These ladies generally rise early and spend their morning in housework; but after an early dinner, which most of them cook with their own hands, they 'dress,' and are generally free to visit their friends or to occupy themselves with their books, their music, or their needle. They take a pride in cultivating the refinements of life. At dinner and supper the tablecloth is as white and the silver as brilliant as in the houses of wealthy merchants in Boston or New York. The farmhouses are planted so thickly over the country that evening entertainments are very numerous, and at many of these—so I was assured—the conversation is very bright and intelligent. It is a common thing for a farmer to send at least one of his boys to college, and during the vacations the lads find in their mothers and sisters the keenest sympathy with their literary ambition. One lady, who had been surrounded from her childhood by the most cultivated society in New England, told me that she knew a large number of women living in farmhouses, that she constantly corresponded with some of them, and that among the farmers' wives and daughters there were some of the most attractive, most intelligent, and best informed women that she had ever met with.

About the effect of the New England agricultural system on the intellectual activity and refinement of the population there may be differences of opinion; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the effect it must produce on their political spirit and principles. A population of farmers owning the land they cultivate is certain to have strong conservative instincts. Nor is the conservative temper the special, or at least the exclusive, characteristic of New England. To an English Radical the conservatism of the people generally is very striking. If a couple of millions of American voters were suddenly trans-

ferred to English constituencies, the Conservative reaction would probably receive a great accession of vigor. Of course, the Church would be disestablished within a few months after the first general election; perhaps the House of Lords would be abolished; there would perhaps be an attempt to change the monarchy for a republic; but there might be a very vigorous Conservative spirit in England, as there is in America, in the absence of a throne, a House of Lords, and an ecclesiastical establishment. The respect for the rights of property, for instance, is positively superstitious. Some of the most 'liberal' of my American friends were astounded by Mr. Cross's Artisans' Dwellings Act. They were doubtful themselves about the policy and the justice of it; they were certain that no such act could be carried in America. The proceedings of the Endowed Schools Commission under the late Lord Lyttleton and of the present Charity Commissioners, appear to many Americans perfectly revolutionary. There are trusts in the United States which are utterly useless, because the conditions under which they were created have become obsolete; the money is lying idle or is being applied in ways which confer no benefit on the community, but to change the trusts seems like sacrilege or spoliation. A few men are plucking up courage to make the attempt, and are coming to the conclusion that the ghosts of the founders are not likely to appear if the trusts are modified, and that there is nothing in the Ten Commandments requiring us to confer upon any man the right to determine the uses of property for a thousand years after his death; and yet the boldest of them show a certain tremor and awe when they are drawn into a discussion of the question. They are like those pagans who, having discovered that their gods are wood and stone, want to displace them from their shrines, but approach the sacred places with a nervous dread lest, after all, they should be committing some terrible offence against mysterious powers.

This conservative instinct reveals itself in many directions. From what I know of Oxford and Cambridge, I am inclined to believe that in neither of them is the conservative temper so strong as at Yale.



I mean that at Yale there is less disposition to try adventurous experiments, and to turn aside from the old paths; there is a more deeply rooted belief in the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' and a greater reverence for methods of education which are sanctioned by the example and authority of past generations. At Harvard, however, there is far less reluctance to try new schemes, and I imagine that the changes which have been made there during the last few years would almost satisfy the most advanced Liberals in our own universities.

It is possible for a nation with republican institutions to be intensely conservative, and it is possible for a nation with monarchical institutions to be earnestly liberal. I do not say that, on the whole, America is more conservative than England, but there is a strength of conservative sentiment in America which some English statesmen would be very glad to transfer to this country. But what I have to say about the political spirit and character of the American people must be reserved for another paper.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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CRUIKSHANK.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE, AUTHOR OF 'STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART' AND 'PASTORALS OF FRANCE.'

I.

EVEN the briefest writing of biography is always difficult, and most difficult perhaps when he of whom you write is but lately with the dead. For even if his days have been very long ones, he will still have left much of his life behind him; much of his truest life, perhaps, in friends, in kindred, in connections no biographer can seize upon. Nothing is less truthful than biography; or rather, nothing is more one-sided. The admiring acquaintance with a turn for book-making, the enthusiastic relative whose bereavement is solaced by the subscriptions of the libraries—these, you know, are hardly the persons to whom the world must go at last for the veracious and balanced story. Possibly it is never forthcoming, and we are fain to be content with the acquaintance's view of externals or the relative's partial view of intimate life. To each will have been afforded the means of telling us something; by each much will necessarily be withheld, and much unknown.

They are dealing, say, with the life of an artist, whether painter, sculptor, actor, or man of literature; and we are told the dates of his progress in his career, and much of his accomplished work; not much of work he had planned but never executed: work, nevertheless, on which perhaps he had set great store, and looked forward to completing, and "purposes unsure"

"That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount."

We are told, too, of his children—their names, their ages, and their outward ways—yet, necessarily, not which were his favorites, if favorites he had; which he helped, and which he embittered; which disappointed him, and which enabled him, through strong fresh interest in the life and success of another, to renew his own youth. And we are told of the woman he married, whose influence may have been dominant in his career. But the woman he did *not* marry—had she no place in his life because the biographers are silent about her? Or did she for years take him this way and that, by roads that no one ignorant of her could understand his following? Or was it a thing of short days and decisive ending—three meetings, perhaps, and a separation—so that afterwards her place in his life was only in some work she had inspired, or only in memories, keen once, then dimmer, then gradually effaced? Sorry matters, or matters of which a man may be proud—secrets either way, and the biographer has passed them by.

II.

Cruikshank was writing his autobiography, and in some form, more or less complete, it is presently to appear, the manuscript having been duly lodged with his friend, Mr. Bell, the publisher, who

in its issue is not likely to do the artist anything less than justice. Meantime a few facts and a very few impressions, gathered from those who knew him well in his last years, will suffice before we proceed to some rough estimate of his long work—work that extended over nearly three quarters of a century, and, beginning before the ten years of the Regency, ended only with the latest movements of fashionable teetotalism. Many of us who did not know him at home have at least met him about; for not only was he a familiar figure of the dreary quarter which he inhabited—where the dingy squalor of St. Pancras touches on the shabby respectability of Camden Town—but he travelled much in London, and may well have been beheld handing his card to a stranger with whom he had talked casually in a Metropolitan Railway carriage, or announcing his personality to a privileged few who were invited to see in him the convincing proof of the advantages of a union of genius with water-drinking. He was an entirely honest man; and who is there who would not forgive the little pleasurable vanities that he chose to allow himself at the fag end of a life not over-prosperous—a career no one had carefully made smooth, a career filled full of inventive work as rich as Hogarth's and as genial as Dickens's?

He came of a family devoted to humble art, and was born on the 27th of September 1792; his father, Isaac Cruikshank, being a little known as a painter in water-colors and etcher of social sketches, and his brother Robert soon, while still a lad, to be entrusted with the work of book-illustration. As George, then, grew to a youth, he found himself surrounded by the modest practitioners of whatever art seemed likeliest to bring a livelihood to the not very gifted. The family was far from the high places of art and the society of the makers of beautiful things. George handled the etching needle and drew on the wood block, there being apparently little question of his pursuing any other craft. His earliest signed work is a print representing a horse-race. He must have been fourteen or even less when he did it. His earliest signed caricature is, we are informed, of the year 1807—he was but fifteen then—and it represents Cobbett going to St.

James's. Much of his early work was shared with his brother Robert. Robert was considered by the family to be the more gifted fellow of the two. His things had value, though the value was small, when George's were unheeded; and it has been said sometimes that George was wont at that period to work under Robert's name. But in his later life, when memory of the earliest events was still keen and accurate, George Cruikshank said to one at least who spoke to him on the matter that this was not so. Robert, however much his fame must needs be eclipsed by that of his brother, is to have full credit for all that appears with his signature.

The systematic education that the artist needs was lacking to Cruikshank; he had no schooling that would make him a finished draughtsman, and one of the most genial of his appreciators has written more than, on accurate examination, he would be able to justify when he has written that George and Robert were "eminently skilled in the technicalities of etching."\* The truth is, technicalities were the things in which Cruikshank was the least skilled, up to the very end. But there was one immense factor in the training of an artist which Cruikshank was too wise to lack. He had the sense—wanting, alas! to too many of the self-satisfied craftsmen of our day—to observe keenly when great work was before him; and he learned from the great men (and from no one greater, and no one more, than from Hogarth), not, indeed, the correctness which only the schools could have taught him, but thoroughness and concentration. Cruikshank was never too fine or too exalted for the humblest work that was set him. The labor of the mind enriched the commonest theme.

The century was still very young when Cruikshank began the series of Lottery prints he was destined to do; then sheets of *Twelfth Night characters*—aids to a game, or custom, of two generations ago—and children's books, published at a penny apiece, and caricatures, and comic valentines—these last among the rarest of his works now. Many were

\* *The Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 2, 1878—an admirable article, take it as a whole, and no doubt by Mr. George Sala.

the publishers that employed him in those and the next early years—there was James Wallis, the issuer of children's penny books; Knight; Chappell, the publisher of *London Cries*; Hone, Baldwyn, Robins, Tilt and Bogue, Tegg, and so on, as fame grew and years increased, to Bentley and Chapman and Hall. At first, of course, the designs were not well paid for—shillings, even, and not pounds, were cheerfully accepted for caricatures that Hone published and spread over the town. And as popularity grew, and the man had made his mark, and Cruikshank's work got to be everywhere, he had not the wisdom of restraint and reserve. One doubts much whether, at any time of his life, he had much accumulation of money. Anything, indeed, but a luxurious man, his ways were yet not compatible with thought for the morrow. He was twice married: the second time to the daughter of Baldwyn, who had published much of his early work. There were many drains upon his purse. His hand was very free and open; and being neither a bourgeois, who must save for saving's sake, nor an artist in society, who must save for the position of his children, he accepted, on the whole, not very despairingly, a poverty he did not feel dishonorable. Even when he borrowed money, his borrowing did not "dull the edge of husbandry." He was to the last a worker, proud of his work—George Cruikshank, no small personality, no light to be hidden under a bushel, proud of his fame of the moment; contented in the knowledge that it would hardly decrease.

A sedentary workman for some sixty years, all his recreations were athletic. Even the art of acting, which he enjoyed to attempt, calls out much healthy play of physical powers. And then he was a volunteer—a volunteer early in the century, when England was frightened by the thoughts of a camp at Boulogne; a volunteer fifty years later, when Napoleon the Third found it hard to restrain the warlike speeches of his colonels.

We have all of us been reading lately the tales of his vigor—this and that man's reminiscences of his physical endurance in his old age—of his walk home to the Hampstead Road from farthest Fulham: of his insisting on dancing a hornpipe in the grave offices of Mr.

Bentley. Very late in his life he used to pay visits among the poor. Mr. Edward Barrett of Brighton, one of the friendliest of his admirers, has called upon Cruikshank just as the old man has returned from the heart of St. Giles's, with some story of misery and drunkenness which, in relating, he has had to weep over.

There are many portraits of Cruikshank; some of them, and not the least accurate, being those that have been issued in a cheap form and sold some twenty years since, by the thousand. He figured in the Gallery of MacIise, when MacIise, permitting himself some respite from work that claimed to be historical and was uninspired and dry, contributed to *Fraser*, in its great days, work that has proved to be historical, though it never meant to be. Cruikshank figures in the outline portraits (*Fraser*, 1833) which a recent re-issue has spread more widely, and which, were it for the great and bitter design of Talleyrand alone, would deserve to live very long. But Cruikshank never liked the accessories of his portrait by MacIise, and for him the likeness became a bad one because it represented him among one at least of the evils he satirised. The "pleasant vice" of much drinking was not that of his choice; no background and accessories could have disgusted him more than those of the taproom and the beer-barrel, the pot and the pipe. But Cruikshank was accustomed to draw himself, in at least the secondary characters of his pictorial dramas. His likeness may be traced, one thinks, in many of his prints—in essays on the copper-plate, in dainty drawings on the block—and some among his friends retain the tradition that the Fagin of his 'Oliver Twist' is but an exaggerated Cruikshank.

As Time went on apace, neither the passage of Time itself, nor the hard work which crowded the days of his maturity in art, nor the comparative neglect of the later years, when Cruikshank, no longer quite in the movement of the day, was solaced by visits in the Hampstead Road, chiefly of a very few who were collectors of his work, or of some stray humorist still faithful and confident in the achievements of so many years ago—as Time

went on, Cruikshank wore well and slowly, so that it was truly said of him that he looked as if he had once been very old and then had forgotten it. Employed no longer in sketching and satirising the society of which he was hardly any more a part, he betook himself, and good deal by choice, to work more distinctly ambitious than any he had attempted when his hand was really the strongest and his brain the most fertile. He furnished the design for a monument to King Robert the Bruce. He painted in oils, not only this or that moral lesson, but a tale of heroism in humble life. No doubt the absence of the knowledge of academical draughtsmanship told against him not less in 1871 than it would have done half a century before, and no doubt the absence of any capacity for the subtle modulations of color—nay, the absence even of sensitiveness to these—made his painting in oil a failure when judged by the side even of quite every-day work by every-day artists. Thus it was that no fresh honors came to him when he was still eager for them. The popularity of the great days was a little forgotten by the public in the presence of the failure of the most recent. And then, again, advertised poverty is never a helpful thing. We worship merit a little, but success more, and success must have its stamp. The public of Cruikshank narrowed. Of course critics and journalists—the men whose business it is to keep in memory some work that the chance public praises one day and forgets the next—knew that Cruikshank was great, and how he had been great, and having in more than one notable instance said so faithfully during his old age, said so again last month, when he died. And of course, again, so much of his work having become rare, collectors of it had arisen—curious and anxious seekers, to whose interest we shall owe the preservation of many of his early and many even of his riper things. For them, when Cruikshank's work was pretty well accomplished and "finis" seemed about to be written to that immense volume of production, Mr. G. W. Reid engaged on a task of care—the great *catalogue raisonné* in which, with here and there errors not easily avoided, he has chronicled well-nigh five thousand designs: "the smiling off spring," as

Thackeray so admirably said of them—"the smiling off spring of painful labor." But in the main Cruikshank was forgotten, and the weekly smiles—faint though now and again they needs must be, and of indulgence rather than commendation—which are given by the English public to the efforts of our youngest English humor, a little trivial and slight, had ceased to be bestowed on that larger and more massive humorist who lingered from the Past he was a part of.

### III.

The artistic qualities of Cruikshank have not lately been enough admitted. Even the men who have admired him the most, and have lately with all the feeling of recent loss been urging upon us the treasures of his invention and humor—even these have generally been content to let it go for granted that the artistic qualities in Cruikshank's work were small. But that is perhaps because many of them themselves, more occupied with the humor than with the art of his creation, assign too narrow limits to what they consider art, and recognise art less promptly and surely than they recognise humor. Truly, indeed, the qualities of Cruikshank's works are not those we are all accustomed to look for in art that is decorative and imitative, and it does us good to look at Cruikshank's works, just because their qualities are not these. His paintings, such as they are, have no charm of color: his work in black and white—which is that, of course, by which he must be remembered—has no suavity of faultless line and no balanced order of intricate composition. Worse even than that, certain objects that he was representing pretty often were never mastered by him with any certainty. A well-made rocking-horse approaches to Nature and the Greek more nearly than does many a horse of Cruikshank. The beauty of a tree, except when he drew it very small in a most distant background, was habitually lost upon him. Neither the virtues of a draughtsman trained in academies nor those of a painter who has lived with the country in its intimate life are perceptible in Cruikshank. But he observed men, and the characters of men; and what he observed and cared about in these he recorded with memory so accu-



rate and fingers so nimble and adroit, that one overlooks, and has a right to overlook, the lack of the trained draughtsmanship. He did nothing mechanically. There are so many thoughts in each of his works, and all the thoughts are clearly expressed. That is the virtue of an artist. His groups are as full of movement as a fête of David Teniers. There is action or rest in each of his figures—never stolidity or indifference. The work is alive: it can speak and can suggest. These are virtues of an artist, if an artist is not to mean henceforth only a decorator—only the realiser for us of exquisite existing form. The last slang of the æsthetic studio calls a picture an "invention"—"inventions" crowd upon us from Chelsea and Fulham. Are we to allow the word to the latest juxtaposition of agreeable tints, and deny it to the lively and expressive grouping of men and women who have lived? To speak with accuracy, "inventions" do not exist in art—we have to do with combinations only—a re-shuffling of the perpetual cards. The combinations of Cruikshank, which we count by the thousand, are keen and varied and veracious: they are full, then, of qualities that are artistic, though he was not preoccupied with considerations of art, and though visions of high beauty were very much denied to him.

Cruikshank's work—after the earliest of his youth—may for all practical purposes be divided into two classes: the first, political and social caricatures; the second, illustrations of books. We have seen him already, in the earliest of his youth, doing the mass of insignificant labor which, if cherished at all by the collector of to-day, is cherished, one supposes, for rarity alone. It is not this at all, but the two great classes, that really deserve attention, and of the two great classes the one which is in truth the more noteworthy is the second, the illustrations of books. But as a caricaturist Cruikshank will be always great. His touch was far more expressive than Rowlandson's: his subjects generally, or his conception of them, far less coarse than Gillray's. He seemed from the first to step up out of the brutality of that earlier age. But he felt himself inferior to Gillray, and candidly avowed it. "Gillray," he said in his later years, "was a

man, sir, to whom I was not worthy to hold a candle!" The modesty was excessive; indeed, in some respects ill-placed. But he felt doubtless before some specimens of Gillray's design—the design, remember, of one who had practically been his leader in those early days—that if Gillray could be coarser, he could also be more graceful. About the female figure, about the nude, of Gillray, there can be sometimes an harmonious flow of line which is beyond Cruikshank.

But then, again, in the caricatures, as well as afterwards in the book-illustrations, Cruikshank realised his characters as no other humorist had done—except Hogarth. He did the Union Club for Humphrey. What a clever audacity there is in the representation of Wilberforce and Macaulay; and what a wealth of invention! As he worked, how thoughts and fancies crowded on him! No one, not even Hogarth himself, was more pregnant.

He took the very English side of things—satire on Napoleon, of course, in his prosperity; satire, too, upon him in his adversity. He took the humane side of things. Like the greater part of England, he was of the party of Queen Caroline. His weapon cuts at George and the vices of George. And when once or twice he changed his standpoint, it was with half a heart. His expression of the new view wanted the force of conviction. The caricaturist of that day, if he need not have all the coarseness of Gillray, could not aspire to the refinement of Leech or Tenniel. The age would not have understood it, and the humor of Cruikshank was wont to be broad. Broad humor, as the expression is often used, is apt sometimes to be "broad" without being "humor." There are amateurs with whom the presence of the first suffices for the two. Not so for the artist Cruikshank, for you may see the humor as well as the breadth of piece after piece. Take the big print, for instance—the big colored print of the King of Timbuctoo offering one of his three daughters to "Captain—" in marriage. See the proud satisfaction of the King in the possession of offspring so creditable—see the darky beauties, damsels by no means sylph-like in contour, their modest pride, their happy grins and reasonable contentment with

their own charms—and see the dismay and bewilderment of Captain —, as he is embarrassed rather by the disagreeableness than the riches of the choice. Cruikshank was coarse at need. It is related to me that late in life, when a plate was brought to him that did him no credit, and it was suggested to him that he could not have done it, the honest man looked at it a little carefully, and then replied, "Ah! but I am sorry to say I did." And indeed there has been rumor that in his youth and poverty he illustrated at least one volume which he had better have left alone. But at all events this may be said for him, towards the appeasing of those who would limit somewhat too closely the field that is open to the observer and the artist, that he never in his caricatures accepted the theory of the lower Parisian humorist—that humor is found most easily in the relations of the *cocotte* with her employer. Nor had he ever a touch of that essential nastiness, that greasy revoltingness, which the cheerful Teuton of Berlin is fain to accept as humor. He was simply a blunt Englishman, tolerant of life, plain in comment, little disposed to mince matters for boudoir or nursery.

But almost before he reached middle age Cruikshank had abandoned caricature. He became an illustrator of books, forgotten things to begin with: then things of the second rank; then, at length, the masterpieces of literature, or books at least that answered most successfully to the taste of the day. Of these, the first—at least the first of which the illustrations were of any note—appears to have been 'Grimm's German Popular Stories.' But he had begun more humbly. I find that as early as 1812 he copied—and it may have been as the frontispiece to a pamphlet—the last plate but one of the 'Harlot's Progress,' the great series in which the graver of Hogarth has itself given expression to the genius of that profound and serious satirist—an expression rough indeed, and memorandum-like in comparison with the exquisite technical skill with which the more accomplished engravers have recorded for us every quality of the 'Marriage à la Mode.' Now Cruikshank's copy of that humble but strong engraving of Hogarth's is worthy of notice, for though it is yet humbler

than the work of the master, it has thought of Cruikshank's own in it. The subject, it will be remembered, is the death of the heroine—the fifth plate of the series, the sixth being devoted, with a bitter genius that was Hogarth's only, to the record of the comrade's and bystanders' diligent pursuing of all evil, while the victim of evil lies in her very coffin before them. But the fifth plate is the death itself—

"Extinguished is her bloom and native fire:  
View the poor wretch in patient pains expire."

Now as the subject passes from the hands of the master Hogarth into those of the young man Cruikshank, the expression is intensified, is exaggerated, and needs must be coarsened. But there are differences in the faces of two women, and these are worth observing. Cruikshank has looked upon the business with a more humane eye. To the woman who is rifling already the box of the dying he has given a visage and accompaniments more repulsive than in the original Hogarth. But to the woman who is supporting the now drooping and enfeebled figure of the victim he has given a countenance shorn of the revolting suggestions Hogarth was careful to convey, and he has given her an expression of tenderness and solicitude such as in dire straits can "help the poor to die"; can help in some little way, as Pompilia was helped in the hospital by those

"Small separate sympathies, combined and large,  
Nothings that were, grown something very much."

Nor will this added touch of tenderness in our artist surprise those who have noted the quite exquisite pathos of a very late work—the 'Death of Falstaff' (1858)—in which the face of one who has died indeed "a-babbling of green fields" lies very calm, with the sign of gentle fancies but lately flown.

Humble at this early time, though to some extent individual, are the book-illustrations of Cruikshank. There is a little book of the trial of Thomas Bedworth for the wilful murder of Elizabeth Beasmore, and it has an etching, with the attractive title, 'Horrid Murder of Elizabeth Beasmore,' and on a copy I

have seen Cruikshank has written, "Drawn and etched in two hours by George Cruikshank." It sounds like hack-work, does it not? But the force of it suggests that it was probably spontaneous. If not, then, at least the vivid force of Cruikshank's imagination enabled him to do much, and to do it without delay. Whether the collector deems the picture precious or valueless, as far as rarity is concerned, matters little. It is precious as the extraordinary realistic and dramatic rendering of the brutal business of which the details just then, since it was thought necessary to publish them, must have attracted the curiosity of London. And they attracted Cruikshank, for with what a will has he entered into the rough portrayal of the horrible scene! The murderer on the last steps of some kitchen staircase holds up the heavy and drooping body by hand and arm placed under the shoulders at the back, and Thomas Bedworth—famous criminal of the time—is raising the bleeding knife that has fallen already on the bare and broad white throat of Elizabeth Beamsore—famous victim of the time.

And once again—it is in 1817—there is strong work, even beautiful work, given to a subject fit only for the perusal of the last purloins of Seven Dials—'Writ of Appeal of William Ashford, Brother of the Deceased, for Wilful Murder of Mary Ashford'; and history goes on to relate how she was a beautiful young virgin, and Cruikshank has furnished the book with a lovely little wooded landscape, a country road, its overhanging trees, its pleasant surrounding meadows—a delicate and charming study of the scene of the outrage.

So well did he do these things that at last the novelists whose own murders and outrages were all too romantic for that humble world of fact to which thus far Cruikshank had been devoted, saw the merits of the designer. Mr. Pierce Egan, who has given us the classic pages of 'Life in London,' found that there was usefulness in Cruikshank. Then there were last-century novelists to be illustrated: there was all Smollett; there was Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews.' Afterwards there was Harrison Ainsworth, and the great laughing genius of the master of our English fiction. But

before these there was 'Grimm's Stories,' and to the years 1819 and 1820 belongs a work dear alike for its rarity and happy innocence to the collector of Cruikshank—'The Humorist,' a work in four volumes, published by Robins.

The first edition of 'Grimm's German Popular Stories' dates from 1823, the time, as has been hinted before, at which, roughly speaking, Cruikshank may have been said to pass from the realm of caricature, such as Gillray had reigned over, to the realm of more serious art. Baldwin published the first series of the 'Grimm,' and the same, I gather, was reissued two years afterwards, in 1825, by Robins, who one year after that produced the second series, after which the two volumes appear to have been printed together by Robins up to the year 1834. I am assured by the present possessor of the original plates, Mr. Edwin Truman of Old Burlington Street, that after 1834 no use of the original plates was made, Cundall's edition of 1846 containing illustrations from wood-blocks, after the original coppers—illustrations necessarily poor in comparison, and Mr. Bohn, it is assumed, must have procured for his issue these blocks that had been used in the edition of Cundall. The stories were translated from the German by one Edgar Taylor. The first issue of the illustrations (1823) was printed in bronze-colored ink. The immense popularity of the stories themselves, especially with children upon whom the finer simple poetry of the great Hans Andersen must needs, it seems, be lost, would keep the illustrations objects of value and interest, even if such humorous dainties as that of 'The Elves and the Shoemaker' did not justify the Cruikshank collector in seeing in them some of the most attractive things the master has laid before him.

The year of the issue of 'Grimm' was that in which there appeared the first notice of importance on Cruikshank's productions. Lockhart, it seems, contributed to *Blackwood* at that time, in the month of July, an enthusiastic article greatly *à propos* of the recently issued 'Points of Humor.' And it is entertaining to note that but ten years afterwards there appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* an essay on the 'Life and Genius of George Cruikshank,' with his

portrait and illustrations of his talent "at various periods of his career." Forty-five years ago—and how little the writer can have guessed the future of Cruikshank, and how much longer and more various than any he could then take note of were the "periods of his career" that remained to be accomplished!

'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the illustrations to 'Joseph Andrews,' the illustrations to Smollett, came, all of them, near to the year 1830, halfway, say roughly, between the time of 'Grimm' and that of the great modern novels. In 1836 came 'Sketches by Boz,' and it is the work of that year and of the next half-dozen years that contains most of the substantial masterpieces of the art of Cruikshank. Of these masterpieces some are original etchings on the copper-plate, others steel plates; and besides these, there are the woodcuts, of which altogether Mr. Reid in his catalogue enumerates over seventeen hundred. The present is a favorable moment, then, for considering a little what was Cruikshank's place as a pure etcher, and as to time we shall find he was not fortunately circumstanced, for the art of etching has had two prosperous periods: the first, the middle of the seventeenth century, and the second, these last five-and-twenty years—a happy echo, as one may say, of the first. Between these periods—between the time when Rembrandt, more than two hundred years ago, expressed completely his conceptions in etching, and the time when Méryon, a score of years ago, found the same art as precisely fitted to the thing he wanted to say—between these times the art languished; there was much work, but there were few masters. Popular men in their day practised the craft with what was deemed to be success; and in Cruikshank's own time, David Roberts in England, and Wilkie and Geddes in Scotland, had been praised for their work. The work of David Roberts is now well-nigh forgotten; a few fine things are cherished from the hands of Wilkie and Geddes, but it is seen that much of Wilkie's etching wanted the great qualities, and that the landscape of Geddes is often too absolute a reminiscence of the manner of Rembrandt. The one master etcher who was Cruikshank's contemporary had

taken up etching in the year 1807, and had laid it aside in the year 1819. That was Turner, whose experience of it was but slight, but who touched no art that he did not understand, and no art the list of whose achievements he did not sensibly enlarge. Painter in oils, painter in water-colors, etcher, engraver in mezzo-tint, one goes back to him, after all, from every lesser man of his time; the great dominating influence in art of our nineteenth century. There was one thing, in pure etching, that Cruikshank could have learnt from Turner; he could have learnt something from the immense economy of work in the etched leading lines of 'Liber Studiorum.' His own touch was too broken, sometimes too often repeated: flow of line is apt to be wanting to his design. He does not lay a line and leave it, but returns to it and fidgets it. In the various distances in Cruikshank's plates, subtlety of gradation is rarely attained. An incomplete technical skill, or an incomplete carefulness in technical matters, has left the break too sudden; the picture has but two planes, a foreground and a distance. But these things are apt to vary, and you may find, scattered over the mass of his work, examples of etching technically successful, when considered quite apart from the always present wit of the conception and the always present sprightliness of the design.

But what one cares for, even more than for technical excellence, are the signs of wide and deep understanding; and the middle life of Cruikshank was rich in the comprehension of the fortunes of men. It is the lamentable fate and folly of many practitioners of design who call themselves artists to shut themselves up in their studios with a little tapestry, a little faded velvet, a lay figure, and occasionally a picturesque model hired at so much an hour, and then, when the criticism of the art so produced offends their pride—which is generally termed their "sensitiveness"—to console themselves with the good opinion of their comrades who live next door, and who, with much the same amount of talent, share the narrowness of their range and the vanity of their ignorance of all our greater and by-past Art. But Cruikshank understood that there had been great Art before him, and that its mate



rials had been found in the study of life ; and so Cruikshank—learning at least this lesson from the immense masters—studied, not posed models, but actual life with patient care. Why, his early success as a caricaturist had been founded upon that. He had gone to Nature as well as to Hogarth and Gillray. And now, when there lay before him the more serious task of illustrating the conceptions of the serious novelists—of trying to put into that humbler art of his something not only of the keenest observation, but also of the intensity of imagination which is a necessary condition of the great art of creative literature—now, in fine, when the business before him was to get himself into sympathy with the genius of Dickens—he went to Nature and looked at Nature keenly, guided by the now wider experience of his own life. And from that there resulted first the splendid realisation of scores of various characters in the 'Sketches by Boz,' and then the realisation of the stress and excitement of the critical moments of tragical adventure of which one of the finest instances is to be seen in 'Oliver Twist,' and another in 'Jack Sheppard,' and another in 'Miss Eske carried away during her Trance'—an illustration, done as late as 1849, to the 'Clement Lorrimer' of Angus Reach. These are the things that show George Cruikshank to have had, like the one great genius with whom he worked, the imagination of tragedy.

Take what is almost the final illustration to the 'Oliver Twist'—'The Last Chance'—Sykes on the house-roof. With an imaginative power, which is about as much lacking to the merely popular illustrator as there is lacking to him even the modest habit of closely studying the work of the author he is employed to illustrate, George Cruikshank has realised and conveyed every common and repulsive feature of that easily repulsive scene, in such a way that the stress of movement and beauty of tone and line save it from pure brutality, and give to the representation of it an artistic dignity as far from the maker of the melodrama as from the caricaturist. An ugly corner of one forgets what obscure quarter, the squalid house, the chimney with rope tied round it by the escaping and hunted man now staggering

on the broken tiled roof, the evil and worn face, the energy of action—that is the main subject. But what a fitting accompaniment in the surroundings—the bull-dog, the criminal's constant companion, crouched on the roof-top with dull stare ; the half-shrouded houses across the narrow street, with the clothes-line hung from the window, and from other windows the sudden heads of eager on-lookers, brandishing defiance and warning, and beyond these what further mystery of the dark town whose shabbiest of habitations lie crowded and begrimed under the low wild sky !

And 'Miss Eske.' It is a night when all the elements are restless and disturbed. The wind on the Thames has lashed the water of rising tide into irregular waves, beaten from wharf to wharf and pier to pier of the bridges. A boat in the foreground, half submerged, is struck against the lowest stonework of the near bridge—the unconscious figure, darkly veiled, lies crouched in the stern, and evil men see imminent danger in the accident of the moment. On the grey black river flowing behind no other craft is near them : distant masts are discerned, of coal barges, it may be, lying up safely with their gentle to-and-fro tossing, under the tall protecting wall of black warehouse, with high chimney and crane and other river-side gear along the wharf ; and behind this dark safety, of the solid land at least, however forbidding and ugly, the distant sky is shot with vivid lightning. The unity of this and its impressiveness are the work of a creative artist. Méryon himself, with his more complete command of the resources of the art of etching, would not have denied the inspiration of this, nor of that other conception, not a whit less forcibly executed—'The Murder on the Thames,' in 'Jack Sheppard.'

Neither the subjects habitually given to Cruikshank, nor his own tastes, would have allowed him to execute any large proportion of his work in the tragic key struck so well in the 'Last Chance' and 'Miss Eske.' Sometimes melodrama remains pure melodrama with him, and his art rivals the sensation scenes of the contemporary theatre. So it is in one of the illustrations to the 'Miser's Daughter' (1842)—'Abel Beechcroft discovering the Body of the Miser in the Cellar,'

a design striking enough, and felt surely by Cruikshank before he made it, but, in the actual execution, failing a little in truth of effect of light and shade—a subject only great art could have redeemed or exalted; and the art here is of the order of melodrama. And so too with the appalling invention in 'Jack Sheppard' of the man who is thrown into the very deep dark well from the treacherous staircase from which a relentless enemy resolves to dislodge him. Melodrama certainly—sensationalism certainly—the exciting end of some middle act of the play, the impression of which some fitting reward of virtue in the final act shall presently relieve. But sensationalism here in absolute accord with the literary purpose of the narrative, and carried out with consummate skill in the suggestion of horror. For the victim has not yet quite fallen for ever into the hopeless pit whose obscurity we cannot peer into. He has clutched to staircase railing with both hands: one has been dislodged, and now he hangs, garments awry and body asprawl towards the depths, and the last fingers clutching their last clutch, to shrink away, involuntarily, as the cudgel of the murderer falls upon them, and the struggle for life is over, before our eyes.

A coarse public sups full, drinks deep, of horrors; and I do not say that Cruikshank would not have been popular by these things alone. But it is pleasant to know that much of his popularity was the result neither of vivid imaginative rendering of things that were rightly tragical, nor of rendering, horribly realistic and repulsive, of the things of momentary sensation, but of the skilled fruits of his own sharp and daily observation of London street and crowd, and of all places, from tavern to court of justice, where his fellows gathered. So, take the 'Sketches by Boz,' which preceded the 'Twist' and the 'Jack Sheppard' and the 'Tower of London,' and look first at 'The Parish Engine.' It has just arrived, and the pompous officer is knocking at the door, calmly unmoved in the excitement of alarm of fire. See the action of the street boys, and that of those with the engine, and that again of the aroused and inquiring neighbors. And the Court in 'Law Life Assurance': a notable specimen of the employment

of observant thought in work of illustration: no background figure is without his part, and his part Cruikshank has understood and entered into; the four judges, each so different from the others, the pleading counsel, the junior gossiping on his own affairs, the stupid juryman, the keen-witted pertinacious juryman who will carry the verdict that he chooses when the twelve retire. But a year as early as 1828 shows us already some of the neatest and daintiest satire on the fads of the estimable—gentle and sympathetic sarcasm on the lengths to which the collector of rare things will push his passion—amused observation on the part of our artist of how regardless the amateur may become of other objects of interest than his own, his whole thought concentrated on the importance of the little collector's world—the museum print-room; the sale room at Sotheby's; the shop of the dealer. For the collector, in Cruikshank's middle life, was of a type more pronounced than it is easy to find in our day; or rather, in our day he is to be found chiefly among the aged, and is himself as rare as the objects he collects—this eccentric and absorbed enthusiast, careless of raiment, careless comparatively of food, who lives for many generations in the happiest pages of Cruikshank.

It was in 1828 that the historical collector, Wilson, who has left us the catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings still most generally in use in England, had printed for the private entertainment of his coterie a catalogue of his 'Select Collection of Engravings'; and for it Cruikshank etched, beside the 'Battle of Engravers,' four plates that narrate, so to say, the ever-recurring incidents in the life of a connoisseur. There is "Connoisseurs at a Print Shop"—the dealer has returned from abroad, I suppose, his folios freshly stocked with rarities, and he is showing some of these at his counter to a gloating amateur for whom life has no keener moment, while apart from the main group a solitary man examines treasures in tranquil meditation, and outside a little crowd of the uninitiated gathers before the cheap things hung in the window. Then there is 'Connoisseurs at a Print Stall'—the shabby devotee of art—a character to be respected, whether rich or humble—pausing before

he parts with the money that will enable him to carry home some treasure to lonely chambers in Staple's Inn, or seedy lodgings in the Waterloo Road. Again, 'Connoisseurs at a Print Sale'—the indifference of some to the lot now offered; the consultations of more; the quiet observation of another; the eager competition of two, as the auctioneer, whose eye their bids must not escape, has lifted the hammer that is about to fall. And lastly, the 'Print Room in the British Museum'—a more modest apartment than that now reigned over by Mr. Reid; the few connoisseurs who have come for purposes of comparison are grouped in examination over the print book; the keeper of the prints stands, lecturing to the *habitués*, with the keys of the cabinet dangled from his fingers; one other figure, a lady learned in these mysteries, sitting alone—the Mrs. Nosedo of the day, I suppose. And all this is portrayed with the keenest point, with the readiest and most familiar comprehension of the type and the individual.

Great at need in tragic suggestion, and keen at need in their portrayal of our little social weaknesses or our intellectual hobbies, the illustrations of the best period of Cruikshank are naturally the fullest of qualities more peculiarly artistic—abound the most in such quaint grace of line and happiness of touch as may still be prized when the sprightliness of their assault on the fancies or feebleness of their own day shall cease to be valued and understood. It is so with these charming little memoranda of the life of an old-fashioned connoisseur; the artist shows great sensitiveness to pleasant combinations of line in the small-paned windows, the quaint doors of such shops as remain to us now but here and there in London. It is so with many of the 'Boz' illustrations, that one of the 'Parish Engine' that has been already spoken of being an excellent example of Cruikshank's eye for picturesque line and texture in some of the commonest objects that met him in his walks; the brickwork of the house, for instance, prettily indicated, the woodwork of the outside shutters, and the window, on which various lights are pleasantly broken. I know no artist so alive as Cruikshank to the pretty sedateness of Georgian architecture. Then, too,

there is the girl with basket on arm, a figure not quite ungraceful in line and gesture. She might have been much better if Cruikshank had ever made himself that accurate draughtsman of the figure which he hardly essayed to be, and she and all her fellows—it is only fair to remember—might have been better again had the artist who designed her done his finest work in a happier period of English dress. The 'Sketches by Boz' has one illustration perhaps the best of all in Cruikshank as proof of that sensitive eye for what is picturesque and characteristic in everyday London. It is called 'The Streets, Morning,' the design somewhat empty of 'subject,' only a comfortable sweep who does not go up the chimney, and a wretched boy who does, are standing at a stall taking coffee, which a woman, with pattens striking on pavement and head tied up close in a handkerchief, serves to the scanty comers in the early morning light. A lamp-post rises behind her; the closed shutters of the baker are opposite; the public-house of the Rising Sun has not yet opened its doors; at some house-corner farther off, a solitary figure lounges, homeless; beyond, pleasant light morning shadows cross the cool grey of the untrodden street; a church tower and spire rise in the delicate distance where the turn of the road hides the farther habitations of the sleeping town.

The morality of Cruikshank—and he dwelt greatly on his morality—the comedy and farce of Cruikshank, which all the world has valued—are to be had, no doubt, in all impressions, all conditions of his plates, good or bad; but the artistic quality, which, as we have said before, is less understood, and on which it has been here an object to insist, not indeed as ever present, not indeed as dominant, but as more frequent and more considerable than has been allowed heretofore—this artistic quality is to be found only in the good impressions—in the impressions in which the plate has suffered no ill-usage. Take 'Oliver Twist,' for instance, the first illustration of which appeared in February 1837, in *Bentley's Miscellany*. When the story was finished in the magazine, it and the illustrations appeared in volumes for the library. At the end of 1839, I think, Dickens bought the copyright back, and

bought the plates with them. They were issued by Chapman, by Bradbury, then again by Chapman, and the world rightly is glad enough to have them. But for the Cruikshank collector the plates should cease to be precious after they have passed from the hands of their first publisher, because, after Mr. Bentley had sold them, they were retouched and coarsened when most completed. In the 'Oliver Twist at Mrs. Maylie's Door,' for example, the fanlight, which shaded off so prettily at first into the white of the paper, is mechanically finished at the top, and the vividness of light and shade on the door itself is spoilt by additional lines, and by many of them. The life has gone out of the thing. And even among the original impressions, it is the sharpest and richest alone that have the full beauty.

As Cruikshank increased in years, he increased in moralities. In very late days he was able skilfully to re-engrave the plate which represented the unfortunates who were hung by the neck for forging one-pound notes—a plate on which he prided himself as having, very long ago, been a means of introducing some mercy into punishment. And soon after the time of the finer illustrations—at a period when the artistic quality of his work was lessening—he produced 'The Bottle' and 'The Drunkard's Children,' coarsely designed and coarsely executed, yet very suggestive, very full of that story-teller's power which was so much Hogarth's and his own. He continued to labor; some of his work being even

now but little known. Early unpublished plates for the 'Pilgrim's Progress' remain, amongst others, in the hands of Mr. Truman. Quite in recent years he must have executed a private plate for Mr. Frederick Locker, which shows that there were moments at least in which the store of his fancy was not impoverished. No more ingenious design could have been furnished to a collector than this of 'Fairy Connoisseurs' examining Mr. Locker's treasures of Dürer's, Rembrandt's, and Watteau's. For Mr. Ruskin, too, in 1866, there had been designed the Piper of Hamelin, leading the children mountainwards with the spell of his wonderful music. And in 1870 a luxurious edition of 'Ingoldsby' was supplied with a frontispiece representing the fertile Mr. Barham surrounded by the creatures of his brain. And yet more recent plates, the property of Mr. Bell, the publisher—one of the 'Family Window,' and one in 'Lob lie by the Fire'—show that Cruikshank did not wholly outlive his talent. What he outlived was the social conditions he had illustrated and satirised in his prime—the social conditions he had best comprehended. Dying as it were only yesterday, he belongs so much to the Past, because, though his period of production did not seem long over, his time of receptiveness was gone by. As a satirist he belonged in spirit to another generation: we could not ask him to grapple, at fourscore years, with the foibles of ours.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### ON THE HARDENBERG.

AFTER HEINE, BY THEODORE MARTIN.

BURST, O heart, thy stony cerements,  
 Dreams of long ago arise!  
 Songs of rapture, tears of anguish\*  
 Gush forth, gush in wondrous wise.

I will ramble through the pinewood,  
 Where the living brooklet springs,  
 Where the forest monarch wanders,  
 Where the darling throstle sings.

Up the mountain I will clamber,  
 To the rifted crags away,  
 Where the morning's flush is kindling  
 Round the castle's ruins grey.



There I'll sit me down and ponder  
On the days of old,—on all  
The lordly knights and lovely ladies,  
Vanished long from bower and hall.

Grass has overgrown the tilt-yard,  
Where the castle's haughty lord  
Kept the lists against all comers,—  
Won the victor's proud award.

Ivy coils about the window,  
Where the Queen of Beauty stood,  
Who the imperious all-subduer  
With her lovely eyes subdued.

Ah, the hand of Death has conquered  
Conquering dame and conquering knight;  
Low in dust that grizzly mower  
Lays us all, howe'er we fight.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

##### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE QUESTION.

##### I.

THE success of a book is often an important phenomenon of the age or generation in which it appears. Due in part to causes peculiar to no place or time, in part, perhaps, to causes which may be called accidental, the success of a book is often truly indicative of the generation which has welcomed it. It is successful, partly for its literary merit, partly too for its truth; but these causes combined are often insufficient to account for the phenomenon. It is successful because it discusses some question which is just then of surpassing interest, or because it gives vivid expression to a conception or a belief which is at that time present to the minds of men with a more than ordinary force. The successful books of a generation furnish, therefore, to the historian of thought, evidence of the highest value. When he has assigned to the genius, the learning, and the truthfulness of the author, all that is justly due to them, and when he has found, as he will often find, that all together were insufficient to produce the effect, he will look for the conspiring causes, not to the author but to his readers, and may thus obtain precious mate-

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rials for the intellectual or moral history of the time.

It is not too soon to speak of Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" \* as a successful book. Short as the time is which has elapsed since its publication, it has been long enough to leave no doubt of the feeling with which the public have received it. It is not too soon to call a book successful, which ran through its first edition in three weeks.

In seeking the causes of this success, we naturally look, in the first place, to the intrinsic merits of the book. Among these, that which is perhaps most conspicuous is the absolute truthfulness of the author. These sermons are stamped throughout with that kind of eloquence which is inspired by earnest conviction, and by that only. They are thoroughly Christian in spirit, and it would be unjust to call them violent; but they are certainly impassioned. The author believes a certain doctrine, against which a large part of his book is directed, to be a blot on popular Christianity; and this doctrine meets no tenderness at his

\* *Eternal Hope: Five Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey, November and December, 1877.* By the Rev. FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

hands. He repudiates controversy; yet if this word be understood in its ordinary sense, it seems hard to give any other name to a book whose main object is to teach men to reject and even detest a very common article of belief. But his controversial writing, although impassioned, and sometimes even bitter, is honest and truthful.

Another cause which has contributed in no small degree to the popularity of these sermons is the harmony of their central principle with a feeling, which is every day gaining a stronger hold over the minds of men. Every day which passes over religious controversy sees increased weight given to the verdict of the moral sense upon any doctrine which is proposed for man's acceptance. The right of this faculty to pronounce, if not decisively, yet with very great authority, upon the moral character of any asserted truth, and the influence which this sentence ought to have upon man's belief, are every day more fully acknowledged. Every day sees an increase in the number of those who will not consent to receive a doctrine on external evidence only, without examination of its moral character. Many would give to the moral faculty the absolute right to reject as untrue any doctrine appearing to it immoral, whatever amount of (apparent) Scriptural evidence may be adduced in its favor. Indeed, the well-known canon of Bishop Butler—that "if in revelation there be found any passages the seeming meaning of which is contrary to natural religion, we may most certainly conclude such seeming meaning not to be the real one,"—can hardly mean less. But, even from many who stop short of this conclusion, a controversialist would scarcely obtain a hearing who should deny to the human mind the right to judge of the intrinsic morality of any doctrine which it is asked to believe.

This principle is indeed no new one; we have seen that it is at least as old as Bishop Butler; but it was probably never so fully and generally admitted as it is now. Had it been always so, certain theories, which are the disgrace of theology, might never have seen the light. It is the earnest advocacy of this principle which places Canon Farrar's book in

harmony with a great mass of religious thought in the present day. It may fairly be called the central principle of his Sermons. The popular doctrine of eternal punishment—the doctrine that "when we think of the future of the human race, we must conceive of a vast and burning prison, in which the lost souls of millions and millions writhe and shriek for ever, tormented in a flame that never will be quenched" (p. 55)—is condemned because it is repugnant to the moral sense. It is indeed true that his most bitter denunciations, clothed in language as strong as he can make it, are reserved, not for the doctrine itself, but for the additions which theologians—those especially of the Calvinistic school—have engrafted upon it. Yet if these additions to the popular belief be examined, it will be found that they are in reality no more than two,—namely, the dogma of reprobation, and the notion that the happiness of the blest is intensified by witnessing the suffering of the damned. All the rest which he denounces with such scathing eloquence—the frightful pictures drawn by Dante and Milton, by Tertullian and Jeremy Taylor—do but give definiteness to the common creed. Any one who believes that, for the great majority of mankind, the future life will be one of endless torture, must, if he would realise his belief to himself, draw a picture of a like horrible kind. Men's belief is not indeed usually so definite, but, if it mean anything, it must mean this or something like it.

It would be impossible to reproduce here the author's discussion of the supposed Scriptural proofs of the doctrine of endless punishment. It must suffice to mention one of these supposed proofs which turns upon the meaning of the word *aiōnios* in such passages as Matt. xxv. 46. It has been contended that, if this word, when applied to the punishment of the wicked, is to be understood of a limited time, the same word, when applied to the happiness of the righteous, must be understood with a similar limitation. In reply to this argument, Canon Farrar remarks, as Mr. Barlow had remarked before,\* that if every passage in the New Testament in which the word

\* Analogy, Part 2, chap. i.

\* Eternal Punishment and Eternal Death pp. 89, 90.

occurs were struck out, there would remain ample Scriptural proof of the immortality of the righteous.

But the question may be considered in a more general way. Even if it be conceded that according to the most probable interpretation of the texts which are supposed to contain the doctrine of endless punishment, they do contain this doctrine, it may still be asked—Does this decide the question? There is no infallibility attached to the process of interpretation. The reasoning by which the inspiration of Scripture itself is ascertained is not infallible. Probability is all that we can attain to. When, therefore, we find the testimony of Scripture, as interpreted by us, to be opposed to a moral intuition, the logical dilemma is this: 1. Scripture may be wrong. 2. Our interpretation of it may be wrong. 3. The moral intuition may be wrong. The canon of Bishop Butler would lead us to prefer the second alternative. Popular theology invariably prefers the third. The truth seems to be, that no absolutely general rule can be laid down, although much may be said in support of the canon of Bishop Butler. But the canon of popular theology is wholly indefensible. No faculty of the human mind is infallible, and the moral faculty may err like the rest. But no faculty is *less likely* to err. A canon which rejects, generally, its decision in favor of the decision of the exegetical faculty cannot therefore be justified.

It remains to inquire what judgment Canon Farrar has himself formed on this great question. Here it may be observed that his classification of the "main views of eschatology" is open to a slight logical objection. As no question is made of the final destiny of "the good," the views of eschatology which he considers can differ only in the position which they assign to those who, at the close of their earthly life, are not among "the good." These views he classes as follows.—1. Universalism, or the belief that all men will ultimately be saved; 2. Annihilationism (also called Conditional Immortality), or the belief that after a finite amount of retributive punishment the wicked will be destroyed; 3. Purgatory, or the belief in an intermediate state of purification; 4. The endless punishment of the wicked. This classifi-

cation is founded on the answer given, not to a single question, but to two, one only of which is properly eschatological. These questions are: 1. What is man's ultimate destiny? 2. Is that destiny decided at the close of this life? The third of Canon Farrar's classes depends on the answer given to the second or non-eschatological question, and, as might be expected, this view is not absolutely inconsistent with any of the others. The supposition of an intermediate state may coexist with a belief in either universal redemption, annihilation, or endless punishment. The true division would seem to be threefold, as the ultimate fate of all men must be either happiness, misery, or annihilation. Of these alternatives Canon Farrar rejects the third altogether. He rejects the second, if it take the form of inflicted punishment, but not if it take the form of the suffering which vice brings with it. In this sense he thinks that the punishment of sin may be endless. But it is never hopeless. The path of repentance is never barred. There is no proof that man's probation ends with this life; and therefore, although the second alternative may be true, *in his sense*, yet the first is not impossible; nay, there are some indications of its truth.

It is thus plain that Canon Farrar is not dogmatic in his positive teaching; and for this no cautious thinker will blame him. His main purpose is the repudiation of the popular notion of hell. The part of his book which is inspired by this purpose, although not containing many new thoughts, is marked by a strain of indignant eloquence, and will well repay perusal.

JOHN H. JELLETT.

## II.

THE question raised in Canon Farrar's volume, "Eternal Hope," is an intensely interesting one. There will always be a peculiar fascination in questions pertaining to the future, especially in so far as they touch the issues of the great mystery of good and evil. The more profoundly this mystery is felt by thoughtful minds, the more in certain moods will they crave to penetrate "behind the veil," and to lay hold of something definite on which to rest their hopes or fears.

The more at the same time will all sober minds feel how really impenetrable the veil is, and that no light of real *knowledge* can be carried beyond that sphere of time and space which now conditions all our powers of knowing.

If theology had admitted long ago the limitations of its knowledge, it would have been well for its progress. A true principle of Agnosticism, reverently admitted and applied, might have saved it, if not from the assaults of the modern principle which passes under this name, yet from some of its excesses. A more reticent theology might have been spared some of the humiliations of a time like ours, in which not only the higher but the common intelligence passes so reluctantly beyond the bounds of experience, and is quietly dropping, even from the skirts of its thought, many notions once universally received and acknowledged. The definiteness which mediæval and, hardly less, Protestant theology sought to carry into questions which by their professed nature allowed of no adequate definition, has recoiled upon it disastrously, till its right to be a branch of knowledge at all has been disputed; and the spiritual sphere within which alone it finds its function has been denied any reality. So extreme a recoil as this will in the end bring its own redress; but there may be "a bad time" before the balance of thought swings round again; and theology is glad to be content, like other sciences, with its *own* sphere of facts, and its own order of generalizations. The new "experience theology" of Holland, with all its deficiencies, may mark the meeting-ground of the modern mind with such a sphere at least as real in human experience as any physical or mental series of facts, and claiming no less recognition and scientific explanation. This theology in the meantime is seeking rest in a mere moral idealism; but if the spiritual is admitted at all as *fact*, it will carry with it in the long run, as its necessary implicates, the old realities, however purified, of Divine revelation.

The good to be got out of all this tendency is the deeper appreciation of facts, the closer and wider study of all the phenomena of the spiritual life, as exhibited in the whole course of man's spiritual history. Religious thought must keep

near to religious experience, and only with great caution stretch its wings beyond. Whatever transcends all contact with the farthest reaches of this experience must be beyond dogmatic affirmation, with whatever plausibility or authority it may be commended to us.

It is one of the great excellences of these Sermons, and of the interesting letter appended to them by Professor Plumptre, to whom they are dedicated, that they bring into view the principle of experience in dealing with the subject. Here, as in other cases, the profound though obscure genius of Butler anticipated the true order of procedure, viz., that of working onward from the operation of moral law in the present life towards any possible idea of the future. Seizing clearly the facts of good and evil here as verified in the moral consciousness, the conclusion seems inevitable that these facts will run out in the future as they have here begun. Every man will receive according to the things which he hath done, whether they be good or evil—"in *exact proportion*." "Every one," in other words, "shall be *equitably* dealt with." This is an assured principle, Butler maintains, of the Divine administration which is by no means to be explained away "after it is acknowledged in words." And he adds, "All shadow of injustice, and indeed all harsh appearances, in the various economy of Providence would be lost, if we would keep in mind that *every merciful allowance shall be made, and no more required of any one than what might have been equitably expected of him from the circumstances in which he was placed*." \*

The clear hold of this law of moral sequence as embedded in life and building up its structure every day in ourselves or in others, must prevent all wise and cautious minds no less than Butler's from affirming that the doom of sin may not be irreversible. As no one may dare to limit the mercy of God, so no one can tell to what awful depths the wickedness of man may reach, or what irremediableness of punishment may cleave to it "in the way of natural consequence." In its own character wickedness possesses no element of cure, nor even of exhaustion. It grows

\* Analogy, Part 2, chap. vi.



by what it feeds on, and shows sometimes a portentous power of self-development. It may make a hell upon earth; and that therefore it may make a hell in the future everlasting as itself, he must be a rash man who would deny. This the essential tendency of evil, when left to itself,—to intensify, to accumulate, and perpetuate its own misery,—is what makes the weak point in all schemes of Universalism or Restorationism. Like so many optimist theories, the idea that all men shall become good and be saved at last is opposed by the course of experience here. The hard facts of the present life are all against it, and how are we to judge of the future but by the present? Supposing even that new influences of good were brought to bear upon the human will, who can "estimate the hardening effect of obstinate persistence in evil, and the power of the human will to resist the law and repel the love of God?" Out of the very excess of love there sometimes comes a greater bitterness of hatred; out of the very light of good, a deeper darkness of evil. To assert therefore, in the face of Scripture and experience, that "all men will be saved," is to make a very hardy assertion. About all such optimism there is a tinge of unreality. It may please the benevolent, but it can hardly satisfy the really thoughtful mind.

The theory of Conditional Immortality is vitiated by the same absence of supporting facts. It hangs in the air like so many of the older theories of theology—an imaginary hypothesis invented to explain difficulties, and not an induction resting on any basis of experience. It may or may not be true as a mere speculation. There can be no means of verifying, or even approximating to the verification of such an hypothesis, and the attempt to rest it on the letter of Scripture argues a misunderstanding of the idea of Revelation, more fatal because less excusable than the old literalism from which theology has suffered so much. "Rigid literalism," as Canon Farrar says, "is absolutely fatal to any true knowledge of Scripture." And one of the most eloquent passages of the third Sermon is devoted to a denunciation of the abuses which have sprung from a mere mechanical manipulation of Scriptural texts.

It is mainly by a higher and broader interpretation of the usual texts which have been employed on the subject that the author attempts to set aside what he calls the "common" or "popular" view of Future Punishment, not in favor of any new theory—this he distinctly repudiates—but in favor of an indefinite *trust* in the Divine mercy springing out of our ignorance of the future.

"Those," he says, "whose faith must have a broader basis than the halting reconciliation of ambiguous and opposing texts; they who grieve at the dark shadows flung by human theologians athwart God's light; they who believe that reason, and conscience, and experience, as well as Scripture, are books of God which must have a direct voice in those great decisions; they will not be so ready to snatch God's thunder into their own wretched and feeble hands; they will lay their mouths in the dust rather than make sad the hearts which God hath not made sad; they will take into account the grand principles which dominate through Scripture no less than its isolated expressions; and undeterred by the base and feeble notion that virtue would be impossible without the horrors of an endless hell, they will declare their hope and trust—if it be not permitted us to go so far into this matter as belief and confidence—that even after death, through the infinite mercy of the loving Father, many of the dead shall be alive again, and the lost be found."

We quote this single passage for two reasons—because it gives the reader as clear a statement as we can find of Canon Farrar's own views on the subject of his volume, and because it indicates the tone of his treatment of the subject throughout. We do not venture to discuss either the one or the other. We have only said so much from a very general point of view because it is the general line of thought raised by such discussions, rather than any special conclusion on one side or another, that interests us. Theories of one sort or another have done their work in theology—they have deepened thought; they have awakened conscience; they have led men to "search the Scriptures," if after a too narrow fashion. But they have also been fruitful in mischief, as the frequent product of false philosophy or a too ingenious logic. They have aimed at a wisdom above Revelation, a *gnosis* higher than that which maketh wise unto salvation. In so far as Canon Farrar's volume points to "a more excellent way," in reference to the great

subject of future retribution, it is worthy of all praise. Its careful and enlightened discussion of the Scriptural terms associated with the subject, and which have played so sad and undue a part in its history, must convince all intelligent readers what need there is for caution and modesty of affirmation. No virtue is so constantly needed in theology as modesty—none unhappily is so constantly wanting. To a certain class of minds, theological modesty is supposed to indicate unfaithfulness, paltering with a double purpose. It is strange but true that, when the way is dark and the issues truly awful, most men will rather make a bold leap in the dark than a cautious and reticent advance. They must *know* something positive, even if they fill their mind with emptiness,—with notions which will often no more bear analysis than the terms of a contradictory proposition.

Canon Farrar's earnestness will do good if it make many only try to realize what they mean when they use glibly phrases of awful import. To make religious thought more real cannot be anything but a blessing to a time like ours, or to any time. He would have done even more good in this way, in our opinion, if he had not emphasized with so many dark strokes of rhetoric what he means by the "popular view." He should have remembered that the creed of no Church is responsible for the extravagances with which this view has been somehow set forth, from the frightful picture in the close of Tertullian's treatise "De Spectaculis" to the choice horrors which he quotes from Mr. Spurgeon. The spheres of theology and of popular rhetoric—the rhetoric even of an Augustine or a Jeremy Taylor—are quite apart. The caution which should always guide the induction of the one cannot be looked for in the other. The preacher has his own great function; he must rouse and penetrate,—at times he must startle and appal. But Christian theology must not be made responsible for the pictures of the pulpit, and still less of the devotional manual, whether it be Jesuit or Evangelical.

This might form Canon Farrar's excuse for the too vehement sway of his own rhetoric, and the excess of his color here and there. The volume is a vol-

ume of Sermons; but the vehement tone is not confined to the Sermons. It runs over into Preface and Excursus. A calmer, and even a fairer tone towards what has hitherto been the "popular view," would have been more satisfactory. For after all, the word "endless," of which it made so much, was not designed to cover more than the original Scriptural expression, whatever may be its true meaning. It was a mistranslation more than a "lie;" and the idea of Divine authority, rather than any love for "crude and glaring travesty," explains its place in past theology. Vehemence is a mighty weapon in the hands of the preacher; but it weakens the analysis of the critic, and blunts the genuine insight and tolerance of judgment which even the extravagances of Christian thought may claim from us.

JOHN TULLOCH.

### III.

CANON FARRAR rightly condemns the practice of building doctrines on "isolated texts torn from the context," and not "on the whole scope and tenor of revelation." Few practices are more blameworthy, but of these one is that of setting up doctrines without any texts to found them upon. The negative design of Canon Farrar's volume is to do away with the doctrine of eternal punishment; but its one positive design is to set up a Purgatory that is not Romish. And we believe that his only serious attempt to show that, according to Holy Scripture, any such Purgatory has an existence, rests upon the isolated text touching the spirits in prison, reinforced by the text from the creed touching the descent into hell.

First invoking general principles, Canon Farrar strongly invokes also history and experience. What, then, according to him are the general principles recognized in the Bible as those on which our Creator governs all things? He does not tell us. What, again, according to him, are the general principles on which it is shown by history and experience that our own world is governed? He does not tell us. He makes no assertion that history and experience teach that our world is governed on what we may call the painless principle,—that

is, on the principle that the Creator, being perfectly benevolent, will never inflict pain on the creature; nor any assertion that Holy Scripture declares such to be the principle whereon He does govern. Neither does Canon Farrar assert that history and experience have shown that among men benevolent government requires that all penalties for whatever offence should be terminable; or that Holy Scripture declares that to be a guiding principle of the government of God over both men and angels. But much of Canon Farrar's book will have to be recast should the day ever come when he recognizes, with full consciousness, the fact, and the consequences of the fact, that these principles are not recorded in experience, not enunciated in Holy Scripture, but are contrary to the whole scope and tenor of one and the other.

Canon Farrar over and over again unconsciously assumes that the Universe ought to have been governed on the principle that the Ruler would never inflict pain on the subject. To Canon Farrar there may be something in a distinction between inflicting and causing to be inflicted, or in modern jargon between inflicting by "interference" and inflicting as "a natural consequence." To us these are dialectic distinctions, not moral; distinctions of mode, not of intent; of contrivance, not of polity. So, while to Canon Farrar the distinction between inflicting physical pain and other pain seems to have much to do with the cruelty involved, to us when pain has to be inflicted whether from ill-will or goodwill, if cruel at all, the cruelty of inflicting an equal amount of pain by physical rather than by other means is not greater as compared with less, but is simply grosser cruelty as compared with more refined.

Canon Farrar never, indeed, says that it is an established fact in historical science that causing pain implies a delight in suffering; but he declaims as if nobody could doubt it. He never says plainly that inflicting punishment implies cruelty, but he declaims as if that was an accepted certainty. Numerous expressions, even explicit ones, occur in direct contradiction to the assumptions here indicated. Nevertheless, the as-

sumptions underlie the current of thought.

That province in the government of God on which Dr. Farrar fixes his attention is the rule maintained over men beyond the grave. In judging of what that must be, he seldom seeks guidance in the rule maintained amongst us on this side of the grave. He has to assume that the latter does proceed on the principle of rewards and punishments; but, on the other hand, he would sometimes appear to assume that a perfectly benevolent government would not resort to either of these expedients, against both of which objections can be raised. He does not for guidance turn at all to the palmary instance of Holy Writ—the procedure in the case of angels; nor to the cardinal fact there revealed that a younger race and an elder, the first inhabiting only this world though destined for another, the second inhabiting another world though conversant with this, the one consisting of spirits housed in flesh, the other of spirits not so housed, act and react one upon the other, and are, as to government, dealt with on common principles by a common Ruler.

Canon Farrar does not deny the existence of punishment. He is not at all times unconscious of the fact that it may be merciful, though, perhaps, he means merciful only to the offender, not in the wider sense in which punishment, without mercy to the doer of a wrong, may be saving mercy to the sufferer of the wrong, and protecting mercy to the community. Canon Farrar thinks he relieves the character of the Ruler from charges of cruelty by intimating that He does not inflict the tortures—say those of *delirium tremens*—"attached"—by whom?—to certain acts, but that we ourselves inflict them. Though Canon Farrar vehemently denies that all who die impenitent suffer eternal punishment, he does not deny, he only wishes he could absolutely deny, that any do. But this admission, and it seems to be a real admission, reduces to—we know not what—pages and pages of hot epithets. He does not believe that the doctrine of the final salvation of all the wicked is firmly established. He treats the doctrine of the annihilation of spirits as incapable of proof. In the language of his own

Church he calls the Romish doctrine of Purgatory "a fond thing vainly invented." But he holds that not the substantive "Purgatory," but the adjective "Romish," expresses all that was invented. He enthusiastically preaches, as a grand amelioration of the universe and adornment of the faith, a Purgatory that is not Romish—a place or state after death of discipline somewhat penal, perhaps, but essentially purifying, whence all who under the discipline repent pass to Heaven. This Purgatory not Romish is, so far as we can make out, substantially Greek, much resembling that taught by Plato in the "Gorgias" and the "Phædo." As to sin being put away by pain, and not by the grace and spirit of God, the doctrine of Canon Farrar holds closer to the Greek one than to the Romish corruption of it. Plato held that only by suffering could sin be separated from the soul. Rome holds that it is partly by suffering, and partly by the suffrages of survivors. Canon Farrar deliberately teaches that men who "pray, love, agonize, and strive to creep ever nearer to the light," may nevertheless so die that they will "have to be purified in that Gehenna of æonian fire." Here he is more Romish than Greek. Plato would have counted these among the better souls, bound for the Isles of the Blessed; though not among the rare ones, answering to the "saints" of Canon Farrar, whom Plato carries to still brighter abodes. Canon Farrar, however, joins Rome in following the Greeks in dividing men at death into the good, the bad, and the mixed, rather than, as Moses and the Prophets, as Christ and the Apostles divide them, all being in one sense mixed, ultimately into the wicked and the just.

Canon Farrar almost invariably couples with the doctrine of eternal punishment that of reprobation. Some may take the impression that he fancies that the two doctrines were first united in the Reformed Churches. The opening sentence in Calmet's Dissertation on Predestination tells a very different tale. But multitudes of Protestants who believe that the Lord Jesus, the most loving, but by far the most alarming, of all the Teachers in the Bible, taught in many forms, negative and positive, that they who will not repent will suffer an

endless penalty, do not believe in reprobation, in necessity, in a judgment of any man by a light he never had, or in the final ruin of the majority of our race. They dare not say that any soul that prays, loves, and turns towards the light, will have to pass through a Gehenna of æonian fire. They proclaim for all such mercy unstinted and without reserve. For purification they look not at all to torture, but only to the blood shed by the Lord Jesus, and to the Spirit of God. For them human pains after death exist not, except for the finally impenitent, and only as punishment.

One of Canon Farrar's general principles is "God's severity is all love." If so, the converse follows, that the love of God is sometimes severity. What, then, becomes of all the notions that punishment implies cruelty? Suppose a monster in power wishing to fill London with horrors; how could he more speedily effect his purpose than if, professing fatherly love for all, he issued an edict simply enacting, "Punishment is abolished; and no one shall suffer in person, goods, or repute for any deed done." Canon Farrar, however unintentionally, has so employed learning and eloquence as to confound in the popular apprehension the malignant part played by personal cruelty and private revenge with the beneficent office of public punishment. He overlooks the fact that correction and revenge, both personal affairs, may be fully enacted between two persons alone. A father governing one child may rule on principles impossible to a father governing two, still more to one governing ten, and still more to one governing a tribe. A father might resolve that as to Cain all that was wrong should come right, but how as to Abel already killed? how as to all others who had lives to lose? Canon Farrar overlooks the fact that punishment proper is not a personal matter, but one of public obligation and interest. "Not," said St. Paul, speaking of his solemn act of judgment, "for his cause that did the wrong, nor for his cause that suffered the wrong," but for the cause of the common weal.

When what is called punishment is merely correction, it carries with it demonstration that pain may be inflicted even from personal good-will. But



whenever it aims at rectifying dangerous dispositions in others besides the one "corrected," then the goodwill is not primarily personal, but public; and the degree of the pain inflicted is no measure of cruelty, but of care for the general good. So also when punishment is deterrent. But the great end of punishment is protection, and at this end Canon Farrar hardly glances. Among mortals punishment is not only the fence of all rights and happiness, but of existence itself. Abolish punishment, and you spill out life by a thousand gurgling sluices. So greatly is the protective end of punishment the paramount one, that in grave cases it becomes the only one. In the "Crito" the sense of this truth felt by Socrates is displayed with almost Biblical grandeur. His penalty was not just; it was not terminable; it was not capable of being repaired to him, his friends, or his children. But he would not flee; no, sooner perish Socrates than perish law, was, in effect, the word of the wise man.

Canon Farrar does not seem to be very cautious in invoking history and experience in support of government by terminable penalties exclusively. What government has ever given a guarantee beforehand to all offenders that after a time all consequences of their offence shall cease, and that they shall not on account of it have anything more to suffer? Does past experience point to the conclusion that the effect of such a guarantee would be beneficent? Would it not be malignant? Among mortals, however, the uncertainty of life, the fear of death, the awe of a higher judge, would in part restrain the evil effect of prospective impunity. But how if both immortality and prospective impunity were assured? Might not a system of terminable penalties lead to an interminable repetition of offences, necessitating ever new punishments for fresh transgressors? May not Plato in firmly fixing on the "incurable" as monuments of terrible suffering for ever, no longer for their own correction, but as an example, a warning to others, have better interpreted the plans of a benevolence that covers all ages and all worlds than do they who insist that every offender must have eventual impunity? The latter supposition, pushed to its consequences,

requires that wrong should never be allowed; for if only forgiven the reparation is, we repeat, to Cain, not to Abel. Here we come in face of the problem of problems, the origin of evil, the permission of wrong, the toleration of the wicked, what Butler calls "*the mystery of God*," the great mystery of His suffering vice and confusion to prevail." In all his impetuous flights Canon Farrar barely grazes the surface of that mystery, like a bird skimming over a still but unfathomable deep.

WILLIAM ARTHUR.

#### IV.

THOSE who have taken any fair measure of the wrong which the kingdom of heaven has suffered in all ages at the hands of its scribes and priests, will not wonder at the fervid and indeed passionate eloquence with which Canon Farrar pleads against the most terrible of all the dogmas by which they have distorted the righteousness of the Divine government, and clouded the glory of the Divine love. Such a book as Canon Farrar's "*Eternal Hope*" is deeply significant. Some of us have been for years witnessing against the doctrine of everlasting torment, as horrible in itself, even according to Calvin's confession, and staining with deep dishonor the justice as well as the love of God. But we have been as "voices crying in the wilderness," compared with the testimony which is uplifted by one who speaks with the weight of ecclesiastical dignity, and from the high places of the Anglican Church. When a man of Canon Farrar's position and influence feels himself so pressed in spirit to preach the *Eternal Hope* that he can no longer forbear, and gives forth a work so charged with intense conviction as this, the controversy enters on a new phase, and is manifestly nearer to its end.

I do not attempt to criticize Canon Farrar's book in detail, for this simple reason. I have myself been led, under the pressure of the same influences, to very much the same conclusions, which I published three years ago, in an examination of "*The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love*," and I could but repeat what I then expressed. I can only rejoice at finding that the conclusions to which I was then

led after much anxious thought, and under a very painful sense of responsibility, are sustained by the high authority and the ample learning of the eminent writer who has pleaded so eloquently for the Eternal Hope. Like Canon Farrar, I am unable to accept the dogma of the Universalists, after full consideration of the learned and impressive arguments which I have read upon the subject. I believe too deeply in the sacredness of human freedom, to accept a doctrine which seems to me to set an imperative bound to its decisions; nor can I find it set forth in any clear, developed form as the scheme of the future which is revealed in the word of God. But I hold, and each year I seem to hold more firmly, that the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord cannot be the one Divine power in the universe which, for man at any rate, is paralyzed by the hand of Death. Justice, holiness, fidelity to truth, wrath against sin, these we are told, and we joyfully believe, live on and rule through all eternity; but one thing, if this awful dogma be true, Death paralyzes—the hand of the Divine love. And this, when it is once fairly looked at in the light of Scripture and of reason, is blankly incredible. Whatever else may or may not work on through eternity, we are bound to believe that the love which moved the Father to redeem the world at such infinite cost, must work on, while there is one pang in the universe, born of sin, which can touch the Divine pity, or one wretched prodigal in rags and hunger far from the home and the heart of God. And while we know the wrath of God against evil, which is a dread reality, though always within the sphere of His love, and see that sin can only be purged through terrible pain, we have the right to clasp to our hearts all the hope that can grow out of the assurance, that so long as the God who *is* Love lives and reigns, the mercy which redeemed the world must be the regnant power through all the ages and in all the spheres. This surely must be the meaning of the vision of "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," bearing visibly the symbols of the Cross and Passion. All that the Cross symbolizes is there represented as exalted to the throne of universal dominion, the vital centre of the Di-

vine order of the universe "for ever and for ever."

Eternal Hope! It expresses in brief the words with which I closed the treatise to which I have referred: "I plead for the hope of the destruction of the work of the devil in the universe, by the salvation of all that bears the trace of the touch of the hand of God. Sin withered under the curse of the souls that were once its victims; the devil spoiled of his dark dominion, not by the fiat of omnipotent will, but by the hand of omnipotent love. Hell destroyed; Christ triumphant; gathering the spoils of His Cross and Passion here and in all the worlds." This is the Eternal Hope. The term is happily chosen, and the book will be as "glad tidings of great joy" to many a sad and burdened heart; justifying as it does the soul's deepest convictions and most passionate longings, by the best thoughts of the world's wisest teachers in all generations; by the valuable light which it sheds on the ideas and the beliefs of the generation to which the Gospel was first preached; and by the true meaning of the word of God, which it ably expounds. The textual criticism is of great value; it forms too an important feature of a work of great interest, which should be read in connection with this—"Salvator Mundi," by the Rev. Samuel Cox.

And now that we are emerging from the terrible shadow of this doctrine, we look back with a shudder, and ask ourselves, how was it possible that Christian men should believe it, and should connect such unutterable horrors with the administration of a Being who has given to us in Cavalry the measure of His love? How could it ever be preached as a leading feature of the Gospel of the Kingdom to mankind? And there is another and darker question behind. The Christian world having believed and preached it all these ages, dare we wonder that Christendom is so little like a Kingdom of Heaven? In order to get light on these questions, it is needful to remember that the doctrine grew *pari passu* with sacerdotal ideas. It is emphatically the dogma of the priest, which he has wielded, and mainly with no base purpose, as a means of influence over men. It gave to him a ready and powerful

means of terrorizing a rough and brutal generation, and with what awful force he used it the students of mediæval literature will very well understand. But it would have defeated its own end, and become powerless through excess of horror, but for the priestly "power of the keys." There were always the sacraments, the priest's absolution, and the great purgatorial discipline, between the human soul and the naked terror, during the mediæval period; and so men were not afraid to paint out in the most loathsome and harrowing forms the physical torments of the damned, because they had a ready refuge to offer in the very mild condition of submission to the direction of the Church, which is the Christian attitude of soul in the judgment of Rome. And I venture to think that the same sacerdotal leaven in the Anglican Church has exercised the same influence, and has in some measure mitigated the sharp pressure of the doctrine on the hearts and consciences of its members, while we of the Evangelical Non-conformist Churches have felt it in its full force. We retain the Augustinian doctrine in its most explicit form, and we preach that the doom of the impenitent sinner is "everlasting burning." No priestly word or act is recognized in our Churches, which can mitigate for a moment "the horrible decree;" and the only "way of escape," as we are fond of phrasing it, is by what is constantly represented as a terribly narrow and difficult path. It is here, in the Churches which inherit the Puritan traditions, that the grisly form of the terror is to be seen. Canon Farrar has quoted some truly awful passages from President Edwards. I have quoted others in the work to which I have referred. But it is only fair to remember the anguish of mind which these doctrines inflicted on those who felt bound to preach them. They agonized in spirit until they felt sure that, if God's glory and the good of man demanded it, they were ready themselves to endure to the utmost what they believed that God was purposed to inflict on the great mass of mankind.

But the idea could only hold a hardly-disputed sway while the conception of the Divine order of the universe which Augustine develops in the "*De Civitate Dei*" was supreme: the two great house-

holds of light and of darkness, in dire, constant, and hopeless antagonism. Calvinism is essentially a fighting creed; grand in its affirmations for all time, but in its negations and anathemas possible only in an age of stern strife between hopelessly irreconcilable antagonists, in which the sufferings of the beaten stir grim satisfaction, like the pains of traitors overthrown in war. Moreover, in ages when high-handed despotism was the normal form of government, men were more able, without a revulsion of horror, to connect stern, tyrannous methods with the rule of God.

But when the idea of the one great family of man, in which the saints were to be the ministers to the sinners, began to steal into human hearts, largely through that great uprising of the human which is known as the Revolution, and which had deeper roots than is commonly suspected in the word of God, men began to feel more sharply the incompatibility of this terrible dogma with the very first principles of the Gospel. New and benign ideas of the duty of a ruler and his relation to the ruled have been winning their way during these last generations, and are now accepted throughout the civilized world. Looking from earthly to heavenly things, men are forced to ask themselves, what rule is this which the Church through all these ages has been setting before Christendom as Divine? Great searchings of heart and stirrings of conscience are inevitable under such conditions. Let us thank God that they are breaking forth benignly in such works as these. How terribly Europe has been brutalized by the pictures of torture with which, from Bæda down to Orcagna, mediæval historians, preachers, painters, and poets made it familiar, one hardly dares to estimate. How many generations will pass before the hold on man's nobler nature, which has been lost by the Gospel of Terror, will be regained by the Gospel of Love!

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

## V.

If there be any doctrine ever taught in the name of Christianity which can claim to be really Catholic, it is the doctrine of never-ending punishment. This has been believed by the majority of

Christians in all ages, in all Churches, and, with very insignificant exceptions, of all sects. Fathers, Schoolmen, and Reformers, zealous Roman Catholics and ardent Protestants, have agreed that this is an undeniable portion of the Catholic faith. We cannot deny that it is a Catholic doctrine, but is it Christian? Dr. Farrar says that the Scriptures, interpreted in the light of "modern criticism," are "absolutely silent" as to "endless torture." Like transubstantiation and many other *Catholic* doctrines, it is founded on taking literally words which were never intended to have a literal meaning.

It is a vast triumph for "modern criticism," if it has overthrown the interpretation which the great body of Christians in all ages have put on certain passages of Scripture. This, however, is but one symptom of the revolution which is overtaking the theology which has long sheltered itself under the name of Catholic or orthodox. It comes finally to the long-disputed question of authority or reason—whether we are to believe doctrines because of the Catholic consent of ages and generations, or if our belief is to be regulated by the results of investigation.

The party of progress in the Church of England, to which Dr. Farrar belongs, receives as a certain truth the axiom of Bishop Butler, that "reason is the only faculty whereby we have to judge of anything, even of revelation itself." If then any doctrine taught in the name of Christianity is not reasonable, there is so far a presumption that it is not really a doctrine of revelation. Moreover as the doctrines of Christianity are on Butler's principle part of the evidence of its being a divine revelation, the existence in Christianity of the doctrine of endless punishment would go a long way to invalidate its claim to be of divine origin. The argument is, reason tells us that the doctrine of endless punishment is incompatible with the justice and mercy of God, and therefore cannot be divine. Attempts have been made to answer this argument by considerations drawn from the existence of evil, from present suffering, from the incapacity of human reason to judge of God's doings, and from our ignorance of the whole scheme of the divine government. But

the capacity of man to judge of God's justice is everywhere assumed in the Bible; the faith that He will do right in the end is a necessary part of our belief in God at all; and the case of present evil and suffering is altogether different from that of evil and suffering which shall never end. All present irregularities may be put right; God has before Him a whole eternity, in which He can rectify the wrongs of this present life; but the very terms "endless evil and suffering" preclude the possibility of their ever being so rectified as to be compatible with the divine attributes of justice and mercy. In this case the subject is within the competence of man to judge, for he is told that endless suffering is to depend on his actions in this present life, and reason declares that nothing which the worst of men could possibly do within the compass of his three score and ten years could possibly deserve such a punishment as the endless torment of Catholic or orthodox theology.

We lay an emphasis on the word *Catholic*, for some of those who claim this appellation as the antithesis of Protestant have of late been trying to charge the awful hell on those who, at the Reformation, are said to have departed from the Catholic faith. Dr. Farrar seems partly to have admitted their plea; but the whole argument rests on the clumsy invention of purgatory, which is to purify by physical torments, not the lost, but the souls that are not sufficiently pure to enter into Paradise. There still exists the awful hell for the lost, which is as conspicuous in the Romish Church as it ever was in any Protestant community. To take the Roman Catholic books that first come to our hands, here is a passage from Bouhour's *Meditations*, translated in a book of devotion for English Roman Catholics:—

"What misery can be equal to that of being miserable so long as God shall be God? . . . These unhappy children of wrath not only suffer during eternity, but they suffer eternity during each moment of their existence. Eternity is engraven on the flames which torment them; it makes a part of all their sufferings; it is ever present to their minds. O tormenting thought! O miserable condition! To burn for ever! to weep for ever! to rage for ever!"

Here is another passage from the *Med-*



itations of St. Francis de Sales, which are printed in the "Garden of the Soul:"—

"Represent to yourself a dark city all burning, and stinking with fire and brimstone. . . . The damned are in the depth of hell within this woeful city, where they suffer unspeakable torments in all their senses and members. . . . Consider above all the eternity of their pains, which above all things makes hell intolerable."

To those who are really lost the Church of Rome, no more than orthodox Protestants, allows the possibility of amendment after this present life.

To reject endless punishment is to overturn the foundation of the whole system of theology which is known as Catholic, but it is also to remove what to many is an insuperable difficulty in the way of believing Christianity. The great question then is, Can it be done fairly, or can modern criticism really prove that the Scriptures are silent concerning never-ending punishment? The remark is made by old Thomas Hobbes that though hell fire may be everlasting, those cast into it may not remain in it everlastingly. This is an ingenious solution of a pressing difficulty, but when ingenuity is necessary there is always ground for suspicion. Some have supposed that the wicked will be annihilated, or, in other words, that immortality will be granted only to them that repent and amend. But this is a supposition which has no foundation in Scripture, and, like the other, is ingeniously invented to meet a difficulty. Restitution, or the ultimate salvation of all men, is the most reasonable hypothesis, and the one which could appeal to most passages of Scripture in the way of indirect intimation, but it cannot be said to be clearly taught in the New Testament.

To the English reader of the Bible the plainest and most obvious doctrine concerning the future punishment of the wicked is that it shall be endless, in a place called hell, and with fire and brimstone; and the strongest words are those of Christ Himself where He says of the wicked that "their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Awful words to our ears when coming with the full meaning which they now convey to us. But had they this meaning when Christ spoke them? Did they convey this meaning to those who first heard them? This is surely a legitimate in-

quiry, and the meaning which Christ intended must be the proper meaning. Can a worm that never dies mean anything else but a worm that never dies? Can fire that is never to be quenched mean anything but fire that is never to be quenched? Certainly not, if we must take them literally, but does the discourse admit of this? A worm and a fire are material. It may be said that though they are only emblematic, yet they must mean that whatever the suffering is it must be never-ending. And this would have been, so far as we can see, a fair inference, but it happens that Christ took the words from the last verse of Isaiah, where the reference is to material bodies and to a temporal punishment—in which case the worm cannot be literally never-dying, nor the fire unquenchable. Why should they be taken literally when spoken by Christ, if they are not to be taken literally, as obviously they cannot be, so far as duration is concerned, when used by Isaiah?

Dr. Farrar maintains that "hell" and "damnation" had not, when the Bible was translated, the terrible meaning which they have now. This may be partly true, but it cannot be doubted that the idea of a place of endless torment was familiar to the translators. Damnation has evidently changed its meaning for the worse. But the really important word is "eternal." The Greek *αἰώνιος* may or may not be translated "everlasting." It is used in many places in the Bible where it cannot mean endless, and its etymological meaning is the opposite of everlasting. The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his notes to Archer Butler's Lectures (vol. ii. 182), points out a passage in Plato which no critic before had noticed, in which *αἰώνιος* is used as the antithesis of eternal. The word, however, was also used by the later philosophers, as Philo, Plotinus, and other Neo-Platonists, to mean eternal, not in the sense of having anything to do with duration, but as expressing the plenitude of being, in agreement with Spinoza's definition of eternity, "*per aternitatem intelligo ipsam existentiam*." If we could suppose that Christ spoke the language of philosophy, and that the discourses in the fourth Gospel are reported literally, we might fairly conclude that by "eternal life"

He meant absolute existence. The opposite of this, eternal death, would then be a mere negation, not suffering marked by any degree of duration, but the deprivation of absolute or real existence.

Etymology, metaphysics, and we may say, for the convenience of the argument, the fourth Gospel, may all be left out of the controversy; and the sole question to be settled is what Christ meant to say when He spoke of the future punishment of the wicked. The proper answer seems to be that He did not intend to convey any idea either of the real nature or of the duration of the punishment. It was something so awful that the strongest metaphors with which the minds of His hearers were familiar were used to describe it, but still they were metaphors, and all taken from things temporal and material. The Bible, in fact, never introduces us to heaven or hell, but under material figures, just as it rarely speaks of God except under the likeness of man, or with attributes which are in part common to God and man. And the reason of this probably is, that the multitude of men have no capacity for anything beyond this. Christ's language addressed to the multitude was metaphorical, and not literal. The judgment of God against sin is terrible, but the details of that judgment may not be definitely revealed, and we may not have capacities for understanding such a revelation if it were made.

We are thus in the end left to reason as to the duration of punishment, and reason has ever rebelled against the *Catholic* faith in never-ending suffering. In unbelievers, in rational apologists, and in Catholic saints and theologians, there has been in some form an objection to this belief, or a mitigation which went a long way to neutralize it. To all it is manifest that there is no such difference between the very best and the very worst of men as that one should have a never-ending felicity and the other be trampled under the feet of devils in never-ending torment. The distinction of baptized or unbaptized, Christian or heathen, Catholic or heretic, elect or reprobate, are all insufficient to make a difference so vast as that between heaven and hell as commonly understood. And when we look at men as they actually are, the chief differences between them have depended

on the circumstances of their birth, education, companions, and natural temperament; and when they die, the multitude, as Mr. Wilson of Great Staughton somewhere says, are "germinal souls." They are too bad for heaven and too good for hell. Some may deserve many stripes, but others only a few. And that this is admitted by those who tenaciously cling to never-ending suffering is proved by the general reception of the doctrine of different degrees of rewards and punishments in a future life. Professor Plumptre, in a letter to Dr. Farrar, quotes remarkable passages on this subject from Butler and Paley. But he will also find the same doctrine as exactly stated in John Wesley's sermons. The idea that great revivalist preachers have owed their success to preaching the terrors of hell is exploded. They preached terror much less than is generally believed, and their success was not owing to this, but to their awakening the moral sense which found a hell wherever there was sin.

JOHN HUNT

## VI.

CANON FARRAR'S volume of sermons is one of four noticeable books which have recently appeared, in conjunction with many pamphlets, wherein the popular theology, as well of the Roman and Anglican Churches as of most Protestant communions, in respect of the condition of souls beyond the grave is challenged or disputed. The three others are the Rev. Andrew Jukes' "Restitution of All Things," the Rev. Samuel Cox's "Salvator Mundi," and Mr. Edward White's "Life in Christ."

I think that all dispassionate readers of these four works must come to agreement on one point, if no more: namely, that in the last three they are brought face to face with trained theologians, with men from whose conclusions they may indeed be constrained to differ widely, yet whose method and matter they must recognize as belonging to the sphere of scientific divinity. But in Canon Farrar's Sermons the amateur and neophyte is visible throughout, and the discourses themselves, while always cultured, often—perhaps too often—ornate, and sometimes impassioned, yet seldom rise to the dignity of sustained argument,

or even of accurate thought, and never attain the level of matured theological knowledge. They are, to borrow a simile from forensic practice, declamatory appeals to a jury rather than reasoned pleadings before a judge; and although the preface and appendices are somewhat more chastened in style and more exact in method, yet they, too, exhibit a fragmentary and tentative character which is eminently unsatisfying, but which, it must in justice be said, the author apologetically confesses. Nevertheless, these very defects have their value in the present state of the controversy with which the sermons deal; for they supply ample proof that it has passed out of the domain of dead scholastic dialectics, and has entered into that of burning questions, to which the intellect and conscience of all thinking Christian men are imperatively demanding some prompt and unfaltering answer; and further make it sufficiently plain that the answer which the popular theology has been tendering for centuries past will not be accepted much longer.

I disclaim any desire to uphold that theology (which I have never aided in propagating) when pointing out what seem to me certain flaws in Canon Farrar's method and statements; since, were I obliged to choose, I should prefer ranging myself at his side, rather than with Pinamonti or even with Mr. E. H. Bickersteth, whose comparatively softened view appears in his remarkable poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever."

The most salient defect, then, in these sermons is that they do little more than pull down. That is often a most necessary process, and all dwellers in crowded cities know full well how great is the gain in the mere sweeping away of noisome fever-dens, even if their sites be left bare and desolate, with no wholesome dwellings nor pleasant gardens to occupy them. And there is no question in my mind, at any rate, as to the imperative necessity of demolishing, and that speedily, the hyper-Augustinianism which still lingers amongst us. But we cannot wisely leave huge vacant spaces, like the wastes within the walls of Rome and of Constantinople, in men's minds where once were some definite notions as to one of the most momentous topics

which can exercise thought; and this is what Canon Farrar has practically, albeit undesignedly, done. There is much force in Mr. Cox's plea that the very limitations of our knowledge, and that ambiguity of the Scriptural indications which is admitted by all impartial scholars, must act in restraint of our constructing a complete and consistent theory which may be proffered as a full answer to inquiry, a convincing substitute for the discredited hypothesis; but Mr. Cox himself, not less than Mr. Jukes and Mr. White, does endeavor to set some positive teaching in the place of that which he seeks to displace. I can scarcely avoid the conclusion that the majority of those who heard Canon Farrar's sermons must have gone away with a much clearer notion as to what he denied than as to what he asserted and wished them to believe. And if so, he discharged no more than one-half of a teacher's function. It admits of no reasonable doubt that the popular theology is a very ineffective deterrent from sin; and that for exactly the same reason as caused the practical failure of the English penal code before Romilly softened it: namely, that as judges and juries often then combined against the evidence to acquit culprits, rather than inflict the disproportionate penalty of death for minor offences, an element of great uncertainty was introduced into the law, and almost perfect impunity attended many serious crimes, so that they were actually encouraged,—a risk obviated by the juster incidence of the present code, which is more certain, though milder. So, too, when men are taught that God has only one penalty in His code, that of everlasting damnation, they cannot believe that He will invariably inflict it, and each hopes to get off altogether, not realizing that every sin *must* be chastised. Canon Farrar has scarcely given this latter notion adequate prominence, though subordinately mentioning it, and so far has not supplied a clear deterrent for lower natures, an error from which Mr. Jukes is quite free. To my mind, further, even his destructive argument is not put on the soundest basis. There is not sufficient stress laid anywhere on the cardinal fact that the Scriptures of the New Testament contain two parallel and often seemingly contradictory sets of

statements as to the Last Things, one of which, even after being sifted jealously by hostile criticism, does make for the popular theology, and another which more than implies a full restoration and the final victory of good over evil. It is as difficult to do justice to the inquiry if the evidence for the first half of these conflicting declarations be minimized, as it has proved to be when the second half is wholly disregarded, and on Canon Farrar's hypothesis it seems almost impossible to account for the origin and spread of the popular theology at all. Unless it had a great deal more to go on than he is willing to allow, it could scarcely have arisen and maintained its position so long within the Christian Church.

The second point which is insufficiently illustrated, being indeed quite absent from the sermons, and merely relegated to a casual note in one of the appendices, is the absence of any formulated decree of the Church Catholic in favor of everlasting punishment. That the question was raised and debated we know; that an attempt was made to procure a formal condemnation of Origen's doctrine on this head we know also; but the effort failed, and the question remains an open one to this day. There is a great significance in the fact that in the simplest of our symbols, the Apostles' Creed, and in the most universal of them, the Nicæno-Constantinopolitan, we are called on to express our belief in the life, but not in the death, to come. And although the Athanasian Hymn may obviously be quoted adversely, it is to be noticed that it restricts itself in its closing verses to the citation of the exact words of Scripture, and does not undertake to gloss them for us, so that it can hardly be alleged as an interpretation. Dr. Farrar might very fitly have pointed out, in reply to the argument from the long prevalence of the popular theology in the Church, that an equal or greater prescription exists in favor of the tenet of Verbal Inspiration, which no Biblical scholar of repute now holds, since even those who declare that if we had the authentic text of every passage before us, each title of it would be infallibly and divinely true, do not assert that such a text exists for any one book of Scripture. But this tenet, like that of endless

punishment, has never been formulated by the Church, and makes no part of any Conciliar decree or any Christian creed. This important fact ought to have been given prominence in connexion with the proof tendered that St. Gregory Nyssen, and other eminent Fathers of an earlier date, followed the milder view, because it establishes that their opinion is still, to say the least of it, tenable, and has not been excluded, like some ante-Nicene phraseology on other points, by subsequent authoritative explanations or rulings. Dr. Farrar, while most usefully drawing attention to the unfamiliar fact that the Jewish Church has no tradition whatever in favor of endless punishment, has failed to group visibly with it that other fact, that Prayers for the Dead passed without break from Judaism into Christianity; so that, when once the true historical position of Christianity as a continuous development of Judaism is fully realized, the milder view seems antecedently more likely to be a part of the original deposit of the Gospel than the harsher one.

Another point where Dr. Farrar has understated his case, at the same time that he seems to lay almost undue stress on it, is his discussion at pp. xxxiv.-v., 77-8, and 80-1, of the true meaning of the crucial word *αἰώνιος* where he appears to exclude that meaning of infinity which it unquestionably often has, e.g. Exod. iii. 15; Job xxxiii. 12; Isa. xl. 28, lx. 19, &c. It is not enough to say that this term is confessedly ambiguous, without also saying that there are several Greek words perfectly free from any ambiguity, whose meaning of "endless" cannot be disputed, and which not only might, but almost certainly would, have been used had the Apostles and Evangelists designed to enforce that idea. Such are *ατελεύταιος*, *ἀπέραντος*, *αθάνατος*, *ἀπανστος*, *ἀέναιος*, *ἀπειρος*, perhaps *διηνεκής*, all of which are noticeably absent from the New Testament in this connexion, as also are *ἐς δέι* and *ἄνευ τέλους*, a circumstance which does not seem to have been adequately pressed hitherto.

Beyond the negative statements of Dr. Farrar, there is, as already implied, a lack of positive ones. He does, indeed, in one place, (p. xvi.) just shrink from asserting Universalism, but he seems to



accept it fully at p. 89; while his argument, if it may be so called, against Conditional Immortality, or Annihilationism, amounts to little more than that he does not like it. The real difficulties of Universalism, the metaphysical objection that it militates against the existence of free-will, and the consequent possibility of a volition of evil through eternity (especially in the case of evil spirits), and the moral objection that it fails to realize the true nature and effects of sin, he scarcely touches; and the chief objection to Annihilationism, its assertion of retrograde action on God's part, as reversing the process of creation, he does not touch at all. In fact, his mind, untrained in theology, and indeed in logic, as yet has reached only the stage of revolt, and even his pleas against the popular teaching, corroborative as they may be of sounder arguments, do not get beyond the *à priori* stage, and are open to the rejoinder that they avoid rather than solve difficulties. He has not, for example, more than distantly glanced at two cogent pleas severally urged by Mr. Jukes (who by-the-by, is an Anglican clergyman, not a Nonconformist, as Dr. Farrar reckons him), and by Mr. White—namely, that if the popular theology be true, then Christ has been completely defeated by Satan in the contest for the souls of men, since incomparably the larger spoils of battle rest with the latter; and the Incarnation has not affected the ultimate nature and destinies of mankind in general. So again, while justly blaming the Reformers for tampering with the deposit of primitive Christianity, and for darkening the counsel of God, by discontinuing prayers for the dead, he has quite failed to note the reason why Protestant teaching has for the most part, till the rise of Universalism, been so much harsher than Roman Catholic theology. The answer lies not in the mere denial of a purgatory, but in the abandonment by both Luther and Calvin of the ancient Christian doctrine of the Fall, and their substitution of a new theory for it. Catholics teach that the Fall deprived man of a certain supernatural grace which insured the due balance of his complex nature, and that he thereupon became wholly disorganized, and liable to find his higher will dominated by the lower, but was still the same

creature, having good freely mixed with his evil. Luther and Calvin, on the other hand, fundamentally at one in their teaching despite their marked surface differences, maintained that man by falling became a mere mass of absolute evil, without the smallest admixture of good, and even with no capacity for being developed into something better, so that he could be saved only by the legal fiction of the imputed righteousness of another, or else by the arbitrary favor of an autocratic decree, in each case quite irrespective of any personal equation; since even his virtues are only splendid sins. Once grant so much, and all mankind necessarily falls into the category of those whom all but the most extreme Universalists recognize as possible subjects of everlasting punishment, namely, such as have so wallowed in deliberate and wanton evil, that they have left nothing upon which, so to speak, even Omnipotence itself can work, so that there is no injustice in sentencing them to reap as they have sown.

But this monstrous teaching is false to the Bible, and also to all our moral sense and practical experience. We know that there is good as well as evil in man, and we may not call good evil to support a theory. And when once we recognize the germ of good in even the most wicked men, we are faced by this difficulty in the popular theology, that it assumes God to permit, if not to force, this good to be overpowered and assimilated by the evil in contact with it, and thereby contradicts the frequent analogy in the Old Testament borrowed from the smelting of ores. The metallurgist does not throw away nor destroy even "reprobate silver" (Jer. vi. 30), but purges it from its dross in his fiery furnace, drawing the purified metal thence to be wrought into costly fabrics (Isa. i. 25; Ezek. xxii. 18—23; Zech. xiii. 31; Mal. iii. 3); but God is, on this hypothesis, a less capable workman.

Another fruitful source of error which Canon Farrar has failed to point out is the popular teaching as to this life being a state of *probation*, a solitary chance, failure in which involves destruction, just as with us gun-barrels which cannot pass the test in the proof-house are invariably condemned, broken up, and cast into the fire,—but only to be forged

anew. There is no warrant in Scripture for this current opinion, which in truth necessitates a denial of God's foreknowledge, as not being able to trust His own work, nor to predict how it will turn out till He has tested it. He does indeed try and prove, but it is in the way of *education* and *purgation*, not of inquiry. "When He hath *tried* me, I shall come forth as gold" (Job xxiii. 10). "Behold, I will melt them and *try* them" (Jer. ix. 7). Once grasp the notion that we have only one life given us to live, and that death is a mere episode in it, so that this world is but a lower class in God's school, and another stage of education in our unbroken personality and life beyond the grave awaits us in the intermediate state, whether that stage be downwards or upwards, according as we have used our opportunities here, and the whole scheme of redemption shows clearer.

Once more, Canon Farrar is not happy in his rejoinder to the argument urged even by Mr. Keble, and repeated only a few days ago by Canon Ryle, that to cast a doubt on the endlessness of punishment, is to invalidate the argument for the endlessness of bliss, since both rest on exactly the same Biblical sanctions. There are three replies, cumulatively exhaustive, which he has failed to adduce. First, assuming the fact to be really so, there is all the difference caused by the rejoicing trust and confidence of the redeemed in the living protection of God in that City from which evil is for ever banished, and into which, consequently, temptation cannot make its way. Next, the fact is not as alleged, that they do rest on the same Biblical sanctions, because though there is very much in Scripture which implies the termination of evil and the universal prevalence of good, there is very little to show for the everlasting duration of death, sin, and misery, and nothing whatever which can be made to hint at the possibility of another revolution, and the return of evil to power. Thirdly, the difference of the two eternities, hell and heaven, consists in the presence or absence of God. Let us put  $\alpha$  for each of these eternities or æons, and  $\theta$  to denote Him. The assertion of the equality of the two, then, is that  $\alpha + \theta = \alpha - \theta$ , which can stand only if  $\theta = 0$ , the postulate of atheism.

Lastly, albeit Canon Farrar's forte is illustration, and argument his weak point, he has missed the opportunity of bringing a powerful side-light to bear on that part of the popular theology which teaches that man's doom is irreversibly fixed at the moment of death, and that, if he be unrepentant at that particular instant of time, he is lost for ever. It is that this view puts God on a moral level with the devisers of the most savagely malignant revenge known to history—the deed known in Italy as *la gran vendetta*. This differs from ordinary assassinations in that the murderer does not strike his victim down at any time feasible, but dogs his steps till he finds him fresh from the committal of some sin accounted mortal in Roman Catholic theology, and then slays him before he has had a moment for repentance or confession, so as to insure his damnation as well as his death. When a hired bravo executes this vengeance, he exacts a much higher price than the ordinary tariff for his services. The horror with which we read of such a crime ought to make us all careful lest we should give our assent to the teaching which predicates it, only on an infinitely vaster scale, of the just and merciful God.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

## VII.

CANON FARRAR'S Sermons, as the *Spectator* truly affirmed, are highly rhetorical; but I do not assent to the additional criticism that this quality diminishes their theological value. When, as in the present case, the rhetoric blazes up from a great depth of spiritual emotion, a zeal for God as the intelligibly just Judge of mankind—whether in its details of belief this zeal be less or more according to knowledge—the tremendous force of the language employed seems more helpful to wise and reverent thought on such a subject than would be the cold-blooded style of ordinary theological discussion. At all events it is refreshing, just for once, to listen to a preacher who almost shook Westminster Abbey with the volcanic storm of his indignation in attacking what he holds to be the *mendacium mendaciorum* of Protestant divinity.

With Canon Farrar's earnest protest against confounding the Good and Evil Principles in the universe I inwardly

agree; believing further that the final if indirect result of this unconventional explosion of moral passion will be to awaken more serious thought on the present quality and future results of human conduct than has been known in our generation. Nevertheless, looking at the question here treated from the standpoint of the belief that redemption regards man's eternal being, as well as his blessedness, Canon Farrar's argument seems to me neither to rest on a quite solid basis, nor to reach a safe conclusion. All arguments respecting the future destinies of men which are restricted to the question of personal retribution, or to speculations on the Divine Character as involved in that retribution, must fail in solidity, and fail in reaching or overmastering the deep-seated scepticism of this generation, because failing in breadth of justice towards both biological and biblical science. Man's destiny in the future cannot be satisfactorily determined, on the ground either of reason or revelation, apart from previous study of man's nature as a whole; and the Divine communications on that destiny cannot be rightly apprehended apart from an understanding of their psychological and physical bases. Canon Farrar seems to start on his quest after truth in eschatology, as do both the more pronounced universalists and the believers in endless suffering, from the assumption of the immortality of the soul; not simply from belief in its conceivable temporary survival—as the butterfly survives the chrysalis without being immortal—but in its absolute eternity in all cases, under the intention of God. Now this natural eternity of souls appears to me to be confounded with a possible temporary survival,—and, as a positive dogma, to be destitute of all evidence from nature or revelation. It is in fact the *πρώτον ψεύδος* which confuses all questions pertaining to the relations of God and man; it hinders men from rightly understanding the meaning and end of the Divine Incarnation, thereby concealing the glory of the Son of God as the "Life-giving Spirit;" and finally it tempts to the assertion of the doctrines either of universal salvation or of eternal suffering, both of which contradict at least the more obvious signification of ordinary biblical language on the destruction of

men who refuse to submit to the moral government of God.

I know that this denial of absolute immortality in mankind threatens an enormous revolution in popular thought, especially in England, where the belief in the immortal soul stands on a level of certitude with that of the existence of God. In France or Germany the alarm, for obvious reasons, is not so great. Yet even in England the measure of the shock depends on the persons who cause it. This denial is listened to, indeed, with anger when it proceeds from Christian theologians. But when it comes, even in its most extreme form, from scientific biologists of the first rank, who, after careful study of the phenomena of brain-production and mind-evolution throughout living nature, and of the phenomena of waste and destruction in unfinished organisms, declare it to be the height of absurdity to maintain that the vital principle of every single human germ, born or unborn, which reaches some undefined point of development, *must live as long as the Creator Himself*,—why, even the theological public listens in placid or respectful silence. A similar opinion is received almost with reverent sympathy, when it is represented, by Mr. Rhys-Davids in the *Contemporary* as the faith of four hundred and eighty millions of Buddhists, all piously and sorrowfully toiling towards *Nirvana* or extinction of individual being, on the other side of the continent of Asia. It is only when the mortality of the "soul" is maintained as a Christian dogma that it is dismissed, even by Canon Farrar, with indignation, as an opinion too debasing even to be considered with attention. Nevertheless, I must declare my steadfast consent to this conclusion, holding it not only for truth in ontology and biology, but also to be the basis on which redemption proceeds from first to last. Tripartite man, we are taught, was created "in God's image;" he never was "a beast of the field;" he was formed in sublime relations with the Infinite. But his ascent from the lower plane of terrestrial mortality into assured immortal life depended on continued spiritual union with God, on voluntary subjection of the created to the Uncreated Will. That original purpose having been defeated by the action of higher powers,

and the prospect of life eternal vanishing through sin, restoration to "eternal hope" was possible only through a supernatural action of grace above law, involving a union of the Divine and Human natures in the person of Christ, and an inward and outward transformative change in the individual man, bestowing a "second birth" of both soul and body, in spiritual renewal and physical resurrection. This, briefly stated, I take to be the drift of the Christian Revelation; and to describe this, as Canon Farrar does, as a "doctrine of Annihilationism," is even infinitely more unreasonable than it would be so to describe some curative system introduced in order to save men's lives, *if they will receive it*, into a land where all are dying of fever or confluent small-pox.

It will be seen at once that all questions of human salvation, and of the future punishment of the "second death," assume wholly new aspects under such connected biological and theological views. What comes into prominence now, as the ground of hope for the endless future, is not the deathless nature of man, but the gift of God in the deathless nature of the Eternal Son, the Incarnate Life and Love; whose person as Divine, and whose work in immortalizing men, form the two subjects of that Fourth Gospel which is the chief glory of the Scriptures. What comes into prominence now is the action of that "Life-giving Spirit" (1 Cor. xv. 45) which operates on men under all various degrees of knowledge in uniting them to Christ, "the Life of the world," and extends in some specified cases its gracious energy beyond the grave.

Under such views, wholly rejected in this book, yet strangely harmonizing with the results of science in all departments, one is led to protest urgently against that old Origenist misapplication of the words "*the letter killeth*" (used by St. Paul to describe the destructive action of law) to which Canon Farrar lends his distinct approval; a misapplication which makes a special virtue of non-natural interpretation, leading to the demand for some figurative sense to be imposed on the three most important series of terms in the records of Revelation: firstly, on all those which attribute man's eternal life

to the Divine Incarnation, and restrict such endless life to the twice-born sons of God; secondly, on those which denounce *death, destruction of body and soul, and extermination*, to wicked men; and lastly, on those which declare that doom to be final and *eternal*. Thus it comes to pass, as has been shown at length elsewhere, that the very terms employed by Plato in the "Phædon," and used for four hundred years before the Gospel, through the Greek-speaking world, to denote the extinction of life, are in the New Testament wrested from their obvious and historical meaning, in obedience to some imagined requirement of the sacred dialect, or some still more stringent requirement of a metaphysic resolved on maintaining the absolute eternity of one part of man's nature.

Canon Farrar supports the popular allegation that under this scheme of more literal interpretation the wicked would be raised from the dead "only that they may be tormented and destroyed." But, indeed, this is to lose sight of the truth that the primary object of the Resurrection, in all cases, is represented in Scripture not simply as retribution, but, as Professor Stokes of Cambridge observes, as the visible vindication of the Divine Justice, in the historical "manifestation" of every individual human-character, so that what God does with every man will satisfy the conscience of the universe. And the doctrine of the final destruction of the unrepenting remnant of God-rejecting men resolves itself into an awe-striking example of the survival of the fittest;—the death of those who are "unworthy of eternal life," after the exhaustion of all redemptive processes on earth, and in some cases in Hades, being the result of the operation of the law of their nature, and not, as Mr. Erskine supposes, an act of arbitrary power on the part of the Almighty. And I am compelled unwillingly to express the persuasion that a line of religious instruction, which takes for its leading principle the notion that the dominant aim of the Divine Revelation is to give to the generality of defiant men a cheerful and hopeful view of their ultimate destiny, differs *toto calo*, and even *toto inferno*, from the fearful doctrine of Christ and His Apostles, in its tone towards such



persons ; and will be attended practically, as experience shows, by widely different results.

EDWARD WHITE.

### VIII.

THE question with which Canon Farrar's Sermons are mainly concerned is a difficulty of natural as much as of revealed religion. If we consider that we have sufficient reason, independently of Christianity, to believe in a future life, we have to form a theory as to what will be the future of those whose present life has been a moral failure: There certainly have been at least some whose earthly life has been quite the reverse of a season of discipline and moral improvement ; they have spent it in learning new vices and getting more hardened in old ones ; they have died to all appearance irreformably wicked, and if they then enter on a life which can be described as anything like a natural continuation of the present one, they must do so under conditions infinitely less favorable than those under which they started here. Convinced that vice and misery must go together, we need not inquire about the happiness hereafter of such persons, it is enough to inquire about their goodness. Four theories may be started as to their future. First, it may be supposed that those whose reformation is hopeless, after death cease to exist. This hypothesis is difficult to reconcile with teaching the immortality of the soul as a doctrine of natural religion. Great moral depravity is known to be compatible with high physical vitality, so that we cannot well think of death as terminating the existence of very bad men and of such only, without introducing a Divine miraculous intervention either for the destruction of those who perish, or for the bestowal of a new life on those who survive. In either case we travel out of the domain of natural religion. Secondly, it may be supposed that the existence of the wicked is temporarily continued beyond the grave, whether for the infliction of retributive punishment or for further probation, but that after unsuccessful trial their ultimate fate is annihilation. These two hypotheses agree in ascribing immortality to some men, not to others, thus really dividing the human race into two essentially different species ; and the second is open

to the further objection urged by Cicero against a similar theory of the Stoics, that it concedes the most difficult point—namely, that the soul can survive the dissolution of the body—and refuses to grant what is most natural to think—namely, that what has survived so great a shock must be immortal. The third supposition is, that all who leave this life pass into other scenes of discipline, so devised that all without exception are ultimately brought to virtue and happiness. There is nothing in natural religion, as Butler has remarked, which forbids us to think that human creatures after leaving this world may pass through different states of life and being. We may well believe that the constitution of all these states will be such as to "make for righteousness," and we cannot pronounce it incredible that by the discipline of such states, virtue, here but inchoate, may hereafter be strengthened and perfected. But to say that such a process shall be absolutely without possibility of failure in any case, is to make an assertion opposed to the whole analogy of our present experience ; and it is the more hazardous to attribute to future discipline this certainty of uniform success, inasmuch as many of the subjects of it enter upon it, as has been already remarked, in a condition far less favorable than that in which they started here. This third hypothesis, then, cannot be asserted on scientific grounds—that is to say, not because there is any present evidence that the constitution of nature is such as we think it ought to be ; but solely on moral grounds, because our faith in the goodness of God induces us to believe that He will hereafter make it so, however little present signs of it there may be. Such an argument can at most inspire but a hope, it is far from yielding an assurance. We must have faith in the goodness of God if we deserve to be called Theists at all, but we cannot without extreme rashness say that God will certainly justify His goodness in exactly the way we may pronounce most befitting Him. If we could have attained our present belief in His omnipotence and goodness without experience of the existing constitution of things, we should most certainly have declared it to be absolutely incredible that evil could find the place in it which it actually does.

How the existence of evil can be reconciled with the Divine attributes is a problem which never has been solved. Such considerations as that by physical evil man's faculties are drawn out, that without the possibility of moral evil there would be no room for the highest kinds of virtue, &c., are not so much solutions as encouragements to hold fast our faith in God and believe that He can hereafter justify His ways. Still these considerations give us all the light we have, and we lose all explanation why God should have made us exposed to temptation here if we think it possible that He can hereafter, without annihilating virtue as well as vice, ordain a constitution of things in which the inducements to well-doing shall be so overpowering that wrong-doing shall be impossible.

It is credible that there are other worlds like ours, and equally credible that at any given period of time hereafter there may be one or more worlds in the same state of development as ours is now, and therefore not unlikely to present the same phenomena as those we have experience of. It is not defined in this third hypothesis how long a period of trial and discipline may be necessary for the reformation of a vicious person: the framers of the hypothesis feel no difficulty in conceding that it may be as long as you please, provided only it be not infinite. What, therefore, this third hypothesis requires us to assert is, that it is reconcilable with the Divine attributes that evil may exist in the universe to all eternity, and in any given individual for an indefinite time, but absolutely irreconcilable with them that its existence in the same individual should be eternal. To assert this requires more knowledge than I can pretend to possess concerning the Divine attributes, concerning infinity and eternity, and the relation of time to the absolute Being. If we have not evidence for any of the three suppositions enumerated we must fall back on the only remaining fourth: and it appears to follow that the assertion of the immortality of the human soul involves as a consequence the admission of the possibility that there may be some from whom evil will never be eradicated.

It remains to examine how far these conclusions are modified by the acceptance of the Bible as a Divine revelation.

It cannot be doubted that that book teaches the doctrine of the future life, and the only question is whether any of the hypotheses which on the grounds of natural religion we have rejected as unproved become credible as forming part of Christ's teaching. The first hypothesis may be set aside at once. It not only receives no countenance from, but is directly contradicted by a book which speaks as distinctly of future punishment for the wicked as of future rewards for the good, and of a resurrection not only for the just but for the unjust. The second hypothesis has no countenance from Scripture, and, when combined with the other doctrines of the Christian scheme, has nothing attractive to recommend it, leaving us as it does (to use Canon Farrar's words) with "the ghastly conclusion that God will raise the wicked from the dead only that they may be tormented and at last destroyed." Concerning the third hypothesis the question is not whether such hopes as natural religion may have permitted us to form are confirmed by Scripture, but whether they can be retained without contradiction of the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. I have not courage to discuss the meaning of Greek and Hebrew words, because I ought to know English better than either of these two languages, and I am very likely to go astray about the meaning of the word *αιώνιος* if I do not rightly understand the meaning of the word "eternal." I must own that I should have been in danger of translating Canon Farrar's title "Eternal Hope" as "a hope destined never to be realized;" and I have not a much clearer idea of the meaning of the word "eternal," according to his use of it, than that it is an intensive adjective which does not include the idea of endless duration. But there is no necessity for minute discussion, because the history of the religion proves summarily that if Christ revealed any doctrine of universal restitution, He did it so indistinctly that His followers failed to apprehend it. From the earliest times the popular and prevalent view among them was, that which may be described as the popular view among Christians still. The doctrine of universal restitution, if ever taught at all among Christians, was but the private idea of speculative men,

struggling for a bare toleration, and ultimately struggling in vain. Not to quote passages from the book of Revelation or any other canonical book, when Justin Martyr says that Christians held that the future punishment of the wicked would not be, as Plato imagined, for a thousand years only, but *αιώνιος*, we certainly receive the impression that he attached the same meaning to that Greek word which uninstructed persons do to the English word "eternal." Canon Farrar speaks of the hope of heaven as the feeling which "inspired the martyrs as they bathed their hands in the torturing flame." But the most superficial acquaintance with early martyrdoms makes it plain that this is not a complete account of the feelings which kept the confessors steadfast. One has only to think of one of the martyrs of Lyons who cast away her fears when "reminded by the temporal punishment of the eternal fire in hell," or of Polycarp's answer to his judge, "You threaten me with fire that lasteth but for a season, and after a little is extinguished, and know not the fire of the future judgment and eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly." The martyrs could pray for their persecutors, whom they looked on as but the blinded instruments of Satan, but they did not include in their charity him whom they looked on as their real adversary, the crooked serpent, whose condemnation they were making more sure. The most "merciful" of those against whom Augustine contends did not believe in any such complete triumph of good as would include the devil and his angels. Even Origen, whose charity alone went so far, came short of teaching a complete expulsion of evil; for he cast doubts as well on the perpetuity of the goodness of the saved as of the evil of the lost. And it is needless to say how generally his views were repudiated by Christians as transgressing the limits of permissible speculation. On the whole, if we investigate as a historical question what Christ's religion taught, unbiassed by our natural liking to think that it taught the things which we wish to believe to be true, we find no grounds to assert that Christianity has added anything to the strength of the hopes of universal restitution that natural religion may have led us to form.

When I ask myself how far the opinions here expressed agree with those of Canon Farrar I am reminded of Brown's saying with regard to Reid's polemic against Hume: that both said the same things; only that what the one said in a loud voice the other said in a whisper. Canon Farrar's Sermons were not intended for publication, and it would therefore not be fair to find fault with characteristics which no doubt made them more attractive to many of the hearers; and even one who does not find so florid a rhetoric to his taste cannot without ingratitude complain that the perusal of the volume was made easy by its containing so many pages which might be skipped or skimmed. It is probably due to the hasty and essentially popular composition of these discourses that some things are whispered in them which I should have uttered more loudly, and some things shouted which I should have been content to say more quietly. And the doctrine which most of the hearers would carry away differs as much from that which is stated as the author's deliberate opinion in the preface, as the popular theology in the Romish Church often differs from what is defended in her schools. Nine hearers out of ten would have imagined that the preacher intended to teach Universalism; but we are told in the preface that he cannot venture to assert it, "partly because it is not clearly revealed to us, and partly because it is impossible for us to estimate the hardening effect of obstinate persistence in evil, and the power of the human will to resist the law and reject the love of God." Yet the vehemence with which he asserts that Christianity does not absolutely exclude hope for the future of the very worst of men, must have led many a careless hearer to think that he was asserting that there are good grounds for entertaining such a hope. On the other hand I have no wish to defend against Canon Farrar the unwarranted additions which theologians of different schools have made to what Scripture has revealed on this subject. In his reaction, indeed, against the appalling descriptions of physical torment which some of these writers have given, Canon Farrar uses language which might easily have led his hearers to suppose that he thought any future physical suf-

fering incredible. There have been some who have maintained that the dread of the agony of future remorse is no sufficient deterrent from sin; that this kind of mental pain is scarcely felt by those grosser natures which need most to be kept in check by fear of future retribution; and that even in those who are constituted so as to feel it most acutely, remorse for irremediable injury done to others by our misdoing can be banished from the mind by an effort of will in a way that the pain of a bad toothache cannot. Those who hold these views will be confirmed in them by observing the different ways in which mental and physical pain impress Canon Farrar's imagination. He can contemplate with moderate uneasiness the sinner suffering from the agonies of remorse and from the pain of loss; but that he should endure any pain of sense is a thought too dreadful for him to entertain. Again I heartily join in Canon Farrar's protest against the prominence which certain have given to hell-fire in their preaching. I do so without disbelieving in the doctrine, which I prefer to keep in the background, because I but follow the method

of the sacred writers. They do not teach that the wicked shall cease to exist, nor do they teach that they who reject the means which God has here provided for their restoration to virtue and happiness may rely on some means provided hereafter which they *cannot* resist. Yet they appeal most sparingly to the motives of hope and fear; and their statements as to the sanctions of God's law in rewards and punishments hereafter are addressed exclusively to the reason of their disciples, never to their imagination. As we do not commonly find that to paralyse a man's mind with terror at a danger is the best way of enabling him to avoid it, we have no reason to think that drawing fearful pictures of hell is the best way of keeping men from falling into it. We have no New Testament warrant for throwing any one's mind off its balance in such a way as to unfit him for discharging those ordinary duties of life by which he has been called to glorify God, and for yielding that obedience of love which is so much more noble than any that can be extorted by terror.

GEORGE SALMON.

—*Contemporary Review.*

## THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

On the first of July last the Dominion of Canada entered on the second decade of its existence. A natural opportunity is thus presented for reviewing its brief history, and the success of its effort to solve the political problems to the pressure of which it owed its origin. Such a review will be found to be not without interest to the student of political science, especially in England, for Canada exhibits the British Constitution under a peculiar set of circumstances, by which its operation is modified in a way that is at once interesting and important. Even before the formation of the Dominion the Canadian colonies had excited interest among British statesmen by successfully grappling with some problems, like that of a State Church, which formed a burden rather than an advantage of the inheritance received from the mother country; but since the confederation of the colonies, ten years ago, their politi-

cal transactions have risen in imperial significance. The neighborhood of Canada to the United States, and the intimate commercial and social relations which that neighborhood entails, have already brought, and must continue to bring, the affairs of the Dominion before the Imperial Government in a way that is sometimes more important than pleasant; while, among themselves, the Canadians are now facing the storm and stress of conflicts which, even in the varied political history of England, have not been completely fought out, and may therefore be forced upon her yet.

It may not be unnecessary to remind some readers that, previously to 1867, the British American provinces stood to each other practically in the relation of foreign countries. Governed by wholly independent legislatures, separated by dissimilar tariffs, they were united only by the unobtrusive bond of a common



dependence on the Imperial Government of Great Britain. Political thinkers who were liberal enough to be influenced by other considerations than the party questions of the hour, saw that such relations were indisputably hostile to the interest of all the provinces concerned, which could hope for a position of importance on the American continent only by such unrestricted commercial and social intercourse as might ultimately weld them into one people. It was evidently also in the interest of the Imperial Government that the colonial minister in London, instead of being obliged to deal with a number of petty states, should be able to correspond with a single government representative of them all. But the circumstances which led immediately to the confederation of the British American provinces cannot be understood without a brief reference to the previous history of Canada.

When Canada was ceded to Great Britain it was all embraced under one province, extending somewhat indefinitely into the West, and known by the name of the province of Quebec. In 1791 the western section of the province, which had meanwhile been populated by English settlers, was separated into an independent province, with British institutions, while the eastern section continued to retain its original French character. These two provinces, of Upper Canada or Canada West, and Lower Canada or Canada East, remained separate till 1840, when they were united into one province, styled the Province of Canada, in the hope of allaying the political discontent which had culminated in the rebellion of 1837. In this province, down till the period of confederation, ten years ago, politicians had been divided into two parties, one of which was distinguished by the name of *Conservatives*, while their opponents were known as *Liberals* or *Reformers*, though commonly dubbed, in more familiar style, *Clear Grits* in Upper Canada, and *Rouges* among the French of the Lower Province. The history of the struggle between these two parties may be read still with a little more than ordinary human perseverance, but by no human intelligence can it be comprehended. Its incomprehensibility does not indeed arise from the absence of any question suffi-

cient to call the political combatants to arms, for at times there was a measure of solid importance flaunted by one of the parties as a standard round which its forces rallied. But even in such cases it is impossible to see why the measure should have been taken under protection by its advocates rather than by its opponents. The student of the period, whose imagination cannot now be fired by the heat of its burnt-out passions, fails, even after patient investigation, to discover any general principle which uniformly inspired either party, and breathed a soul into the particular measures for which it fought. The rapidly changing administrations of those years show, at this distance, a scene not unlike a well-known juvenile sport, in which boys divide themselves into two sets, for the mere enjoyment of a tug against each other's strength, and, after one set is victorious, divide themselves again and again, till they get worn out. Unfortunately in contests of this kind, bloodless though they be, mere mortals, unlike the ghostly heroes of Walhalla, do at last become exhausted. This exhaustion came all the more naturally upon the combatants in the political arena of Old Canada, owing to the circumstance that for some time neither party was cheered by any decisive victory. In truth, their struggles assumed a serio-comic aspect at times, as one administration after another attempted to carry on the business of the country by a majority which occasionally reduced itself to a unit, and was likely to become a vanishing fraction or a minus quantity whenever a test question was pressed to a decision. Can we wonder that in these circumstances both parties at last laid down their arms in despair, and sought a peaceful settlement of their quarrels?

Looking from our passionless distance at those old conflicts, one may reasonably question whether the political system of the province was not less to blame for their fruitless perpetuation than the incompetence of the polemical politicians by whom they were carried on. But however this may be, the fault of the deadlock between the two parties was charged by the politicians, not on themselves, but on the political arrangement by which the two Canadas were united. As a result of this, a coalition was formed

for the purpose of breaking up the union of the two Canadas, and merging them separately in a larger confederation of the British American provinces. After a considerable amount of preliminary negotiation, matters were sufficiently advanced in 1866 to admit of delegates being appointed from the different provinces to confer on the terms of confederation. The delegates met in London, and the result of their deliberations was the British North America Act, passed by the Imperial Parliament, 29th March, 1867. On the first of July in that year a proclamation of the Queen ushered the young confederacy into existence; and the waste of gunpowder, the destruction of maple branches, the display of dry goods in bunting and fashionable attire, showed it to be a festival on which the Canadians kept high holiday. Since that time the First of July—Dominion Day as it is called—has formed, among the Canadians, a rival to the great holiday of the Fourth among their American neighbors. Whether the day will hold its place or not, who can tell? The explosion of tons of gunpowder in pyrotechnic exhibitions, and *feux de joie*, and salvoes of artillery, will not make the baptism of fire by which a people announces that it has been born into the family of the nations.

At the formation of the confederacy it embraced only four provinces—Upper Canada, under the new name of *Ontario*; Lower Canada, under that of *Quebec*; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, under their old names. Since then the provinces of Prince Edward Island in the east, and of British Columbia in the west, have joined the Dominion; while the 'Great Lone Land' in the north-west has been acquired by buying up the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and already a portion of it set apart as the Province of Manitoba. The whole of British North America is thus included in the Dominion, with the exception of Newfoundland, which thus, literally and figuratively, remains out in the cold. The political constitution of the Dominion, as well as of the seven provinces which now compose it, is in all essential respects a reproduction of the British Constitution. The only exception is in the case of Ontario and Manitoba, the former having from the first contented

itself with one legislative chamber, while the latter, for economy's sake, has since followed her example. Recently a proposal has been revived to unite under one provincial government the three maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. It is to be hoped that this proposal may be carried. Neither of these provinces by itself holds the position which its people should be ambitious of attaining in the Dominion; while they entail upon themselves an enormous useless expenditure by supporting three governments, each with a paid lieutenant-governor, a paid cabinet, and two legislative bodies, whose members are paid. As one province, they might cope with Quebec or Ontario; with a single government they would have a large surplus revenue to expend in developing their natural resources; while their legislative chamber or chambers would attain a dignity which is hopeless while they attempt to invest the petty politics of a narrow sphere with the pomp of imperial ceremonies.

Such were the political arrangements with which the Canadians entered on the new attempt to solve the problems of their national life. The political outlook was certainly cheering. The old factions had forgotten their interminable struggles for office, and there seemed to be opened up to them the nobler destiny of working together, and along with their new fellow-countrymen from the other provinces, in building up a great nation along the north of the American continent. This was evidently the interpretation of the position formed by the majority of thinking men throughout Canada, and it was the interpretation on which the Government of the new Dominion began to be formed.

In the selection of a prime minister the governor-general was guided by an equally obvious and just consideration. At the conference of colonial delegates in London, by whom the details of the Confederation Act were arranged, the chair had been occupied by Sir John A. Macdonald, who had long been leader of the Conservative party in the old Province of Canada. The position to which he had thus been raised by his fellow-delegates was a fair indication of the position which he held among the public men of Canada, and the governor-gen-

eral therefore naturally called upon him to assume the duties of the first premier, and to form the first Government of the new Dominion. In the performance of this task Sir John Macdonald acted on the understanding that the coalition out of which the confederation arose would be continued still, in order to overcome any difficulties which might arise in getting the new ship of the State fairly off the stocks. Accordingly he invited prominent Reformers as well as Conservatives to accept office in his cabinet, his intention being that, as far as the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario were concerned, his Government should represent equally both of the old parties. His invitation was accepted by several of the leading men among his old opponents, and there seemed a fair prospect that one great object of the confederation was to be accomplished—that the bells which rang in the first Dominion Day would ring out the 'ancient forms of party strife.'

But the spirit of the old factions died hard. The calm which preceded the birth of the new constitution was but the prelude to a stormful party fight. Some time before, indeed, an incident had occurred of ill omen for the success of the coalition, which was seeking to merge the political differences of the past in a larger sphere of future work. While the coalition was maturing its plans, one of its members, the Hon. George Brown, suddenly resigned his portfolio, without any definite indication of the reason which led him to abandon his colleagues. Mr. Brown had long been a recognized leader of the Reform party, and, therefore, one of the chief opponents of the new premier, Sir John Macdonald. His action necessarily excited a feeling of uneasiness at the time, and seemed to receive its explanation afterwards, when the writs for the first general election were issued, and Mr. Brown explicitly declared the policy he intended to adopt under the altered circumstances of the country.

Sir John Macdonald had succeeded in forming a cabinet fairly representing the parties of the old Province of Canada, as well as the other provinces of the Dominion. To Mr. Brown it was a sufficient objection to the ministry that its head was his old political foe. His friends of

the Reform party, who had accepted office, became thereby in his eyes renegades from the cause of Reform; and if any one urged that it was unfair to attack the new administration before its policy was known, the answer was ready, that the only safe government is by parties, and that it would be hazardous to the interests of the new Dominion if its Government were unwatched and unchecked by a regularly organized opposition.

Mr. Brown has had the advantage, during the greater part of his public career, of possessing, as an exponent of his opinions, the most popular newspaper in Canada. About these opinions it is evident that he is thoroughly in earnest: he acts and speaks with the passion of intense conviction. Yet with every allowance for the earnestness of his intentions, and in view of all that his organ had to say in defence of his position at this crisis, we cannot but regard that position as involving a political blunder of the most serious nature. Even from his own point of view, was it legitimate to let the government of the country slip from the hands of his party, to fall under the control of politicians whose principles were worthy of being denounced in the passionate language which he uniformly employs? He had, at the time, not only a right to demand for his party an equal share with his opponents in the administration of public affairs, but he had also an opportunity offered by the premier of asserting that right. To demand that his party should exercise no influence on the business of the country beyond that which proceeds from the opposition benches, when they had the right and power of controlling the Treasury, seemed to many to involve a betrayal, not only of the interests of party, but of the more sacred interests of the whole people.

But the history of the formation of the Dominion was meaningless if Mr. Brown's position was justifiable. By common consent the new confederation was to drown in a flood of wider sympathies the arbitrary landmarks by which the old parties had been separated. Yet here was a proposal that the confederation should start on its young career by instituting a division of parties, which, as the nature of the case implied, was demand-

ed, not by the inevitable antagonism of political measures, but simply for the sake of having a division; for the only justification of Mr. Brown's position lay in his plea of the absolute indispensability of parties in the good government of a country. Let us speak with the most generous acknowledgment of the benefits which have, necessarily or incidentally, resulted from party government, especially in the history of England and of other free countries. Yet is it not an utterly extravagant estimate of these benefits to look upon the system as forming an essential element in all healthy political action, and to insist therefore on the moral obligation of retaining it under all political conditions? It is surely no universal and eternal law of human life that men can govern themselves only by splitting into hostile cliques, who shall create fictitious causes of quarrel if the natural course of events do not furnish them with real ones. Not once or twice only in the history of the world have all the rival sections of a people coalesced by the irresistible force of their enthusiasm in a common righteous cause; nor need we despair of such coalitions in the future, when they are demanded by the moral developments of the human race. In such supreme moments of national harmony is it a national duty to detail an unfortunate section of the community to do the work of an *advocatus diaboli*, simply that their client may have his due, and the people be saved from violating the immutable obligation of government by parties? The truth is that government of men by keeping them at hostility with one another, so far from growing in favor with the progress of ethical and political knowledge, is falling into disrepute throughout all spheres of human life; and the only matter of surprise to the reflecting observer is that the system should have held its ground so long amid that western civilization which for fifteen hundred years has been based on the worship of a Being whose life and death are the perfect type of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and in the service of whom there was to be no longer any difference of Jew and Greek, of bond and free, of male and female, but all the separated sections of men were to become spiritually one. Still it is growing

into more general recognition, in theory as well as in practice, that any number of men,—whether the few who join in a commercial enterprise, or the millions who form a nation, or the hundreds of millions who compose the human race—can reach the highest welfare of their external as well as of their internal life by working in harmony rather than at discord with one another. The attempt to establish permanent international relations by means of war; the attempt to establish the gospel of glory to God, with peace on earth and good will among men, by the mutual antipathies of religious sects; the attempt to develop the wealth of nations or of individuals by selfish competition; all such efforts are doomed to abandonment by the higher races, like slavery and other social phenomena of uncivilized life, as belonging to a ruder stage of human progress. It is, therefore, no idle dream of Utopian statesmen which would secure the general welfare of a nation by all parties co-operating as far as possible, and separating into hostile relations only as a last unwelcome necessity, when there is no common course on which they can possibly agree.

This was evidently the view which was taken by the vast majority of Canadians at the first general election for the Dominion parliament. Mr. Brown practically demanded that their political life under the new confederation should be still an endless contest of the parties who had disturbed the old Province of Canada, and the answer to his demand was decided enough. He was himself defeated in the constituency which he had long represented, and the Government entered upon their duties backed by an enormous majority throughout the country as well as in parliament.

The result in itself was one on which the Canadians were to be congratulated; it was one of the most crushing defeats which the spirit of faction ever received. Yet the policy of Mr. Brown had the effect at which he aimed; it practically divided the politicians of the country into two factions again. The Government no longer represented the whole people, as it was the intention of the premier that it should—it represented once more a mere party, a party perhaps exasperated by an opposition which



could vindicate its existence by no political reason, and certainly elated by their sweeping victory at the polls. It is not too much to say that the power and the temper of such a Government were a peril to the best interests of the country. In any circumstances the power of the ministry would have been formidable in virtue of their patronage, which is uncontrolled by competitive examinations or any other check on the personal predilections of a minister or the exorbitant expectations of political supporters. But at the formation of the Dominion there were several peculiar circumstances which threw into the hands of the Government an unusual power for obtaining corrupt support; and it was, in fact, the abuse of this power that led to a gradual reaction against them, and to their final overthrow in 1874.

This reaction appeared first in the Province of Ontario, where the tide of political feeling rises to a higher flow, and stretches into larger issues, than in other parts of the Dominion. Here an opposition arose in the provincial legislature, which, though not identifying itself with the position taken by Mr. Brown at the elections, yet received the powerful support of his organ, the 'Globe' newspaper of Toronto. The leader of this opposition was Mr. Edward Blake, Q.C., lately the president of the council in the Dominion Government. Mr. Blake had entered political life only at the first general election for the Dominion. Appearing at first as an independent critic of the course pursued by the Ontario ministry, he conducted his criticisms with such ability, that he was soon recognized by both sides of the House as the most formidable opponent with whom the Government had to contend.

The prime minister of Ontario, on the other hand, was the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, who had long been a prominent friend of Mr. Brown among the leaders of the old Reform party. Mr. Macdonald had been selected by his namesake and former opponent, Sir John Macdonald, on the ground that the Province of Ontario would be most fairly represented by an old Reformer, while one of the old Conservatives became premier of Quebec—a province which, under the dominant influence of the Catholic clergy, has generally been Conservative. There

is no doubt that Mr. Macdonald intended to guide himself by the principles of reform, and these principles continued, in fact, to direct his administration in many respects, especially in the economy by which it was generally characterized. But his intentions met with a serious obstacle in the inveterate hostility of that party among his old friends which had sided with Mr. Brown, and he was therefore driven to seek assistance from allies from whom it would have been to his advantage if he had held aloof. Accordingly the Government of Ontario, though headed by an old Liberal minister, and representing a decidedly Liberal province, soon began to show tendencies towards a policy in distinct antagonism to the principles of all Liberal government. It was thus in the legislative assembly of Ontario that the new issues of political warfare in Canada first assumed definite shape, and it was here that politicians began to range themselves into new parties.

Any one who watched with earnest eyes the contests in the legislature of Ontario could scarcely fail to see, and to see more clearly from year to year, that here Liberalism had met its old foe in new shapes, and was surely fighting a battle which should not be without an interest to men. We take it that the struggle of Liberal statesmanship in all ages has been to find an effective check by the people upon their executive government; and the foe of Liberalism all along has been the endeavor of political adventurers—be they monarchs, hereditary oligarchies, or cabinets of ministers—to hold themselves above popular control. Under a constitution like that of Canada, and still more under one like the American, it is not difficult to see how a cabinet, by unscrupulous artifices, might attain a position almost as free from responsibility to the people as that of the veriest hereditary despot—a position from which they could be dislodged only by an extraordinary outburst of popular indignation.

One source of enormous power which a Government possesses for securing its position unjustly is to be found in the expenditure on public works. In a new country such expenditure must always be large, and in Canada ten years ago it was unusually increased owing to works

which had to be undertaken by the very terms of the confederation. It is not necessary to explain how favors can be shown to contractors which will call forth their energies when the existence of a Government is imperilled, and open their purses when an electioneering fund is getting exhausted. The hordes of men also employed by large Government contractors can easily be made to feel an interest in the party through whom they have obtained their immediate occupation. But an attempt at corruption of a somewhat novel character was made, especially in the Province of Ontario, by the bribery of entire localities. In the location of national institutions the Government of this province gave it to be understood by unmistakable actions, and even by unmistakable language, that they were guided not so much by a regard for the interests of the people at large as by the intention of rewarding those constituencies which had sent representatives to the right side of the House. This policy culminated in a measure which the Government used its majority to carry in the legislative assembly on the eve of the second provincial election. By this measure one and a half million of dollars were placed absolutely at the disposal of the Government, with the single restriction that it was to be distributed in bonuses to projected railways in different parts of the province.

On several occasions previously the Government had, not without strenuous opposition, obtained smaller grants for various works, without any specifications, and therefore without any reliable estimates. In the case of the large railway grant, though the sum formed part of an accumulated surplus in the provincial treasury, the English reader ought to bear in mind that it represented nearly the whole annual revenue of the province at the time; and this sum was handed over to the Government without any specification as to the particular projects which were to be assisted, and without the roughest estimate of the amount which each might require. In view of the principles by which the Government had given it to be understood that they were guided in the expenditure of public money on different localities, and in view of the fact that nearly every county had some pet railway project on hand at

the time, it would not have been surprising if the Government bait had caught every constituency in the province. It is to the credit of the political sentiment of Ontario that the people refused the bait. The opposition had all along protested against the Government asking for large sums while they refused to give the House specific information as to the nature and locality and estimated cost of the works on which the sums were to be expended. It was on this point specially, and with more prominent reference to the large railway grant, that the opposition met the ministerial party at the polls in 1871. We believe that the more dispassionately this crisis comes to be estimated, the more it will be recognized that the very principle of constitutional government was at stake in the election. No plea can be advanced in defence of the ministerial policy which would not equally have justified the ministry in asking for a vote of the entire revenue for each year in a lump sum, without laying any estimates before the House. It has long been a familiar common-place in the politics of constitutional countries, that the legislative body, which represents the people, must be satisfied as to the necessity and expediency of all expenditure in the public service before voting the requisite grants, and that this principle forms the one effective check which the people hold over the men who control the machinery of government. Without this check, the forms of representative government might be relegated among the solemn farces which still impart the dignity of a hollow stateliness to many departments of human action. An administration therefore which acts on the principle of demanding enormous sums, while retaining to itself the unchecked control of their expenditure in detail, is on the fair way to meet the House some day with a preposterous speech from the throne:—

Gentlemen, my ministers have formed careful estimates of the amounts which will be required for their respective departments, and from these estimates I find that the total amount demanded by the exigencies of the public service will be so many millions. It is evidently for the interests of the country that the public service should not be interfered with by men who have not the special acquaintance that my ministers possess with its requirements. I shall therefore simply ask you to vote the total sum which I have

named; and I have the gratification of knowing that you will thus be restored all the sooner to those important private occupations which, I feel assured, must suffer seriously by your prolonged attendance here. You will, of course, draw still the usual sessional allowance.

It was, therefore, no mere cry of a faction which the opposition raised, when they appealed to the electors of Ontario against the policy of the Government, and their appeal was evidently sustained by the voice of the electors at the polls. Feeling confident in the result of the elections, the opposition determined to put the Government on its trial at the very opening of the new legislative assembly. When the address was moved, they proposed an amendment condemning the policy of the ministry in reference to the railway grant, and the amendment was carried by a small majority. The ministry pretended to treat the vote as not implying want of confidence; but an additional vote, with an overwhelming majority, compelled them to abandon the treasury benches with some loss of dignity at last.

The course of political affairs in the Province of Ontario was but an inner circle of the wider course taken by the politics of the Dominion. Here the opposition was led by the present prime minister, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. For the first two or three years its feebleness obliged it to content itself with aimless criticism of isolated measures; but by-and-by the ministry began to indicate a policy similar to that which had called forth a victorious opposition in Ontario. It has been observed above that the fundamental safeguard of all constitutional government is that the executive shall be held under as minute and incessant control as the public service will allow, and that the one foe of all constitutional government is the political adventurer who endeavors to hold himself above such control. Legislation may of course render the ambition of such adventurers more difficult, but every system of government is exposed to peril from the unscrupulousness of the men by whom it may be administered. The circumstances of Canada, as of all new countries, form a peculiar source of temptation to corruption in the administration of her Government. From the very nature of the case, a new country

cannot possess that leisurely class of men from whom England has long derived her noblest statesmen, and from all that we have observed there seems no immediate prospect of this deficiency being made up in Canada. At least not a few instances have been brought to notice in which the sons of wealthy Canadian merchants have been allowed to content themselves with a disgracefully meagre education, and have squandered, in frivolous idleness or in coarse sensuality, the fortunes which had been laboriously accumulated by industrious parents; while no instance has yet attracted attention in which the leisure derived from hereditary wealth has been devoted to the service of the public in political life. The result of all this is that the administration of public affairs necessarily falls very largely into the hands of professional politicians—of men who enter politics as they would enter any other profession from which they seek to obtain a living. It is no discredit to Canadians in particular, but to human nature in general, to say that only the most incorruptible of men can utterly withstand the temptations of such a profession. At least the sympathy of every earnest political thinker must be repelled by any policy which would render it easier for the professional politician to yield to the temptations of his position.

It was, as we have said, a policy in this direction—a policy of encouragement to the mere political adventurer—that strengthened the opposition to the first Government of the Dominion, and a brief reference to the main points of conflict between the Government and their opponents will suffice to make this evident.

One of the most serious dangers to constitutional government is the power which a cabinet possesses of manipulating the elections so as to put the opposition at a disadvantage throughout the country. This may be done, for example, by spreading the elections over some weeks, taking care to secure the large number of voters who go for the winning side by obtaining at an early date the decision of those constituencies in which the ministry expect a favorable return. The same end is also attained by bringing to the polls the large army of civil servants throughout the country, by leaving the

law practically inoperative against bribery, and by the appointment of returning-officers unscrupulously obsequious to the interests of the party by whom they are appointed. Now, no one who watched impartially the elections for the second parliament of the Dominion could avoid the conviction that the Government had been using their power in all those ways to secure a verdict in their favor at the polls. The elections were brought on in an order which was wholly inexplicable except in the interest of the ministry. Votes were obtained from men whose employment in the service of the nation ought to keep them aloof from the service of a party. In more than one instance a returning-officer sent in a return so manifestly in opposition to the facts, that the Government, out of self-respect, should have at once subjected the offender to criminal prosecution.

But it was mainly by their conduct in reference to the laws against bribery, and by the advantage which they took of the laxity of these laws, that the ministry brought upon themselves their defeat. It had been well enough known to every one in Canada for a long time that representative government was being rendered a laughing-stock by the extent to which bribery was being carried on by all parties. All the evidence on the subject shows that neither party throughout the country could boast of superior freedom from this corruption. Only this can be said of the leaders in the opposition at the time, that they demanded the legislation which has since been obtained, and which has proved a very formidable impediment to bribery and other dishonorable influences at elections. The Government, however, by its overpowering majority in parliament, crushed all attempts at legislation in this direction, and the result was that the second election for the Dominion House of Commons was disgraced by an extensive system of bribery, in which, according to their own confession, the leaders of the Government were deeply involved.

The sources from which the Government obtained funds for bribery were various; but after every allowance for disinterested subscriptions from conscientious supporters, there remain enormous sums, which no statesman should ever have allowed himself to touch, or,

if tempted to use, could ever have spoken of afterwards without a feeling of shame. There was even a prevalent suspicion that the public money was being misdirected to electioneering purposes; and though it may be admitted that the suspicion was founded on a mistake, it must also be borne in mind that the premier was himself entirely to blame for giving currency to the suspicion. A motion had been introduced into the House of Commons at Ottawa for a confidential audit of the expenditure on the Secret Service Fund, and the motion was defended by a reference to British practice. The Government, however, succeeded in defeating the motion, and Sir John Macdonald, in vindicating afterwards his opposition to the motion, not content with denying that the demand for a confidential audit was justified by British usage, made the astounding assertion that, if a cabinet in England went out of office with £100,000 of secret service money to their credit, they could employ it in carrying the elections against their opponents. It is somewhat surprising that this statement did not attract attention or call forth any protest from the English press at the time, and that it was only after some years that Sir John Macdonald acknowledged his misapprehension about the practice of British statesmen in reference to the use of Secret Service Funds.

But however well or ill founded may have been the suspicion that the Dominion Government were abusing the public money for party purposes, their own confession places beyond all controversy the notorious attempt to maintain their position by corrupt influences in connection with the projected Pacific Railway through Canadian territory. This scandal received such prominent notice in the English press at the time, and is still so recent, that it is unnecessary to revive its details at present. One or two points of special political importance are all that require to be remembered.

In the first place, the Pacific Railway Bill contained in an aggravated form those unconstitutional features which have been already pointed out in the earlier railway bill of the administration in Ontario. It handed over absolutely to the Government, along with fifty million acres of land, the sum of thirty mil-



lion dollars—a sum fully equal to the public revenue of the whole Dominion for a year and a half; and the people—the House of Commons—were thus left without a voice as to the route which the railway should take, or even the most general details of its construction. In the second place, members of the cabinet confessed to having accepted for electioneering purposes a sum—which in Canada must be accounted very large—from the gentleman who had been promised, or at least expected, the contract for the Pacific Railway, and who has declared that it was no political conviction, but simply the spirit of commercial speculation, that induced him to advance so much money for the purpose of keeping the Government in power. It was a further serious aspect of this political scandal that the Government made an extremely questionable use of its prerogative, and showed a somewhat unseemly contempt of the privileges of parliament, in order to prevent the House of Commons from itself carrying out the investigation on which it had determined.

It was no wonder, therefore, that when at last the ministry met the House, they found the opposition vastly increased in strength, and, after a lengthened debate, resigned without waiting for a division. The new ministry, soon after its formation, dissolved the House, and the appeal to the electors showed that they were sustained by a very powerful element throughout the country. Whether they will retain that support for any

length of time, is a question on which, as on other social subjects, it is hazardous to form predictions; but it is a question which is of interest only in so far as the ministry realize the mission which they have undertaken, and to which they owe their position—of fighting the battle of constitutional government in Canada. Certainly nothing has happened which should make the country forget the serious faults of the previous administration; but the temper of political discussion, both in the House of Commons at Ottawa and throughout the Dominion, gives too great reason to fear that politicians are settling again into two factions, separated by no principle except the common conviction of the desirability of being in office. However convenient this state of things may be for the professional politician, it is a result which can be contemplated only with the deepest concern by every earnest student of political affairs. Not only would such a result defeat one great end of the Canadian confederation, but it would give a new force to one of the great perils of popular government. Let us hope that the premier of the Dominion and his associates may prove themselves equal to their mission, and that they may find some safeguard for constitutional freedom against that despotism of party which has formed one of its most powerful foes at all times, and now forms its peculiar foe on the other side of the Atlantic.—*British Quarterly Review*.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT.

BY THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

### V. (CONCLUSION). ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

FROM the Gulf of Pefias to Lota and Valparaiso we made an easy voyage in fine weather. The mines and the scenery of Lota have been admirably described in Mr. Hinchcliff's volume, *Over the Sea and far away*. Our short visit to Chili was full of interest. I shall not, however, attempt to give a brief and imperfect description of the country in these pages. Such a task has indeed been rendered unnecessary by the recent able report by Sir Horace Rumbold. For its

literary merits, and the acute observation and ample knowledge of the country which it displays, this report deserves to hold a high place in the valuable series of papers on foreign countries, which we have received from the diplomatic service.

We sailed from Valparaiso on the 30th of October, 1876. During our stay in port we had received on board a quantity of stores, sufficient for a voyage of two months. The last thing done before we unmoored was to fill up the tanks with a final supply of water,

amounting in all to fifteen tons. We were towed out from our moorings into the offing. As we were making sail, the crew of H.M.S. 'Opal' gave us a hearty cheer, and Captain Robinson and Mr. Henderson, his first-lieutenant, pulled alongside, and were the last to bid us a kind farewell.

The navigation of the Pacific between the distant shores of America and Asia is a simple, though a lengthy and tedious, undertaking. Vessels bound to the westward should run as rapidly as possible into the latitude where the trade winds prevail. Vessels, on the other hand, bound for America, from Australia or the coast of Asia, should stand to the northward or southward into the region of the ante-trades, and follow, as nearly as may be, the Great Circle track. We were unfortunate in our start. During the earlier portion of the passage we experienced light and paltry winds. Under these most unfavorable circumstances, the one redeeming feature was the excellent performance of the 'Sunbeam,' in the development of whose good qualities all our nautical skill was exercised.

On Sunday, the 12th of November, the position was  $16^{\circ} 53'$  S. latitude, and  $94^{\circ} 43'$  W. longitude. The distance made good from Valparaiso was 1,493 miles, and the distance still to be accomplished to Tahiti was 3,162 miles. At the slow rate of progress hitherto maintained, it appeared possible that the passage might occupy not less than six weeks, and I therefore determined upon putting all hands on the allowance of water specified in the articles of agreement.

We had now been nearly three weeks at sea. Throughout, the finest possible weather had prevailed; the swell of the ocean was scarcely perceptible; and the only requirement of the mariner, which nature had not provided, was a somewhat stronger breeze. Our experiences in these respects closely coincide with those of the earliest explorers of the Pacific. This ocean received its name from Magelhaens, the first European who traversed it, and who, having encountered heavy gales in the Straits, sailed into the watery expanse with a moderate south-east trade wind, and enjoyed un-

interruptedly fine weather throughout the passage.

The prospects of our voyage were decidedly brighter when we cast up our account on the 19th. The run since noon on the 12th was 1,335 miles. The total distance, by the log, since our departure from Valparaiso, was 3,057 miles, while the distance made good was 3,033 miles. The difference between the run and distance made good would have been much more considerable but for the westerly current, varying from 5 knots to 15 knots a day, with which we have been almost constantly favored. Our position was now in  $15^{\circ} 38'$  S. latitude, and  $117^{\circ} 52'$  W. longitude. The distance to Tahiti was 1,818 miles.

On the 27th of November our position at noon was in  $16^{\circ} 54'$  S. latitude, and  $138^{\circ} 9'$  W. longitude. Being now in the latitude of Tatakotoroa, or Clarke Island, which bore from our position, by observation, S. by W. 25 miles, we steered direct for it, and at 12.45 P.M. I had the satisfaction of seeing from the foreyard the palm and cocoanut trees of the island, just topping the horizon, directly ahead. After a voyage of 4,270 miles, so successful a landfall is an illustration of the perfection which the art of the chronometer-maker has attained.

At 2 P.M. we were close to the island, and here we ceased steaming, hove to, and feathered the propeller. As we sailed onward, at a distance of from one to two miles from the shore, we could easily see all the objects on the island, the vegetation, the huts of the people, and their canoes. A few natives made their appearance on the beach, but very quickly retired into the shelter of the woods. The mass of bright green vegetation, composed chiefly of the cocoanut tree, the palm, and the bread-fruit tree, emerging suddenly from the ocean, and seeming, as it were, rooted in its waves, presented an almost magical effect. The verdure was the more grateful and refreshing to eyes which had rested so long on the unchanging sea.

Clarke's Island consists of a ring of coral enclosing a lagoon. To enable her better to appreciate the interesting features of this, the first atoll, or circular coral-built island, we had ever seen, Mrs. Brassey was fastened into a 'boat-

swain's chair,' and was hoisted up to the topsail-yard, where I shortly afterwards joined her. She is, I am very confident, the first lady who has ever looked down on a coral-reef from an equally elevated position.

Mr. Findlay, in his *South Pacific Directory*, gives the following account of the Low Archipelago, or Paumotu group, to which Clarke Island belongs:—

This vast collection of coral islands, one of the wonders of the Pacific, extends over sixteen degrees of longitude, without taking into consideration the detached islands to the south-east. They exhibit very great sameness in their features. When first seen the aspect is one of surpassing beauty, if the dry part of the island is sufficiently covered with trees; but much of this beauty is dispelled on a nearer approach, as the vegetation is usually found to be scanty and wiry.

The archipelago was first called 'Dangerous' by Bougainville. The native name, Paumotu, signifies a 'cloud of islands.' They were originally discovered by Quiros in 1606, and were subsequently visited by Le Maire and Schouten in 1610, by Roggewein in 1772, Byron, 1765, Wallis and Carteret, 1767, Cook, 1769, 1773, and 1774, and Bougainville in 1763. The work begun by these earlier discoverers has been followed up in the present century by Kotzebue, Bellingshausen, Duperrey, Beechey, Fitzroy, and Wilkes. Since their protectorate has been established at Tahiti, the French have added largely to our topographical knowledge of these islands.

Representatives of both the races by which the islands of the Pacific have been peopled—the negro and the Polynesian—are still to be found in the Low Archipelago. The natives in the western islands have been converted to the Protestant religion, which is zealously and conscientiously followed, while the French Roman Catholics have establishments at Anaa and in the Gambier group.

There are seventy-eight islands in all, eighteen of which are uninhabited, ten are still occupied by savage tribes. The south-eastern islands, being furthest removed from Tahiti—the centre of South Pacific civilisation—are the least advanced.

The native population of the entire archipelago only amounts to 3,500, of whom 700 are still uncivilized. There has been much improvement of late in the houses and clothing of the people; and they have opened some branches of industry, the chief of which are the manufacture of cocoanut oil, and the collection of mother-of-pearl shell. The value of the former production—which is all bought up by two firms at Papiete—amounts to 2,500*l.* or 3,600*l.* per annum; while the supply of pearl-shell varies in value from 4,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* per annum.

Tatakotoroa was discovered by Bon-necho in 1774. It is very low, and there

is no entrance to the lagoon which it encloses. Our observations led us to believe that the island must be at least six miles in length and two to three miles broad. At its western extremity, on a raised platform, we observed that a large crucifix had been erected, which we accepted as a proof that the people must have been converted to the Roman Catholic religion.

At noon on the 28th of November our latitude was  $17^{\circ} 55'$  S., and our longitude  $140^{\circ} 43'$  W., the centre of Möller Island bearing north, and distant five miles. Steering for Hao, or Harpe Island, which is separated by a channel, not exceeding ten miles in width, from Möller Island, we hove to, at 3 P.M., off the entrance to the lagoon.

Hao is one of the most remarkable islands in the Paumotu group. It is thirty miles long, by an average of five miles broad, and consists of a band of coral, seventy miles in circuit, enclosing a vast lagoon. The north end of the island is five miles in length, and consists of a narrow strip of coral, covered with luxuriant vegetation. The island was surveyed by Captain Beechey in 1826; and here Captain Sir Edward Belcher conducted his experiments on the growth of coral.

On the low point forming the western side of the entrance to the lagoon of Hao, unconcernedly watching the evolutions of the 'Sunbeam,' there were gathered a numerous group of natives, clad in flowing robes of many gay and brilliant colors. Absolutely free they seemed from the pressure of the urgent and constant occupations which make life harassing and distressful in larger and busier communities. Only to listen to the murmur of the waves, as they rose and fell on the coral beach, and to lie outstretched beneath the shady palms and cocoanut trees, was employment enough for these lotos-eaters of Polynesia.

The natives were described, half a century ago, as 'extremely friendly.' The present generation certainly seems to deserve the highest character for hospitality. Mrs. Brassey landed in the gig, and met with a most kindly and cordial reception at the hands of the natives. They spread a carpet, on which she was invited to sit side by side with the wife of the chief; and they piled up before

ner a little heap of the produce of the island—bread-fruit and cocoanuts—to which were added two small pigs and other things, forming a generous and an eminently acceptable offering.

The islanders lighted their cigarettes with Swedish matches; their wives were clad in the cotton prints of Alsace, Switzerland, and Manchester; their food was cooked in an iron pot made at Wolverhampton. These things are signs of the times and evidences of the increasing facilities of intercourse. They tend to show how commerce promotes civilisation, and binds together, in the bonds of friendship and interdependence, the most distant nations of the earth. These far-away islanders send us mother-of-pearl; we give our fabrics in exchange. Each can render aid to the other; and mutual goodwill follows.

We sailed from Hao at 6 P.M. on the 26th of November. The distance of 500 miles to Tahiti seemed nothing after our voyage from Valparaiso. On the coasts of Europe, and with our more limited experience of former years, such a distance would have appeared a somewhat considerable undertaking.

Having called at Maitea, the easternmost island in the Society group, we found ourselves, at 8 A.M. on the 2nd of December, about a mile and a half from the lighthouse on Point Venus, in the island of Tahiti. The point received its name from having been chosen by Captain Cook for his observations of the transit of Venus.

As we steamed along the outer edge of the coral reefs for a distance of five miles, the dense groves of cocoanut palms and bread-fruit trees, and the mountains beyond, rising in precipitous masses to a height of 7,000 feet, presented a scene of surpassing loveliness.

At 9.15 we took a pilot on board, in the narrow entrance to the reef which encloses the harbor of Papiete, and in a few minutes more we were safely moored close to the shore, and almost under the shade of the tropical foliage in which the capital of Tahiti is embosomed. Welcome, doubly welcome, such a calm and beautiful refuge, after a protracted voyage of thirty-three days, at a tedious pace, over 5,000 miles of ocean.

A plentiful supply of fruit and fresh provisions is not the least agreeable of

the many incidents that mark an arrival in harbor after a long sea-passage. The 'Sunbeam' was rapidly surrounded and invaded by a host of olive-brown vendors of fruit and provisions, with whom a brisk trade was carried on.

On Sunday, the 3rd of December, we attended a native service, conducted by M. Vernier, a French Protestant pastor. Although the congregation contained, as other congregations do, its proportion of the heedless and inattentive, there were many rapt listeners. The custom prevailing here of going to church furnished with a note-book and pencil, and taking copious notes of the sermon, argues a deeper interest in the discourses delivered than many preachers in England are enabled to inspire.

The latest phase of Tahitian church government was explained to me by our consul. It would appear that the rivalry of missionaries of different sects became at last so intolerable to the Tahitians, that they established a church of their own, formed on the Presbyterian model, and served by native as well as European missionaries. When the French established their protectorate at Tahiti, some of the missionaries were suspected of sowing the seeds of disaffection to the new rulers among their congregations; and an order was accordingly issued that the names of ministers elected to serve in the native church must be submitted to the government for approval. Practically the nominations have remained in the hands of the natives; but though the government have never refused to confirm the elections that have been made, they have required that the announcement of the appointment of a minister should be conveyed to him through an official channel. This intervention of the civil authorities was distasteful to the missionaries, who one by one resigned, until now only one representative of the London Bible Society remains in Tahiti. He has no ministerial office, but is invited occasionally to preach.

For a passing traveller to pronounce an opinion as to the degree in which Christian truth has really grounded itself in the hearts of the people of Tahiti would be indeed presumptuous. In Tahiti the chapel and the meeting-house too often stand side by side in a small



village, and the natives alternate from from one communion to the other, according as they think their material interests may be most effectually promoted.

Allowance, however, must be made for these impediments; and there are abundant evidences of the real good that Christianity has effected in the abolition of the cruel rites of idolatry, the human sacrifices, the infanticide, the cessation of the murderous attacks on the early voyagers, and the establishment of public order in all those islands where the inhabitants have been converted.

The population of Tahiti is estimated at 8,000. Some authorities are of opinion that it has increased since the arrival of the first missionaries. Others, and among them competent and reliable native observers, are convinced that the numbers have greatly diminished. Captain Cook was present at a naval review at Tahiti at which 210 canoes were assembled. He estimates the entire Tahitian flotilla at 1,720 war canoes, manned by 68,000 able men. In this estimate the canoes of the adjacent islands must have been included.

The trade of Tahiti is in the hands of three or four large mercantile houses, which have central dépôts at Papiete, and several branch dépôts in other islands. They possess large fleets of schooners, by means of which they trade with all the islands of the Marquesas, the Paumotu and the Tubuai groups, and the Georgian and Society Islands. Their larger vessels make regular passages between Tahiti, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Australia, and New Zealand.

Where the merchants have no depôt—and this must be the usual case—they consign their goods to some European, who is generally the retired master of a small merchant vessel, or a runaway sailor, known in the special phraseology of the Pacific as a 'beach comber.' This individual commences his relations with the merchant by entering into an engagement to build a house suitable for the sale of goods on some island not yet occupied by a resident trader. The house being provided, a small parcel of goods, say of the value of 20*l.*, is consigned to him on credit, and his profit is made by selling at an advanced rate to the natives. As the trader proceeds he will, if successful, extend his operations, obtain-

ing larger and larger credits, in the form of consignments of goods, from the Tahitian merchants.

The principal articles of export from Tahiti are cotton, coprah or dried cocoanut kernels, cocoanut oil, pearl shells, maava shells, edible fungus for China, oranges, cocoanuts, lime-juice, bancoub nuts, and bêche de mer or tri-pang, besides vanilla, arrowroot, timber, pearls, &c. In his report on the trade and navigation of Tahiti, published as a blue book in 1875, Consul Miller states that the value of the exports from the island in 1874, according to the average wholesale prices during the year, may be estimated at 110,000*l.* The invoice value of the imports for the same year from all countries, South Sea Island products only excepted, may be approximately estimated at about 125,000*l.*

The small vessels trading from Tahiti are admirable examples of naval architecture. The schooners despatched with manufactured goods for distribution through the Low Archipelago, the Marquesas, and the Leeward Islands, are built either at Humboldt on the coast of California, or in New Zealand. Their tonnage varies from 100 to 200 tons. Rigged as fore-and-aft schooners, after the plan of the celebrated 'America,' they are at least equal, in symmetry, speed, and ability to contend with the waves, to the fleet of yachts we are accustomed to see annually assembled at Cowes or Ryde.

The average speed of the brigs and schooners trading regularly between San Francisco and Tahiti falls little short of 200 miles a day. This high average is due both to the sailing qualities of the vessels and to the steady winds that prevail within the limits of the trades.

The harbor of Papiete presents a busy scene. Four barques, of large tonnage, lay at anchor on the evening of our departure. Three of these displayed the German flag, and one the ensign of the Canadian Dominion. The crew of the latter were imprisoned at Tahiti. The vessel was laden with guano, and was bound to Queenstown for orders. Shortly after leaving Lima the cook fell ill, whereupon the captain suggested that one man on each watch should cook for his shipmates. This proposal was objected to, on the ground that the vessel

was already undermanned; and a counter-proposal was made that the captain's servant should become cook. To this the captain would have consented, had not his wife objected. A series of alterations ensued, which became more and more bitter, until at length the crew refused to work, and the ship was brought into Tahiti by the officers. The men, as it has been said, were, at the time of our visit, in prison, and a crew of natives had been shipped in their place. Meanwhile the captain, on being called upon to pay the expense of the imprisonment of his original crew, objected. I understood, however, that he would be compelled to defray the cost of their maintenance here, and would, in addition, be required to carry them to Queens-town when he sailed. His owner would thus be subjected to the heavy expense of keeping a double crew for several months, and the ship would have been detained at least a month on her voyage. A more conciliatory spirit would probably have averted a rupture, and thus have saved an outlay of hundreds of pounds.

In cases of this kind the owners generally take the side of the master. Often, in so doing, they are unjust to the crew and too partial to the officers. Under the existing arrangements, ship-owners and the seamen they employ have no direct dealings with one another; and I venture to affirm that a letter of remonstrance from a dissatisfied crew, at the end of a voyage, would generally receive but scanty attention. On the other hand, the master is in constant communication with the owners. His representations of the misconduct of the crew are received without question, and with a feeling of indignation not the less deep because founded upon an *ex-parte* statement, which the accused have no opportunity of correcting.

Many of the vessels trading from Tahiti are commanded by Germans, who are excellent navigators, and who bear a high character for general intelligence, sobriety, and trustworthiness.

The numerous establishments belonging to Mr. Brander, the principal merchant of Tahiti, include a cotton-ginning factory, a blacksmith's shop, a sail-maker's loft, and stores containing anchors, boats, ropes, and equipments

of all kinds for shipping. The warehouses are filled with flour, and American and English fabrics, ironmongery, and preserved provisions.

We drove, on the morning of the 8th of December, to Point Venus, and thence to Mr. Brander's plantation of cocoanut trees, twenty thousand in number. In four years these trees will bear nuts. The annual value of the produce of a cocoanut tree in Tahiti is estimated at four shillings, and when the proprietor converts the nuts into oil and fibre an additional income of two shillings a tree may be realised. During the first two years the weeds must be kept down, in order to protect the young trees against the encroachments of other less productive but more luxuriant vegetation. Afterwards but little labor is required. At the expiration of eight years the plantation we visited will bring in a revenue of 4,000*l.* a year, a sum in all probability more easily earned than any income of equal amount derived from the cultivation of the soil in any other part of the world.

The trade with the far-away islands of the Pacific, though as yet in its infancy, is rapidly becoming more and more important. At no distant date the shores of the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides, where the inhabitants are to-day debased by cannibalism, and whence the merchantman is repelled by flotillas of hostile canoes, will become the scene of a busy commerce. In the task of accomplishing that desirable consummation English enterprise is certain to play a part. In years to come I see before me a glowing vision of the Anglo-Saxon race issuing forth from California on the east, and Australia on the west, spreading itself with vigorous energy to all the islands of the Pacific, and bringing the now secluded and benighted people of Polynesia into a close, a prosperous, and a beneficent intercourse with the most advanced and civilised communities of the world.

The authority exercised by the Government of France, under the style of a protectorate, is a mild and equitable sway. Nevertheless, the French are not popular with the Tahitians. Jealousy of a foreign ruler is a natural sentiment, and there can be little doubt that the English would be equally unpopular if

they occupied the same position in the island. The late queen, Pomare, received an annual allowance of 2000*l.* a year. All the edicts of the government were issued in her name. The French staff includes a governor, whose term of office varies from two to five years; an *ordonnateur*, acting as chancellor of the slender exchequer and minister of the interior; and a chief judge. I had an interesting conversation with the principal law officer. He informed me that the natives had adopted the Code Napoléon in all criminal and in most civil proceedings, retaining, however, their ancient laws and customs in all proceedings relating to the tenure of land. Theoretically, the sovereignty of Tahiti is a limited monarchy, under a French protectorate. Seven years, however, have elapsed since the last session of the Tahitian Parliament, and it is probable that the natives readily acquiesce in their release from a troublesome and unattractive duty.

To the English traveller Tahiti is classic ground. The explorations of Captain Cook, the pioneer missionaries in the 'Duff,' and the scientific labors of Fitzroy, Darwin, and Beechey, have made the island famous. For ourselves, we can truly say that the hospitality and kindness of its engaging people have endeared them to us for ever.

The voyage from Tahiti to the Sandwich Islands lies wholly in the region where the trade winds prevail. At the season in which we made the passage squalls and rain are frequently experienced. We were struck by heavy squalls almost every day, and the weather was even more boisterous after we had crossed the equator than in the earlier part of the passage. Vessels bound from Tahiti to the north must take care to keep well to the eastward, so as to make sure of not being driven by the trade winds and current to leeward of the Sandwich Islands. We were close hauled throughout, and barely succeeded in fetching Hawaii.

We reached our destination, the Bay of Hilo, on the north side of Hawaii, on a serene afternoon, following upon two stormy days. The Bay of Hilo is a most charming scene. Its blue waters are sheltered from the prevailing winds by an island appropriately called Cocoonut

Island. A reef extends outwards from the island, on which a breakwater might easily be erected. Beyond the reef the Blonde shoal extends for two miles to seaward; and, though the depth over it varies from six to nine fathoms, it protects the anchorage from the heavy swell, and tends to make Hilo Bay the most spacious and the best sheltered anchorage in Hawaii. Around the shores of the bay rich groves of cocoanut trees, bananas, palms, and oranges, enrich the landscape with the inexhaustible delights of the tropics. The town itself is in the highest degree picturesque. There are no formal streets. The whitewashed houses are seen at intervals embosomed in trees, and the spires and towers of the churches, rising above the surrounding dwellings, give a pleasing aspect of civilisation to the scene. Beyond the limits of the town the country rises in a gradual and richly wooded slope for a distance of many miles. In the centre of the island Mauna Loa, 13,230 feet high, its ridges extending north and south as far as the eye can reach, closes in the view with a noble mass of mountains.

On Saturday, the 23rd of December, we made an excursion to the crater of Kilauea. The distance is thirty miles. The path leads for the most part over lava, which is in many places so rugged that only the most sure-footed animals could cross it. There are, indeed, but few level spaces where a horse can be allowed, even for a short distance, to break into a canter. For a couple of miles on the way up from Hilo the country consists of a rich alluvial soil, watered by copious brooks, and capable of producing in abundance sugar, tobacco, and the taro root. The latter plant is known in botany as the *Caladium esculentum*. It produces a tuberous root and leaves, which form a favorite article of food of the natives of the tropics.

Rising by a very gradual ascent, we soon quitted the narrow belt of fertile country, and entered upon a weary waste, producing tree ferns and a number of dwarf plants, of no value for food or timber, and too small to furnish features to the landscape.

As night fell, a red glow on the clouds in front told us we were approaching our destination. We pulled up at 8 P.M. at the Crater House, a native hut, which

has been erected by an enterprising proprietor for the accommodation of occasional travellers. The fare was plain, but sufficient. We had climbed to a height of 4,000 feet above the sea level, and it was a new and pleasant experience, after our long cruise in the tropics, to sit down beside the fire of wooden logs and to enjoy its radiant glow.

On the following day, the 24th of December, the sun rose in unclouded splendor over the scene of desolation before us. The Crater House stands on the edge of the outer crater of Kilauea, on the brink of a grey rocky precipice of 650 feet in elevation, which forms the contour of a plain of hardened lava.

In some unrecorded volcanic convulsion the surface of the country must have sunk into the abyss of fire beneath. Through the huge cleft in the crust of the earth volumes of lava have ever since been issuing, and an outlet has been created for the perpetual ebullition of the subterranean gases. The bottom of this great cavity consists of a mass of black lava, unrelieved by a blade of verdure, and still retaining the tumid and irregular shapes in which it was originally poured out from the crater. It is as if the waves of a tumultuous sea had been instantaneously congealed and solidified into a mass of dark volcanic rock.

In the latter part of the afternoon we made an expedition to the inner crater. We descended into the outer crater by a steep path, formed on the face of the precipice already described. For the first hour the walk over the old lava bed was tolerably easy. Our difficulties began, when we reached a stream of lava, which had poured out but two days ago, and was only now beginning to cool down.

At the extreme edge of this most recent overflow the lava, only two inches below our feet, was red-hot. At a short distance above us, on the left, we could see the stream, still uncongealed, and accumulating in such a mass as to threaten another overflow to a lower level at no long interval. Our guide, having made a circuit of at least a mile round this obstacle, led the way up a rapid ascent to the edge of the cliffs overhanging the inner crater, which contains the famous lake of molten lava. The precipice surrounding this inner crater was

estimated by Mr. Dana to have an elevation of 340 feet.

From the survey of the Americans it was ascertained that the inner crater was of an oblong ovate form, 16,000 feet in length, in a N.E. and S.W. direction. The average breadth is 7,500 feet. The pit includes, therefore, an area of four square miles, thus exceeding in extent, as Mr. Dana points out, many a city of 150,000 inhabitants. The level of the volcanic lake is subject to perpetual oscillation. It sometimes sinks 800 feet below the edge of the lower crater.

Looking down from a precipice formed by an accumulation of cinders and heated lava, we saw a terrible and marvellous scene. Let the imagination conceive a lake, two-thirds of a mile in length, one-third of a mile in width, hemmed in by a semicircle of precipitous cliffs of lava 250 feet high. On the side from which we approached the cliffs were broken away, so that we looked down on masses of lava riven asunder, here forming sloping ravines, there rising up into splintered pinnacles or bold and threatening crags. On our left a dark valley descended, by a gradual slope, from the upper level on which we stood to the boiling lava below. On the opposite shores of the lake the cliffs formed a precipice, not less than one hundred feet in height, rising up from the rugged and confused accumulations of lava at the edge of the lake. Such were the more prominent features in the vicinity of the crater. But if its borders presented a scene of fearful devastation, the aspect of the lake itself was far more terrible. In the centre the lava was covered with a thin grey film; but numerous tortuous streaks or cracks upon its surface served to show the lurid glow beneath. An awful calm generally prevailed in the middle of the lake, though its surface was sometimes disturbed by the sudden spouting forth of a jet of lava, or by the bubbling upwards of the volcanic gases.

The margin, on the other hand, was in constant and violent agitation. On the further side, over against our place of observation, three whirlpools of lava were in a state of perpetual agitation from the explosion of gases from below. At each explosion the lava was tossed, with all the vehemence of the stormy ocean, against the overhanging cliffs, on



which it broke in countless jets of fire, and then fell back into the gulf beneath, causing the whole surface of the lake to undulate in heavy pulsations.

I have endeavored to describe the scene presented to the eye. It was magnificent, majestic, and sublime. The strange sounds that fell on the ear were even more impressive. If hushed for a moment, it was only that they might gather up new force for a more profound and heavier roar. Listening with closed eyes, they recalled the raging of the stormy ocean : and yet they came with a more measured and a deadlier sound. There is probably no other spot upon the face of the earth where man becomes more profoundly conscious of his impotence, before the mighty forces of nature, than on the brink of the crater of Kilauea.

We lingered for hours on the edge of the cliff which commanded this unique view. As night closed in, all the awful effects of flame and fire were intensified tenfold. The boiling springs, whence the lake was fed with molten lava in inexhaustible streams, shone with a more appalling brightness. The spray, as it dashed backwards from the rocks, illumined the darkness of the night with coruscations of dazzling brilliancy. The tumult seemed to grow louder as the visible effects became more striking. It was of a scene like this crater of Kilauea that Milton dreamed when he described the ' hideous rain and combustion ' into the depths of which Satan and his angels fell from heaven—

At once, as far as angel's ken, he views  
That dismal situation, waste and wild.  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those  
flames

No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all ; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.

We returned to the ' Sunbeam ' on Christmas Day, and on the following day we witnessed some extraordinary feats of swimming performed by the natives of the island. A copious stream enters the sea about a quarter of a mile west of the little town of Hilo. At a short distance from its mouth it forces its way through

a chasm in the volcanic rocks, and then winds round a precipitous crag of lava, at the foot of which it forms a still pool, six fathoms in depth. We had been invited to witness two noted swimmers leap from the summit of the crag into the pool below. The whole population turned out on the occasion, and seated themselves on the grassy slopes above the river, awaiting the arrival of the two athletes. Meanwhile a number of the more youthful inhabitants of Hilo, of both sexes, entertained us with a display of the art of swimming and diving. One active girl leaped repeatedly from a height of twenty feet into the river. In the intervals between their performances, these amphibious people climbed up the rocks that overhung the river, where they gathered themselves into the most picturesque groups of bronze-colored yet shapely humanity.

*Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus an-  
trum ;  
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo,  
Nympharum domus.*

There were few garments to mar the symmetry of their forms, but there was not the slightest taint of immodesty in the scene. A sculptor, looking on with the cultivated eye of a trained artist, would have revelled in the graceful movements of the forms displayed before him ; while a painter would have appreciated not less the harmonious colors of the picture, in which the olive flesh-tints formed such an admirable contrast to the dark lava-rocks on which the swimmers reclined. Many a laborious student of the Academy has racked his brain in the vain effort to produce a composition on canvas or in marble, with not one-half the beauty or the truth to nature of these fortuitous assemblages of graceful figures.

An hour had passed away not unpleasantly when the heroes of the day arrived. They were to leap into the pool beneath from the summit of a precipice ninety feet in height. Thirty feet below the edge a crag juts out fifteen feet from the face of the rock. It was necessary for the swimmers to clear this projection. We were seated on a ledge of rock near the edge of the water, to witness the feat they were about to perform. It was a point of view whence the swimmers were seen with striking effect, as they first ap-

peared on the crag above us, and paused for a moment on its brink, before taking their tremendous leap into the gulf beneath.

As we looked up to the summit of the precipice, the powerful forms of these olive-colored men—notable specimens of the native races of the Pacific—stood out in magnificent relief against the dark blue sky. Each wore a green wreath fastened on his brow—a trifling touch, which enhanced the resemblance to those admirable products of ancient art, the bronze figures of the flying Mercury in the museum at Naples. As the first swimmer gathered himself together for the leap, there was a breathless silence in the crowd, a momentary glance of hesitation in the countenance of the hero of Hilo, succeeded by that set look which a man wears who has determined to do a chivalrous deed or perish in the attempt.

*Magno persentit pectore curas :  
Mens immota manet.*

Then came a superb elastic bound, an agile readjustment of the balance, and the athletic figure darted downwards like an arrow through the air, with a tremendous splash disappeared feet downwards below the glassy surface, and, after a prolonged immersion, rose again to the surface scathless, amid the enthusiastic ovations of the crowd.

The great feat was followed by a performance which, in a less amphibious country, would have excited wonder. It was a leap down a waterfall having a fall of fifteen feet. Not only did the two champions take the leap, but even the nymphs of Hilo, in numbers, followed them. After disappearing for a few moments in the seething water at the foot of the cascade, they reappeared laughing and talking, evidently regarding the feat as an ordinary bathing incident.

We sailed from Hilo at six o'clock in the afternoon on the 26th of December. At 5 P.M. on the following day we stopped off the buoy at the entrance to Honolulu to take on board a pilot, who placed us in a short time in a most convenient berth, opposite the landing-place and near H.M.S. 'Fantôme.' We were secured by an anchor ahead and a warp made fast to the coral rocks astern. The distance from Hilo to Honolulu is 200

miles. We steamed from anchorage to anchorage in twenty-three hours.

Honolulu has space for 200 sail. At the period of our visit there were six vessels in the harbor, of over 600 tons, and numerous small craft. We saw the 'Zealandia,' of the San Francisco and New Zealand line, a ship of 3,200 tons burden, and 360 feet long, enter and quit the port at night. Boats were sent out with lights to mark the position of the outer buoys, and thus facilitate the pilotage in the narrow channel at the entrance.

Honolulu has a population of 15,000. The streets are laid out regularly, radiating from the harbor to the suburbs. The post-office is a good building, and the government offices would be esteemed a handsome pile in any European capital of the second rank. The shops are excellent. Every necessary and many luxuries are obtainable. The hotel is conducted on the American principle, and is superior to any similar establishment in any port of the Pacific, San Francisco excepted.

The fine steamers running from New Zealand to San Francisco call monthly at Honolulu. It is proposed to establish a fortnightly service between this port and the United States. If this be done, I anticipate that the Sandwich Islands will become a more and more favorite resort for persons seeking a mild climate in the winter season.

The merchants live in charming villas built of wood, and surrounded by pleasant gardens. The favorite situations are the Valley Road, leading out to the Pali, and the road leading towards Diamond Hill, in a direction parallel with the seashore.

We attended service on Sunday, the 31st of December, at the cathedral. The mediæval glories of the cathedrals of the Old World are here represented by a modest, though suitable, wooden Gothic church. The carved stonework for a handsome building was sent out from England long ago, the money having been raised by subscription during the visit of Queen Emma to that country. As, however, the amount collected was insufficient to meet the expense of completing the structure, the costly sculpture still remains in the cases in which it was

originally received. The Bishop of Honolulu, Dr. Willis, is universally and highly esteemed for the self-sacrifice he has shown in his devotion to arduous work in a remote community.

During our visit to Tahiti the general knowledge of the English language among the natives, acquired by them in the missionary schools, surprised us very much. Many of the people spoke our language as easily as their own. English is even more universally spoken in the Hawaiian Islands. Indeed, at Honolulu, it is recognised as the official language. All government papers and reports are published both in English and Hawaiian.

The names of the streets, the handbills of the auctioneers, the writing on the shop-fronts, are all in English. Every person you may by chance address in the streets speaks our language. The natives whom you meet in society, many of whom have never quitted the islands, speak English fluently, and with a purity and an elegance which are the only indications that the language has been acquired through its literature and from teachers, rather than in the common intercourse of daily life.

At present the national feeling of independence is strong. The English are highly popular, and the presence of a commissioner so well able as Mr. Wodehouse to sustain our influence, especially when supported by the constant presence of a vessel of war, must prevent any sudden changes prejudicial to the British nation. On the other hand, our geographical situation makes it impossible for us to do all that the United States might accomplish to promote the prosperity of the Hawaiians; and if, as a natural consequence, the people of these islands are gradually drawn into a closer union with America, we shall view with no unworthy jealousy any change calculated to ameliorate the condition of a community which England was the first to discover and to introduce into the family of nations, and in which we shall always feel a deep interest.

Before sailing from Honolulu I took counsel with the most experienced advisers as to the best route to Yokohama. An almost direct course is delineated on the track-chart of the world prepared by Captain Hull, of the Admiralty Hy-

drographic Department, by pursuing which the distance between the two ports is reduced to 3,600 miles. My kind friend, Lieutenant Chambré, of the 'Fantôme,' was of opinion that it would be well to steer south-west on leaving Honolulu, until the parallel of  $15^{\circ}$  N. latitude had been reached. Captain Smith, the harbor-master of Honolulu, has a great reputation for his knowledge of the navigation of the Pacific, acquired by a personal experience extending over many years, and subsequently enlarged by constant communication with the masters of vessels trading with the Sandwich Islands. He has himself made the passage to Japan, a voyage very rarely undertaken from Honolulu. His advice to me was to steer at first S.W. by W., in the hope of picking up the trade-wind in  $19^{\circ}$  N. latitude. If that failed I was to try the 18th, and, if that again failed, to try the 17th, parallel of north latitude. In no case was it judicious to descend lower than  $17^{\circ}$  N. Having reached  $160^{\circ}$  E. longitude, Captain Smith advised me to steer a direct course for Yokohama, leaving the Bonin Islands on the west.

Furnished with these conflicting opinions, I proceeded to sea on the 3rd of January at 5.30 P.M. After various experiences of weather, including gales of wind, which happily had come from a favorable quarter, we found ourselves, in the afternoon of the 26th of January, drawing near to our destination. Oosima, the nearest point of Japan, was distant only 253 miles. We were not, however, to complete our voyage as easily as we had hoped. Shortly after noon we were struck by a tremendous squall of wind and rain, in which the wind shifted from S.W. to W.N.W. We at once took in the squaresail, stowed the topgallant-sail and topsail, reefed the foresail and mizzen, and set the mainsail. The work had to be done promptly; and as the present writer was one of the first on deck, and a willing volunteer at the hal-yards and sheets, it was his evil fate to work most laboriously for an hour and a half, drenched in rain and salt water, in a thin serge suit, better adapted to the voluptuous climate of the tropics than to these more stirring latitudes. Let me not, however, complain. It is the business of every commander to show a

good example ; and a yacht-owner, who has no professional dignity to sustain, cannot be out of his place if he lends a hand in every emergency.

At 6 P.M., the wind still blowing a moderate gale, the mizzen was double-reefed, and we again pursued our way through a confused sea, but without shipping any water. The 'Sunbeam' was behaving admirably, and all seemed to be going well, when, at 8 P.M., shortly after I had taken the wheel, a sudden squall struck the vessel, causing her to heel over to the starboard side, where the gig was hung from the davits out board, where it had been carried the whole way from England, while at the same time a long mountainous wave, rolling up on the lee side, struck the keel of the boat and lifted it upwards, unshipping the fore-davit. The bow in consequence fell into the water, and the boat was dragged through the water, suspended from the after-tackle only, and dashing against the side of the 'Sunbeam' with a force which threatened at every instant to crush it to pieces. We at once brought to. A brave fellow jumped into the boat and secured a tackle to the bows ; and after a short delay, to the great surprise of all concerned, the gig was hoisted on board and secured on deck. It was an exceedingly seaman-like achievement on the part of my crew.

A heavy gale continued throughout the night, and at 2 A.M. on the 27th of January we met with another accident. The boatswain, a seaman of great skill and experience, was at the wheel, steering with care and judgment, when we met a steep wave end on, and the 'Sunbeam,' gallantly springing up, as if to leap over, instead of cleaving through the wave, as a less lively craft would have done, carried away the jibboom at the cap, and with it the topgallant-mast. The jibboom was a splendid Oregon spar, fifty-four feet long, projecting twenty-eight feet beyond the bowsprit. Being rigged with wire rope, the gear was only sawn through with the greatest difficulty, and all hands were at work on the bows from 2 A.M. to 6 A.M., clearing away the wreck. Both in securing the spar and the rigging, which had fallen into the sea, and lay across the stem, as well as aloft, in making fast the topgallant-mast and topgallant-yard, which were swaying wildly to

and fro, as the vessel was tossed by the tempestuous sea, my crew behaved as British seamen should.

On Sunday, the 28th of January, we found ourselves by observation in  $32^{\circ} 40'$  N. latitude, and  $138^{\circ} 35'$  E. longitude. Almost immediately after the ship's position had been pricked off on the chart we made the island of Fatsizio, on the starboard bow, on the exact bearing, and apparently at the precise distance, at which we had expected to make it. Fatsizio has a lofty peak, rising from the sea to a height of 2,840 feet. It was this peak alone that was visible. It appeared as a mere speck on the horizon. We passed the island at the distance of fifty miles.

During the afternoon and evening we experienced another severe gale. We were navigating among numerous islands and rocks, between which the tide ran with great violence. Great therefore was my satisfaction when we made out, at 1 A.M. on the 29th of January, the glowing fires of the volcano of Vries. This island is the most northern of the chain fronting the Gulf of Yedo. Its summit attains an elevation of 2,550 feet. At its centre, says the writer of the Admiralty sailing directions, is an active volcano, over which a white vapor cloud is generally floating. This cloud frequently reflects the glare of the subterranean fires at work in the crater beneath, and forms in clear weather a conspicuous landmark, visible by night and day for many leagues. At the distance of forty miles the mountain itself was invisible ; but the cloud of fire, and the flame occasionally shooting up from the crater, formed an invaluable beacon. For several hours we steered towards it, as for a lighthouse. Meanwhile, although the elements were contending furiously, the sky was serene and cloudless, and the full moon shed such a flood of pale and lovely light upon the scene as we are accustomed to associate only with the calmest and most tranquil scenes.

The gale began to abate about 2.30 A.M. At 4 A.M. the fires were lighted, and at daybreak we were steaming past the island of Vries, in a calm, and over a tranquil landlocked sea. At 7.30 A.M. we were off the northern extremity of the island. At ten we entered the Gulf of



Yedo. This fine arm of the sea is fifteen miles wide at its entrance between Cape Sagami and Cape King, and thirty-five miles in length. Situated on its north-west shore, at its head, is the city of Yedo, now known as Tokio (eastern capital), the commercial as well as political capital of the empire. On the western shore is the principal seaport and treaty port of Japan, Yokohama.

The chief obstacle to the successful pilotage of the gulf consists in the innumerable small fishing-boats and the fleets of unwieldy junks which crowd together in this well-sheltered and capacious inlet. The junks of China and Japan have been too often described by pen and pencil to make it necessary to repeat a tale so often told. My most exaggerated conceptions of all that could be crazy and unwieldy in a craft undertaking the navigation of the seas fell far short of the reality. The whole frame creaks and groans audibly at the distance of half a mile in the slightest sea-way. Large windows are opened in the sides and at the stern. The rudder is almost equal in area to the whole deck, and the deck is lumbered with a cargo piled after the fashion of the stacks of hay and straw on a barge in the Thames. The petticoated crew generally take things easily, and seem able to endure the Siberian rigor of the winter in thin cotton robes without suffering the slightest inconvenience. To us, coming as it were at a bound from the enervating heats of the tropics, the snow-clad hills and piercing north-east winds were almost intolerably bracing.

At 1.30 P.M. we rounded the light-vessels off Treaty Point, and, entering the Bay of Yokohama, threaded our way through a numerous fleet of mail steamers, men-of-war, and sailing ships, to a buoy near the landing-place, to which we were speedily secured.

So ends our long passage from Valparaiso, and the second great stage in our voyage of circumnavigation. Some idea may be formed of the vast distances traversed in the Pacific when I mention that the voyage from Valparaiso to Yokohama equals in length the voyage from Plymouth to the Cape of Good Hope and back, or from Plymouth to King George's Sound in Western Australia. The solitude of the wide ocean we have

just traversed is sometimes almost oppressive. Between Valparaiso and Yokohama we saw only four sail.

With all its interests and attractions to an adventurous spirit, a life at sea is a great trial to men who have no resources or pursuits independent of the passing circumstances of the hour. To them the monotony and the confinement for long periods within the narrow limits of shipboard cannot but be alike depressing and deteriorating. It is probably in fits of moroseness and bad temper that those deeds of cruelty and horror are done which from time to time arrest the attention of the public.

The more I know of the sea, the greater is my astonishment that men can be found to earn their bread upon its troubled waters at lower rates than any skilled laborer on shore can command; and when it is remembered that, in addition to their personal physical privations, they have to bear the pain of long separation from home, or perhaps the worse moral evil of having no home to care for, it must be acknowledged that the lot of the sailor compares unfavorably with that of his brethren on shore. Fanciful dreams of pearls and golden sands, of parrots, cocoanuts, tobacco, and diamonds, are strangely mingled in the fancy, and beguile successive generations of sanguine youths to betake themselves to an employment which, when shorn of its delusions, presents many disagreeable features. Seamen, however, are not the only order of men who are the victims of self-deception.

The events I have endeavored to describe in this last portion of my narrative made perhaps the deeper impression on those who took part in them because we had had the singular good fortune to make a voyage of 23,000 miles from England without encountering, on any former occasion, really tempestuous weather. Let it not be supposed, however, that in these last experiences we went through a storm such as any well-found ship should not easily weather, or that we endured anything more than it is the lot of every seaman to go through.

Patient reader, have I wearied you with these everyday stories of the sea? How just is that remark of Dean Swift's: 'To say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than

that of discerning when to have done. This, at least, you have for your consolation—that you can read this description by your warm firesides in greater comfort than the writer enjoyed as through the livelong night he paced the deck and climbed the rigging, drenched in driving spray, and buffeted by the pitiless gale.

I tread his deck,  
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes  
Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;  
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Having reached Japan, a land so well trodden by recent travellers, this narrative of our voyage in the 'Sunbeam' concludes.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

#### ANCIENT TIMES AND ANCIENT MEN.\*

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

ON the last occasion on which I had the pleasure of addressing this society, I alluded to the surprising discoveries which Dr. Schliemann was just at that moment making at Mykenæ. I can to-day lay before you a few photographs which will enable you to form a clearer idea of the excavations carried on by that indefatigable treasure-hunter. I have unfortunately no picture to show what the hillside of Mykenæ was like before a German spade disturbed the rubbish which had accumulated there during more than two thousand years; but you can from one of the photographs form a tolerable idea of the amount of soil that had to be removed before we could again stand on the same rocky ground on which the kings of Mykenæ, the ill-fated Pelopidæ and Atridæ, had once wandered.

These excavations on the hill of Mykenæ appear to me to be of far greater importance to archaeologists and to all who try to decipher the earliest pages in the history of humanity than the happy discovery made by Dr. Schliemann a few years since at Hissarlik. We do not know, we can only guess, the historical significance of the different strata of houses at Hissarlik; and even if we choose to call one of these strata Troy, we must first carefully ascertain what we mean by Troy. There is the Troy of Greek tradition, quite independent of the Homeric poems; there is, or there may have been, a real Troy, that formed

the centre of many floating myths; there is the Troy, as conceived and localised in the *Iliad*; and there is, lastly, the Troy fixed upon by later antiquaries, from the time of Alexander to the present day. According to Dr. Schliemann, the poet of the *Iliad* was separated by 2000 years from the real Troy, that forms the second stratum at Hissarlik, and fills the soil from twenty-three to thirty-three feet below the surface. This gives an ample allowance for the growth of legends, and would seem to make it difficult indeed to identify that subterranean Troy with the poetic Troy of Homer.

In Mykenæ the case is different. The ruins which we see there are the ruins of the stronghold which was destroyed not later than 468 B.C., and all that Dr. Schliemann has brought to light from these ruins gives to the period before 500 B.C. on Grecian territory an historical and tangible character which it never had before, and which no criticism can ever again destroy.

This discovery in Mykenæ, then, is true treasure-trove. But you must not imagine that Dr. Schliemann possesses an archaeological divining-rod. That he has been most fortunate, he would himself allow. But he has also been a *vir fortis et tenax propositi*, who deserves, and one does not grudge it him, that the goddess of fortune should be propitious to his labors. He did not simply go to Mykenæ and begin to dig in any spot he fancied, and so with more good luck than wit stumble on the old royal graves of the Pelopidæ. No; he had first made it clear to himself, from Pausanias and other sources, which were the locali-

\* This address was delivered at the meeting of a literary society in Dresden, in the house of the Russian Minister, Herr von Kotzebue, on March 20, 1877.

ties in Greece where, at the time of Pausanias, therefore in the second century after the birth of Christ, there were traditions of the existence of ancient graves. The old Greek traveller \* did not see in the ruins of Mykenæ much more than later travellers have seen. He saw remains of the walls which surrounded the Akropolis (περίβολος), the Gate and the Lions, such as we see them here in Dresden, in an exact copy. But besides these, he speaks of the spring Perseia, which rose in the ruins of Mykenæ, and of the subterraneous buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they kept their treasures; of a grave of Atreus, and of the graves of those whom Ægisthos murdered together with Agamemnon, at the feast, on their return from Ilion. According to Pausanias, Agamemnon had a separate grave, as had also his chariot-er, Eurymedon, whilst in another Teledamos and Pelops were buried; and then, again, as it appears, in a separate grave, Elektra, whom Orestes is supposed to have given in marriage to his friend Pylades. Already at that time there were different stories as to the grave of Kassandra. Whilst the twin sons, whom tradition says she bore to Agamemnon, Teledamos and Pelops, and who were murdered at a very tender age by Ægisthos, were buried in the Akropolis at Mykenæ, it was uncertain whether the grave of their Trojan mother was to be found at Mykenæ or at Amyklæ. Pausanias also mentions that Klytemnestra and Ægisthos were buried at some distance from the circle of the walls, because probably they were not considered worthy to lie nearer to those whom they had murdered.

It was therefore clear that at the time of Pausanias, there were not only graves, but treasure-houses on the Akropolis in the neighborhood of the encircling walls, and that tradition ascribed these to the race of Atreus.

This was the first settled point. The second was the historical fact, that the old town of Mykenæ was finally destroyed by the Argives twelve years after the battle of Thermopylæ, that is, in the year 468 B.C. Argos, we are told, would not follow the lead of Sparta, and had not therefore sent any troops to Thermopylæ.

Mykenæ is said to have sent eighty men to Thermopylæ and four hundred to Plataeæ, together with the Tirynthians. For this, or for some other reason, a jealousy is supposed to have arisen between Argos and the once famous Mykenæ, which twelve years later led to a war between the neighboring cities, and ended in the reduction of Mykenæ, chiefly by famine, and its final destruction.

These were the two settled points on which Schliemann built his calculations.

Between 468 B.C. and 150 A.D. nothing of any importance happened at Mykenæ. The antiquities, therefore, which are found under the rubbish on the hill must, if they are of any age at all, be older than about 500 B.C., that is, they must belong to a period during which, as yet, we know but little concerning true Greek history and art. By the expression, "if they are of any age at all," I do not intend any would-be learned doubt. I only wish to point out that Dr. Schliemann must have been prepared, either to find no graves at all, or to find nothing in the graves, or lastly, and this had been also maintained, to find that the old graves had been plundered, and used again in the old Byzantine epoch for new interments. So far as the facts are yet brought to light, a really scientific denial of the great age of the treasures found in the graves seems to me very difficult, however ready I am to allow that in such matters one cannot be sceptical—i.e., conscientious enough. As yet nothing has been found in the lower strata that could be ascribed to a later date than 468 B.C. The only Greek inscription which Dr. Schliemann found and sent over, must, as far as we can judge from some of its characters, the *chet* instead of the *spiritus asper*, the *o* for *ω*, the *ε* for *η*, be earlier than that date. It was found,—so Dr. Schliemann informed me in a letter, dated 20th October, 1876—in the upper Macedonian stratum.

As the fortress of Mykenæ was built on the rock, the first question was how deep one had to dig before arriving at the hard historical rock, and then at the graves mentioned by Pausanias. I have letters from Dr. Schliemann, written as early as 1874, when he quietly visited Mykenæ, and sunk thirty-four wells to

\* Pausanias, ii. 16, 4.

see what layers of soil had accumulated, what pottery and other antiquities they contained, and what amount of labor would be needed to bring again to the light of day the royal dwelling and royal graves of the descendants of Tantalos.

I mention all this to show that Dr. Schliemann, against whose Homeric hypotheses no one can have protested more strongly than I have done, deserves our gratitude and admiration in a far higher degree than he has yet received them. Dr. Schliemann knew what he was looking for, he found what he sought, and even more; and every honest student, whatever soil he may be exploring, be it dust of the body, or dust of the mind, will know how often in seeking for his father's asses he has found a crown.

Whether the graves which Dr. Schliemann has opened on the Akropolis, in the rock, contain the bones and treasures of Agamemnon, of Eurymedon, of Elektra, of Cassandra, and her twins, whether in other parts nearer the walls the graves of Klytemnestra and Ægisthos will be found, are questions which can never be decided, till they are more sharply defined.

The tombstones, which lie on the graves, but which, from the appearance of the fragments, may have been parts of a larger monument, are certainly older than 468 B.C. They are still half oriental, and recall Assyrian art; they are perhaps of Lydian origin, though here and there in the ornamentation we trace the Greek ideal of beauty and harmony in the entwining of the lines. On one of the tombstones, the symbol floating in the air recalls the figurative representation of Ahuramazda on the later Persian monuments.

Without appealing to the giant skeleton of Orestes (Herod. i. 67), we can hardly doubt that the colossal skeletons found in the graves at Mykenæ belong to a royal family, partly because of the locality, partly because of the rich treasure buried with them. The skeletons were covered with large plates of thin gold, and on the skulls lay golden masks which seemed to bear more or less of a portrait character. If the work of many of these ornaments is superficial, and the material not very massive, we must remember that they would only be made

in haste for the funeral pageant, as is the case in other royal graves.

Old, therefore, the graves certainly are, and royal most likely. That Dr. Schliemann should recognise in one of the masks the features of ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, who can wonder? Who would have had enough self-control in a similar position not to express such a conjecture? The objection raised by a German *savant*, that the skull was not fractured by a two-edged axe, and that therefore it could not be the skull of Agamemnon, could hardly have been meant in earnest, any more than the argument I once myself used in a scientific society in London, when I was plied on all sides with reasons, which were no reasons, to induce me to acknowledge that the gold treasure of Hissarlik contained the regalia of Priam and Hekuba. I then quoted the verses from Homer, where Hektor says that formerly the city of Priam had been rightly called rich in gold and copper, but that now the lovely treasures had vanished from the houses to be sold in Phrygia and Maionia.\* If, therefore, we were to take every word of Homer literally, as many in that assembly of archæologists, and especially their president, Lord Stanhope, seemed inclined to do, I said, in self-defence, that a treasure of such value as Dr. Schliemann had found in Hissarlik could not possibly be the treasure of Priam, and the place where it was found could not possibly be Ilion, unless Hektor—had told a lie. No, we must not deal with ancient poetry and ancient legends after this fashion. How seldom can history authenticate the assassination of a king or of a sultan, let alone tradition!

Nothing is more unfettered than tradition. Homer does not tell us that Agamemnon was entangled in his bath in a net and murdered by Klytemnestra by three stabs. According to Homer, Agamemnon was driven by the storm to Malea, the abode of Ægisthos, hospitably entertained by Ægisthos, and then murdered whilst feasting, like an ox by

\* πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι πάντες μυθεσκοντο πολύχρυσον, πολύχαλκον· νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξ ἀπόλλε' ἑ δόμων κειμήλια καλὰ· πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μηονίην ἐρατεινὴν κτήματα περνώμεν' ἔκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεὺς. *Il.* xviii. 288.



the manger (*Od.* iv. 514, 537; xi. 411; *βούν ἐνι φάρῃ*.) None of the companions of Agamemnon, none of the followers of Ægisthos were left alive. It does not follow necessarily from Homer's words that Klytemnestra was present at the feast (*Od.* xi. 410), and though it is said that she killed Kassandra, there is nothing in them to show that she herself murdered Agamemnon.

Legend is legend, and not history, and nothing would be more unhistorical and uncritical than to try to remove the contradictions of which every legend is full; and whilst adopting one poet, such as Homer, as the highest authority, to declare, as so many people do, that all that contradicts him must be more recent or mere poetic invention. Pindar certainly knew his Homer as well as we do, and yet he does not scruple to let Kassandra be killed at Amyklæ in Lakonia.\* At the time of Pausanias, † too, it was said that the grave of Kassandra was at Amyklæ, not at Mykenæ, and Pausanias himself saw there a sanctuary and statue of Kassandra, who was called Alexandra, as well as monuments of Klytemnestra and Agamemnon. In Æschylos the name of Mykenæ is never mentioned.

No, in spite of the uninjured skull, the king buried on the Akropolis of Mykenæ may well be the Agamemnon of whom people told Pausanias that he lay buried above in the citadel, the same of whom Æschylos wrote, the same of whom the Homeric poets sang. But, in spite of Homer, in spite of Æschylos, in spite of Pausanias, we know no more of a real Agamemnon than we should know of Attila, if we heard of him only in the *Nibelunge*; or of Charles the Great and young Roland, if we had to form our idea of them from the popular tales in Germany, and the old French Epos of the Karlovingian Cycle; or even if, as in the case of Roland, we possessed a tombstone with the name of Hrutlandus.

What we have gained from the discoveries at Mykenæ, for the historical treatment of Greek antiquity is this: that we can, with greater probability, relegate the myth of the fates of the rulers of Mykenæ, to that class of traditions which have wound themselves like ivy round the mouldering stem of real his-

toric facts, and no longer to those which have arisen from the mere decay of old conceptions. Mykenæ seems to have been the theatre of real tragedies, however much these have been overgrown with fables of gods and heroes. No one, for instance, even if a skeleton of a swan had been found in the graves of the old Akropolis, would have explained it as the father-in-law of Agamemnon, though the great antiquity of the legend of the swan may be indicated, in spite of Homer's silence on the subject, by the drawings on some of the oldest pottery found at Mykenæ. The legend is a pure myth, and just as mythical is the original legend of the four children of Tyndaros, Kastor, Pollux, Helena, and Klytemnestra.

The old legends, however, seem to have been amalgamated later with the semi-historical traditions of the princes of Mykenæ and Lakedæmon, much in the same way as the *Nibelunge* myths were intertwined with the historical legends of Burgundy, Verona, and the land of the Huns. Who now doubts that Helena, the sister of Klytemnestra, was an old goddess, a real daughter of Zeus, just as Kastor and Pollux were *Dioskuroi*, i.e. sons of Zeus? From a goddess she changed into a heroine, from a heroine into a true princess, not *vice versa*. There were temples to Helena, and festivals in her honor, and she was worshipped, with Menelaos, as a goddess. As everything was pardoned in Zeus and in Aphrodite, so also in Helena, in her original character as a goddess. Although she had been carried off by Theseus, yet she became the wife of Menelaos. Though she allowed herself to be tempted away by Paris, and afterwards married Deiphobos; yet Menelaos, when he at length recovered her, held her in high honor. Lastly, she passed for the wife of Achilles, and, in spite of all this, Stesichoros was smitten with blindness, because he had spoken disrespectfully of her. This is intelligible, if Helena was originally a goddess, and the lot of the immortal was afterwards attributed to the mortal by popular tradition. A real young princess, of whom traditions related such things as are told of Helena, would never have been treated with such honor and admiration by Homer, the singer of conju-

\* *Pyth.* ii. 32. † Pausanias, iii. 19, 5.

gal fidelity, or, however great her beauty, have been raised in the old Greek popular thought to the rank of a goddess.

It is easily intelligible that in later times the old legends of the gods and heroes were looked on as historical, and localised in various places in Greece; and we can hardly now doubt that the Akropolis of Mykenæ was such a spot in the old history of Greece, which attracted to itself from all quarters, like clouds, the misty forms of the myths, till hill and clouds mingled together, and it was no longer possible to distinguish the nebulous forms of legend from the men who had really lived on the hillside of Mykenæ. To express myself in Kantian phrase, I consider the antiquities which Dr. Schliemann has discovered in the graves of Mykenæ as the *Ding an sich* of the legend of the Atridæ. But legend has its mythological intuitions (*Anschauungen*), perhaps even its own categories, which we must master in order rightly to understand the phenomena as they appear in Homer, Pindar, or Æschylos.

And now I have arrived at the point where I can explain to you why, amidst my studies on the Science of Language, of Myth, and of Religion, I have taken so keen an interest in Dr. Schliemann's excavations in Troy and Mykenæ. The graves of Mykenæ give us the uttermost limits to which we can trace back the real and palpable history of the Greeks. Whether the half-burnt bones in those graves belonged to Agamemnon or not, they are the remains of a kingly race who really reigned in Mykenæ, who really used the weapons, the jewelry, the sceptres, which we now see. At a period which we as yet know by tradition only, we now for the first time see real men on real soil. This is to me the true attraction in Dr. Schliemann's discoveries.

Every one must make his plan of life; each student must belong to an army, and carry a plan of battle in his head, which determines and guides him through life in the choice of his line of march. I belong to those who say with Pope,

— "The proper study of mankind is man;"

and when I asked myself what would be the right, or at least the most fruitful, method of the study of mankind, I soon

convinced myself that, in order to know what man is, we must first, before everything else, observe and establish what man has been, and how he became what he is. We must learn to know ancient man in order to understand modern man.

Many are the roads which lead to this.

The most favored way now is to begin with a little mass of protoplasm, which of itself, or by the influence of its so-called surroundings, through a thousand generations, and during millions of years, has developed at last into what we call man. This province belongs to naturalists; and though they have not yet solved the two old problems—how the organic can arise from the inorganic, and how the irrational can develop into the rational—they have nevertheless made discoveries of high value on the way, which have thrown a perfectly new light on the development of the 150,000 species of animals now living.

A second line, which has been followed latterly by anthropologists with great eagerness, and good results, consists in the careful study of so-called savage nations. These studies begin with the oldest traces of the glacial period, go on from the cave dwellers to the inhabitants of the lacustrine dwellings, and then turn to those races of the globe still living almost as brute beasts, in order to draw from the facts which we can still ascertain of their physical and spiritual life, conclusions of general application to the origin of human culture.

These studies, too, have brought to light most valuable results; but they suffer from two almost insuperable difficulties: first, that nothing, or almost nothing, is left to us of the inhabitants of the cave and lacustrine dwellings, but remains serving for the supply of their simplest physical necessities; and, secondly, that in the case of most of the savage races now living, we know nothing of the historical antecedents of their present condition, whether they are really in the first stage of civilisation, or in the last stage of savagery. Considering how we hesitate before we venture to make a positive statement as to the religious opinions or moral principles of Greeks and Romans, who would dare to speak positively of fetishism, zoolatry, or phylolatry among Veddahs or Papuans?

*Agriology*, if I may give such a name to a really scientific study of savage nations, generally considers wild races, like the Papuans, or even the Hottentots and Kaffirs, as just working their way out of the slough of a still half-animal barbarism. The students of Comparative Philology, on the contrary, as well as of Mythology, and the Science of Religion, find it very difficult to reconcile such a view with existing facts, since they find in the languages of these people remains which are highly artificial, and even in their religion fragments which might have formed part of the most glorious temples of humanity. At all events, these savage races do not present us with a phase in the mental development of the human race which can supply the lost background in the history of the civilised nations of the world. We cannot picture to ourselves the heroes who lived before Agamemnon as Papuans; and the old singers mentioned by the poets of the *Rig Veda*, cannot well have been black cannibals. There are two kinds of savages in the world, which M. Guizot, in his *History of Civilisation*, did not sufficiently bear in mind: savages who can develop into something, such as the old Germans described by Tacitus, and savages who cannot develop into anything, as the Red Indians. If the Agriologists believe that they can supply the pages which are missing in the beginning of the annals of still developing races from the life and practices of degraded Hottentots, they may find that, in the history of the human race, they have sometimes placed the *corrigenda* where the preface should have been.

There remains a third way—certainly the most difficult of all, and which, in spite of its difficulties, leads us only a short distance into the ancient history of the human race—I mean the study of the oldest and most authentic literature, the religions, the mythologies, and the languages of those nations who have played the chief parts in the drama of the world's history. Whilst the two other methods of research advance from the beginning to the end, and are generally lost in an abyss which can never be bridged, this last, which leads us back from the end to the beginning, also breaks off at the foot of a high rampart, which indeed allows us to imagine a something beyond,

but has as yet never been scaled by the boldest explorers.

Now on this last road, the thing of greatest importance for us is to collect all the material which a propitious fate has preserved for us. The amount is small, and yet greater than we had any right to expect. For if literature first begins where the *literæ*, the written letters, were used for literary purposes, there is really no written literature much earlier than the fifth century B.C. I see that our honored president shakes his head, but I believe we shall, as usual, find that we agree.

I do not, of course, speak of his own domain, China, for Chinese writing is not alphabetical. I do not speak of Egypt, for there, too, the writing is not yet alphabetical. On the same grounds I exclude the whole literature in the cuneiform character, except the Persian.

But when we speak of a real old literature in Greece, Persia and India, I doubt very much whether we can anywhere prove the existence of a written literature much before 500 B.C. Even though the Phœnician alphabet may have spread somewhat earlier to the west and east, it is a great step in the history of civilisation from the use of alphabetic writing for monumental, even for mercantile purposes, to the employment of it for art, for pleasure, for literature. And here, to return to Mykenæ, I may as well at once mention that no trace of writing ought to be, or has been, found within the graves, although the chief object there was to honor and preserve the memory of the dead. In the antiquities lately found at Palestrina, said to be of the fifth or sixth century, the inscriptions are still simply Phœnician, not Etruscan, not Greek, still less Latin.

Our retrospect, then, into the antiquity of the human race would be very imperfect, our hope to discover what man is, from what he once was, but very slight, if all that lies on the other side of 500 B.C. were really buried in "tearless night." But it is not so. Man possessed, before writing was discovered, pen, ink, and paper in his memory, and a power of transmitting metrical compositions with a precision and accuracy of which we can now hardly form any idea. You know with what contempt even Plato still speaks of the knowledge gath-

ered from books, and in India you might hear the same expressions at the present day. In India there still exist scholars of the old school, who carry about in their memory books larger than Homer, and not only metrical, but even prose works. They *are themselves* the books, and it is, or it was till lately, their duty to teach these books, *i.e.*, themselves and their knowledge to their pupils, after a strict mnemonic method. As far back as we can follow Indian literature we find the same plan, and even in the *Upanishads*, which still belong to the Vedic period, we read of youths who, from their twelfth to their twenty-fourth year, were under tuition, in order during this period to learn the *Vedas* by heart, word for word, syllable for syllable, letter for letter, accent for accent.

These facts are well authenticated, every one who lives in India can ascertain them for himself, and so perfect is the accuracy of the verbal tradition, when exercised as a school discipline, and according to strict rules, that in any doubtful reading of the *Rig Veda*, I should rely more on the verbal information of a Shrotriya, *i.e.*, of an Indian theologian, than on the authority of a MS.

There was, therefore, among the Aryan nations a literature, or more properly a tradition, which reaches back far beyond 500 B.C., and the oldest and most remarkable monument of this unwritten literature of the Aryan family, is the *Veda*, which means *the knowledge*.

Of this *Veda* much has been related and fabled, and the first time I saw my old friend Bunsen, he told me that, as a young man, he had actually started for India, to find out if the *Veda* really still existed. Now, we possess it, and when I tell you that I have devoted my whole life to the edition of the *Rig Veda*, that in order to obtain the MSS. and the material aid necessary for reconstructing so large and expensive a work, I have exiled myself for half my life, you will naturally ask, Was the *Veda* worth such a sacrifice? Does it really give us an insight into a period in the development of human nature which was before unknown to us, which reaches beyond Homer and the kings of Mykenæ, beyond Cyrus and the books of Zoroaster, beyond Buddha, Laotse, and the other

spiritual heroes of the sixth century B.C.? Have we in the *Veda* the old bridge between the civilised and the wild races of the world? Do we find again in the *Veda* the thread of Ariadne, which fell out of the hands of anthropologists in the lacustrine dwellings and glacial caves?

I answer "Yes," and "No." There can be no idea in the *Veda* of any connection with historic or prehistoric savages. The language, the religion, the established manners and customs of the *Veda* presuppose ages upon ages before it would have been possible to think and say what we find thought and said in the *Veda*. But the *Veda* gives us an insight into the youth of man, and especially into the youth of that mighty branch of mankind to which we ourselves belong, more than any other book in the world. And it was this which drew me to the *Veda*. As the childish recollections of a man contain the key of most of the secrets of his later life, I consider that the key to our own being is hidden in the childish recollections of the human race. Considered from this point of view, the study of antiquity is a glance back into our own youth, and thus gains an attraction which none of the other sciences can claim, not even the science which teaches us what we were before we were men.

To me the old poets of the *Veda*, who finished their work on earth more than three thousand years ago, are as old friends and acquaintances. I can think myself back into their thoughts. I become young again with them, and even when they are childish, I say to myself, *Humani nihil a me alienum puto*.

Many of the Vedic hymns are the simplest childlike prayers. They pray for the playthings of life, for house and home, for cows and horses, and they plainly tell the gods that if they will only be kind and gracious, they will receive rich offerings in return. Do we do much otherwise?

Only a few days ago, I saw in a book by a Protestant clergyman, an account of a miraculous cure. A young girl suffered from toothache, and she prayed to Jesus, "If I were Thou, and Thou me, and Thou hadst such a toothache as I have now, I would long ago have cured Thee." The toothache, so writes the



clergyman, ceased immediately. I could not but remember a hymn of the *Rig Veda*, where an old poet says, "If I were Indra, and Thou wert my worshipper, I would long ago have granted thy petition."

But we find also heartfelt prayers. The old fathers of our race prayed the gods for children, particularly sons, who formed the strength of the family, and could defend the old and weak against neighbors and enemies. And that children were not only desired, but also valued and loved, we see from such verses as :

"Let us all die in order that the old weep not over the young."

Hopes of meeting again are clearly expressed. *Rig Veda*, i. 24, 1 :—

"Of whom, of which God among the immortals,  
Shall we now praise the glorious name?  
Who will give us back to the great Aditi (infinitude),  
That I may see father and mother?"

And in another hymn, *Rig Veda*, ix. 113 :—

"Where the imperishable light is,  
That world in which heaven is placed,  
In that immortal and eternal world,  
Place me, oh Soma!

Where Vaivasvata is king,  
Where there is the stronghold of heaven,  
Where those great waters are,  
There make me immortal!

"Where life is free,  
In the third heaven of heavens,  
Where all places are full of splendor,  
There make me immortal!"

But most of the hymns are, as I have already said, much simpler. They refer to the every-day appearances of nature, in which the poets trace the rule and work of Divine beings, and from which they often gather incitements to a holy life, and a thankful recognition of higher powers. For instance, *Rig Veda*, vii. 63 :—

"The sun rises, the bliss-bestowing,  
All seeing, the same for all men,  
The eye of Mitra and Varuna,  
The god who rolled up darkness like a skin.

"The life-giver of man rises,—  
The great waving light of the sun,—  
Wishing to turn round the same wheel  
Which the white horse draws, yoked to the shafts.

"Shining forth from the lap of the Dawns,  
He rises, praised by singers,  
He seems to me the God Savitri,  
Who never oversteps the same track.

"The brilliant sun rises from the sky, wide gleaming,  
Going forth to his distant work, full of light;  
Now may men also, enlivened by the sun,  
Go to their places and to their work.

"Where the immortals made a road for him  
He follows the path, rising like a hawk,  
At the rising of the sun let us worship you,  
Mitra and Varuna, with praises and with offerings."

*Rig Veda*, vii. 61 :—

"The sun rises, opening your gracious eye,  
Oh! gods, Mitra and Varuna:  
The sun who looks at all the world,  
Who also knows the thoughts of men.

"The pious singer, whose prayers you accept,  
Oh! powerful gods,  
So that you fill his years with strength,  
He raises for you praises, sounding far and wide.

"Oh! beneficent gods, Mitra and Varuna,  
you place spies  
Over the wide world, and over the wide bright heaven,  
Who go far through fields and villages,  
Oh! ye gods, who watch without sleeping.

"Praise the power of Mitra and Varuna,  
Their strength has firmly fixed heaven and earth.  
May the life of the wicked pass away childless,  
And may the pious sacrificer extend his homestead."

Still more valuable are the hymns in which some of the old Vedic poets give utterance to the consciousness of their guilt, and speak of their offences not only as a transgression against human laws, but as displeasing to the gods and contrary to the divine commands. *Rig Veda*, vii. 89 :—

"Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of earth,  
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"If I move along trembling, like a cloud blown by the wind,  
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone astray,  
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Thirst came upon thy worshippers, though standing in the midst of water,  
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Whenever we men, O Varuna,  
Commit an offence before the heavenly host,  
Whenever we break thy law through  
thoughtlessness,  
Punish us not, O God, for that offence!"

*Rig Veda*, ii. 28 :—

"This (world) belongs to the wise king,  
Āditya,  
May he overcome all beings by his strength!  
I look for a hymn of praise for the rich  
Varuna,  
The god who is gracious to every sacrifice.

"When we, mindful of this, have praised  
thee, O Varuna,  
Let us be blessed in thy service;  
We who, at the approach of the rich dawn,  
Greet thee day by day, like the fires on the  
altar.

"Let us, O Varuna, our guide, dwell under  
thy protection,  
Thou who art rich in heroes, and rulest far  
and wide;  
And you, unconquered sons of Aditi,  
Accept us, gods, as your companions!

"Āditya, the ruler, has sent them off,  
The rivers follow the command of Varuna,  
They never tire, they never rest,  
Quick, like birds, they fly through the  
world.

"Loosen my sin from me, like a fetter,  
Then shall we increase the source of thy  
law, O Varuna!  
Let not the thread be cut, while I weave my  
prayer,  
Let not the frame of my work perish before  
its time.

"Drive away terror from me, O Varuna,  
Be gracious to me, righteous king;  
Undo my sin, like the rope of a calf,  
For away from thee I am not master of a  
twinkling of the eye.

"Do not hurt us with thy weapons, O  
Varuna,  
Which, when thou wishest it, wound the  
evil doer,  
May we not go into exile from light,  
Destroy the enemies well, that we may  
live!

"We shall offer praise to thee, O high-born  
god,  
As formerly, so now and for ever!  
For on thee, O unconquerable god, are  
founded,  
As on a rock, the unchangeable laws.

"Send away from me my own sins,  
And may I not suffer for what others have  
done!  
Many dawns have not yet dawned for us,  
Do let us live in them also, O Varuna?

"He who while I was trembling in sleep,  
wished me evil,  
Be he a companion or a friend, O king,  
The thief also who wishes to injure us, or  
the wolf,  
Protect us Varuna, from all these!"

In order to estimate these hymns  
rightly, we must, as much as possible,  
forget what from childhood we have read  
and learnt in our own hymn-books.  
Many of these thoughts and feelings  
have, by thousand-fold repetition, be-  
come indifferent, almost meaningless to  
us. But in these old poets we still see  
the agony of the soul, striving for utter-  
ance. They wished to say something,  
only they knew not how. They had no  
time for poetic ornamentation, and mere  
splendor of words. Their poetry is a  
real shaping and transforming of mist-  
like thought into clear and transparent  
words. Each expression is to them as  
the egg of Columbus; each hymn, how-  
ever simple it may be, as an heroic feat,  
as a true sacrifice. This forms the  
charm of ancient poetry, ancient relig-  
ion, ancient language.

Everything is simple, fresh, and thor-  
oughly true. The words still have  
weight; they are full and pregnant, so  
to speak, and for this very reason they  
almost defy translation.

And yet their world of thought is not  
so far removed from our own. The  
questions which perplex us already puz-  
zled those old poets of the *Veda*.

"How can man reach God?" asks  
the old poet. We say: "How can the  
finite comprehend the infinite?"

Another poet says: "When thou  
thunderest, Indra, we believe in thee."  
We say: "Danger brings men to their  
knees."

When an Indian seer has merely ex-  
pressed the simple truths of life, he says  
that a god has enlightened him, that a  
god has moulded his song. What do  
we? We torment ourselves with theo-  
ries about divine revelation and inspira-  
tion, and see at last what the old sages  
saw, that truth makes inspiration, not  
inspiration truth.

Thus I could continue quoting many  
things out of the *Veda*, to show you that  
3000 or 4000 years ago, men were not  
savages, but that the same cares which  
torment us, the great questions of life,  
*τὰ μέγιστα*, were even then the objects  
of earnest thought and expression.

Four thousand years ago, our Aryan  
forefathers in India wished to know out  
of what wood the earth was made; we  
should say of what matter—whether  
molecules or atoms, whether dynamids,

or centres of force ; nay, they spoke in the *Veda* of a time when there was neither being nor not being :

"Na sad âsin no'asad âsit tadânim."

Even crude materialistic ideas were not wanting, and many of our materialistic friends would rejoice to see the following passage in the old *K'hândogya Upanishad* :

"The finer part of the curds, when it is shaken, rises and becomes butter. Just so, my child, the finer part of food rises, when it is eaten, and becomes mind."

May I, in conclusion, say one word on the practical value of the study of mankind, particularly of the religions of mankind ?

Macaulay, when he was once pressed, after his return from India, to give his views on some one of the thousand theological questions which play so great a part even in parliamentary elections, answered : "Gentlemen, when a man has spent years in a country where men wor-

ship the cow, it is difficult to take an interest in such trifles."

He was very much blamed for this, as it seemed a proof of his indifference to religion. But it was not so at all. It is most useful to ascertain for oneself that in every religion there are things essential, and things non-essential, and nothing teaches this better than a comparative study of the religions of mankind. There is no faith free from superstition, as there is no light without shadow. To recognise the light, the true light, in all shades and colors, is the highest aim of our studies.

It has been said of the study of languages, that with each language a man learns he becomes a new man. I think we might say of the study of religions, that with each new religion that we learn truly to understand, we become more truly religious. And if Goethe (for his name is never to be absent in any of our addresses), says of languages, "He who knows but one, knows none ;" the same is true, I think, of religions : "He who knows none but his own, knows none."  
—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

#### MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### WHITE HEATHER.

AND now behold ! the red flag flying from the summit of Castle Dare—a spot of brilliant color in this world of whirling mist and flashing sunlight. For there is half a gale blowing in from the Atlantic ; and gusty clouds come sweeping over the islands, so that now the Dutchman, and now Fladda, and now Ulva disappears from sight, and then emerges into the sunlight again, dripping and shining after the bath ; while ever and anon the huge promontory of Ru-Treshanish shows a gloomy purple far in the north. But the wind and the weather may do what they like to-day ; for has not the word just come down from the hill that the smoke of the steamer has been made out in the south ? and old Hamish is flying this way and that, fairly at his wits' end with excite-

ment ; and Janet Macleod has cast a last look at the decorations of heather and juniper in the great hall ; while Lady Macleod, dressed in the most stately fashion, has declared that she is as able as the youngest of them to walk down to the point, to welcome home her son.

"Ay, your leddyship, it is very bad," complains the distracted Hamish, "that it will be so rough a day this day, and Sir Keith not to come ashore in his own gig, but in a fishing-boat, and to come ashore at the fishing-quay, too ! but it is his own men will go out for him, and not the fishermen at all, though I am sure they will hef a dram whatever, when Sir Keith comes ashore. And will you not tek the pony, your leddyship ? for it is a long road to the quay."

"No, I will not take the pony, Hamish," said the tall white-haired dame ; "and it is not of much consequence what boat Sir Keith has, so long as he

comes back to us. And now I think you had better go down to the quay yourself, and see that the cart is waiting and the boat ready."

But how could old Hamish go down to the quay? He was in his own person skipper, head-keeper, steward, butler, and general major-domo, and ought on such a day as this to have been in half-a-dozen places at once. From the earliest morning he had been hurrying hither and thither, in his impatience making use of much voluble Gaelic. He had seen the yacht's crew in their new jerseys. He had been round the kennels. He had got out a couple of bottles of the best claret that Castle Dare could afford. He had his master's letters arranged on the library-table; and had given a final rub to the guns and rifles on the rack. He had even been down to the quay, swearing at the salmon-fishers for having so much lumber lying about the place where Sir Keith Macleod was to land. And if he was to go down to the quay now, how could he be sure that the ancient Christina, who was mistress of the kitchen as far as her husband Hamish would allow her to be, would remember all his instructions? And then the little granddaughter Christina—would she remember her part in the ceremony?

However, as Hamish could not be in six places at once, he decided to obey his mistress's directions, and went hurriedly off to the quay, overtaking on his way Donald the piper-lad, who was appareled in all his professional finery.

"And if ever you put wind in your pipes, you will put wind in your pipes this day, Donald," said he to the red-haired lad. "And I will tell you now what you will play when you come ashore from the steamer—it is the *Farewell to Chubralter* you will play."

"The *Farewell to Gibraltar*!" said Donald peevishly, for he was bound in honor to let no man interfere with his proper business. "It is a better march than that I will play, Hamish. It is the *Heights of Alma*, that was made by Mr. Ross, the Queen's own piper; and will you tell me that the *Heights of Alma* is not a better march than the *Farewell to Gibraltar*?"

Hamish pretended to pay no heed to this impertinent boy. His eye was fixed

on a distant black speck that was becoming more and more pronounced out there amid the greys and greens of the windy and sunlit sea. Occasionally it disappeared altogether, as a cloud of rain swept across towards the giant cliffs of Mull; and then again it would appear, sharper and blacker than ever, while the masts and funnel were now visible as well as the hull. When Donald and his companion got down to the quay, they found the men already in the big boat, getting ready to hoist the huge brown lug-sail; and there was a good deal of laughing and talking going on, perhaps in anticipation of the dram they were sure to get when their master returned to Castle Dare. Donald jumped down on the rude stone ballast, and made his way up to the bow; Hamish, who remained on shore, helped to shove her off; then the heavy lug-sail was quickly hoisted, the sheet hauled tight, and presently the broad-beamed boat was ploughing its way through the rushing seas, with an occasional cloud of spray coming right over her from stem to stern. "*Fhir a bhata*," the men sung; until Donald struck in with his pipes, and the wild skirl of *The Barren Rocks of Aden* was a fitter sort of music to go with these sweeping winds and plunging seas.

And now we will board the steamer, where Keith Macleod is up on the bridge, occasionally using a glass, and again talking to the captain, who is beside him. First of all on board he had caught sight of the red flag floating over Castle Dare; and his heart had leaped up at that sign of welcome. Then he could make out the dark figures on the quay; and the hoisting of the lug-sail; and the putting off of the boat. It was not a good day for observing things; for heavy clouds were quickly passing over, followed by bewildering gleams of a sort of watery sunlight; but, as it happened, one of these sudden flashes chanced to light up a small plateau on the side of the hill above the quay, just as the glass was directed on that point. Surely—surely—these two figures?

"Why, it is the mother—and Janet!" he cried.

He hastily gave the glass to his companion.

"Look!" said he. "Don't you think



that is Lady Macleod and my cousin ? What could have tempted the old lady to come away down there on such a squally day ?"

"Oh yes, I think it is the ladies," said the captain ; and then he added, with a friendly smile, "and I think it is to see you all the sooner, Sir Keith, that they have come down to the shore."

"Then," said he, "I must go down and get my gillie, and show him his future home."

He went below the hurricane-deck to a corner in which Oscar was chained up. Beside the dog, sitting on a camp-stool and wrapped round with a tartan plaid, was the person whom Macleod had doubtless referred to as his gillie. He was not a distinguished-looking attendant to be travelling with a Highland chieftain.

"Johnny, my man, come on deck now, and I will show you where you are going to live. You're all right, now, aren't you ? And you will be on the solid land again in about ten minutes."

Macleod's gillie rose—or rather, got down—from the camp-stool, and showed himself to be a miserable, emaciated child of ten or eleven, with a perfectly colorless face, frightened grey eyes, and starved white hands. The contrast between the bronzed and bearded sailors—who were now hurrying about to receive the boat from Dare—and this pallid and shrunken scrap of humanity was striking ; and when Macleod took his hand, and half led and half carried him up on deck, the look of terror that he directed on the plunging waters all around showed that he had not had much experience of the sea. Involuntarily he had grasped hold of Macleod's coat as if for protection.

"Now, Johnny, look right ahead. Do you see the big house on the cliffs over yonder ?"

The child, still clinging on to his protector, looked all round with the dull pale eyes, and at length said—

"No."

"Can't you see that house, poor chap ? Well, do you see that boat over there ? You must be able to see that."

"Yes, sir."

"That boat is to take you ashore. You needn't be afraid. If you don't like to look at the sea, get down into the

bottom of the boat, and take Oscar with you ; and you'll see nothing until you are ashore. Do you understand ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along then."

For now the wild skirl of Donald's pipes was plainly audible ; and the various packages—the new rifle, the wooden case containing the wonderful dresses for Lady Macleod and her niece, and what not—were all ranged ready ; to say nothing of some loaves of white bread that the steward was sending ashore at Hamish's request. And then the heaving boat came close to, her sail hauled down, and a rope was thrown and caught ; and then there was a hazardous scrambling down the dripping iron steps, and a notable spring on the part of Oscar, who had escaped from the hands of the sailors. As for the new gillie, he resembled nothing so much as a limp bunch of clothes as Macleod's men, wondering not a little, caught him up and passed him astern. Then the rope was thrown off, the steamer steamed slowly ahead, the lug-sail was run up again, and away the boat plunged, with Donald playing the *Heights of Alma* as though he would rend the skies.

"Hold your noise, Donald !" his master called to him. "You will have plenty of time to play the pipes in the evening."

For he was greatly delighted to be among his own people again ; and he was eager in his questions of the men as to all that had happened in his absence ; and it was no small thing to them that Sir Keith Macleod should remember their affairs, too, and ask after their families and friends. Donald's loyalty was stronger than his professional pride. He was not offended that he had been silenced ; he only bottled up his musical fervor all the more ; and at length, as he neared the land, and knew that Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod were within hearing, he took it that he knew better than any one else what was proper to the occasion, and once more the proud and stirring march strove with the sound of the hurrying waves. Nor was that all. The piper-lad was doing his best. Never before had he put such fire into his work ; but as they got close in shore the joy in his heart got altogether the mastery of him, and away he broke into

the mad delight of *Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel*. Hamish on the quay heard, and he strutted about as if he were himself playing, and that before the Queen. And then he heard another sound—that of Macleod's voice.

"Stand by, lads! . . . Down with her!"—and the flapping sail, with its swinging gaff, rattled down into the boat. At the same moment, Oscar made a clean spring into the water, gained the landing-steps, and dashed upwards—dripping as he was—to two ladies who were standing on the quay above. And Janet Macleod so far forgot what was due to her best gown that she caught his head in her arms, as he pawed and whined with delight.

That was a glad enough party that started off and up the hill-side for Castle Dare. Janet Macleod did not care to conceal that she had been crying a little bit; and there were proud tears in the eyes of the stately old dame who walked with her; but the most excited of all was Hamish, who could by no means be got to understand that his master did not all at once want to hear about the trial of the young setters, and the price of the sheep sold the week before at Tobermory, and the stag that was chased by the Carseaig men on Tuesday.

"Confound it! Hamish," Macleod said, laughing, "leave all those things till after dinner."

"Oh ay, oh ay, Sir Keith, we will hef plenty of time after dinner," said Hamish, just as if he were one of the party, but very nervously working with the ends of his thumbs all the time; "and I will tell you of the fine big stag that has been coming down every night—every night, as I am a living man—to Mrs. Murdoch's corn; and I was saying to her, 'Just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch,' that wass what I will say to her, 'just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch, and be a civil woman, for a day or two days, and when Sir Keith comes home, it iss no more at all the stag will trouble you—oh no, no more at all—there will be no more trouble about the stag when Sir Keith comes home.'"

And old Hamish laughed at his own wit—but it was in a sort of excited way.

"Look here, Hamish—I want you to do this for me," Macleod said; and instantly the face of the old man—it was a

fine face, too, with its aquiline nose, and grizzled hair, and keen, hawk-like eyes—was full of an eager attention. "Go back and fetch that little boy I left with Donald. You had better look after him yourself. I don't think any water came over him; but give him dry clothes if he is wet at all. And feed him up: the little beggar will take a lot of fattening without any harm."

"Where is he to go?" said Hamish, doubtfully.

"You are to make a keeper of him. When you have fattened him up a bit, teach him to feed the dogs. When he gets bigger, he can clean the guns."

"I will let no man or boy clean the guns for you but myself, Sir Keith," the old man said, quite simply, and without a shadow of disrespect. "I will hef no risk of the kind."

"Very well, then; but go and get the boy, and make him at home as much as you can. Feed him up."

"Who is it, Keith," his cousin said, "that you are speaking of as if he was a sheep or a calf?"

"Faith," said he, laughing, "if the philanthropists heard of it, they would prosecute me for slave-stealing. I bought the boy—for a sovereign."

"I think you have made a bad bargain, Keith," his mother said; but she was quite prepared to hear of some absurd whim of his.

"Well," said he, "I was going into Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery of pictures is, mother, and there is a cab-stand in the street, and there was a cabman standing there, munching at a lump of dry bread, that he cut with a jack-knife. I never saw a cabman do that before; I should have been less surprised if he had been having a chicken and a bottle of port. However, in front of this big cabman, this little chap I have brought with me was standing; quite in rags; no shoes on his feet; no cap on his wild hair; and he was looking fixedly at the big lump of bread. I never saw any animal look so starved and so hungry; his eyes were quite glazed with the fascination of seeing the man ploughing away at this lump of loaf. And I never saw any child so thin. His hands were like the claws of a bird; and his trousers were short and torn, so that you could see his legs were like two pipe-stems.

At last the cabman saw him. 'Get out o' the way,' says he. The little chap slunk off, frightened, I suppose. Then the man changed his mind. 'Come here,' says he. But the little chap was frightened, and wouldn't come back; so he went after him, and thrust the loaf into his hand, and bade him be off. I can tell you the way he went into that loaf was very fine to see. It was like a weasel at the neck of a rabbit; it was like an otter at the back of a salmon. And that was how I made his acquaintance," Macleod added carelessly.

"But you have not told us why you brought him up here," his mother said.

"Oh," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I was looking at him, and I wondered whether Highland mutton and Highland air would make any difference in the wretched little skeleton; and so I made his acquaintance. I went home with him to a fearful place—I have got the address, but I did not know there were such quarters in London—and I saw his mother. The poor woman was very ill; and she had a lot of children; and she seemed quite glad when I offered to take this one and make a herd or a game-keeper of him. I promised he should go to visit her once a year, that she might see whether there was any difference. And I gave her a sovereign."

"You were quite right, Keith," his cousin said gravely; "you run a great risk. Do they hang slavers?"

"Mother," said he, for by this time the ladies were standing still, so that Hamish and the new gillie should overtake them, "you mustn't laugh at the little chap when you see him with the plaid taken off. The fact is, I took him to a shop in the neighborhood to get some clothes for him, but I couldn't get anything small enough. He *does* look ridiculous; but you mustn't laugh at him, for he is like a girl for sensitiveness. But when he has been fed up a bit, and got some Highland air into his lungs, his own mother won't know him. And you will get him some other clothes, Janet—a kilt maybe—when his legs get stronger."

Whatever Keith Macleod did was sure to be right in his mother's eyes; and she only said, with a laugh—

"Well, Keith, you are not like your brothers. When they brought me home presents, it was pretty things; but all

your curiosities, wherever you go, are the halt and the lame and the blind, so that the people laugh at you and say that Castle Dare is becoming the hospital of Mull."

"Mother, I don't care what the people say."

"And indeed I know that," she answered.

Their waiting had allowed Hamish and the new gillie to overtake them, and certainly the latter—deprived of his plaid—presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in the trousers and jacket that were obviously too big for him. But neither Lady Macleod nor Janet laughed at all when they saw this starved London waif before them.

"Johnny," said Macleod, "here are two ladies who will be very kind to you, so you needn't be afraid to live here."

But Johnny did look mortally afraid, and instinctively once more took hold of Macleod's coat. Then he seemed to have some notion of his duty. He drew back one foot, and made a sort of curtsy. Probably he had seen girls do this, in mock-heroic fashion, in some London court.

"And are you very tired?" said Janet Macleod, in that soft voice of hers that all children loved.

"Yes," said the child.

"Kott bless me!" cried Hamish, "I did not know that!"—and therewith the old man caught up Johnny Wickes as if he had been a bit of ribbon, and flung him on to his shoulder, and marched off to Castle Dare.

Then the three Macleods continued on their way—through the damp-smelling fir-wood; over the bridge that spanned the brawling brook; again through the fir-wood; until they reached the open space surrounding the big stone house. They stood for a minute there—high over the great plain of the sea, that was beautiful with a thousand tints of light. And there was the green island of Ulva, and there the darker rocks of Colonsay, and farther out, amid the windy vapor and sunlight, Lunga, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, changing in their hue every minute as the clouds came driving over the sea.

"Mother," said he, "I have not tasted fresh air since I left. I am not sorry to get back to Dare."

"And I don't think we are sorry to see you back, Keith," his cousin said modestly.

And yet the manner of his welcome was not imposing; they are not very good at grand ceremonies on the western shores of Mull. It is true that Donald, relieved of the care of Johnny Wickes, had sped by a short-cut through the fir-wood, and was now standing in the gravelled space outside the house, playing the *Heights of Alma* with a spirit worthy of all the Mac Cruimins that ever lived. But as for the ceremony of welcome, this was all there was of it. When Keith Macleod went up to the hall-door, he found a small girl of five or six standing quite by herself at the open entrance. This was Christina, the grand-daughter of Hamish, a pretty little girl with wide blue eyes and yellow hair.

"Hallo, Christina," said Macleod, "won't you let me into the house?"

"This is for you, Sir Keith," said she in the Gaelic, and she presented him with a beautiful bunch of white heather. Now white heather, in that part of the country, is known to bring great good fortune to the possessor of it.

"And it is a good omen," said he lightly, as he took the child up and kissed her. And that was the manner of his welcome to Castle Dare.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### AT HOME.

THE two women-folk with whom he was most nearly brought into contact, were quite convinced that his stay in London had in no wise altered the buoyant humor and brisk activity of Keith Macleod. Castle Dare awoke into a new life on his return. He was all about and over the place, accompanied by the faithful Hamish; and he had a friendly word and smile for every one he met. He was a good master: perhaps he was none the less liked because it was pretty well understood that he meant to be master. His good-nature had nothing of weakness in it. "If you love me, I love you," says the Gaelic proverb; "*otherwise do not come near me.*" There was not a man or lad about the place who would not have adventured his life for Macleod; but all the same they were well aware that the handsome young

master, who seemed to go through life with a merry laugh on his face, was not one to be trifled with. This John Fraser, an Aberdeen man, discovered on the second night after Macleod's return to Castle Dare.

Macleod had the salmon-fishing on this part of the coast, and had a boat's crew of four men engaged in the work. One of these having fallen sick, Hamish had to hire a new hand, an Aberdeenshire man, who joined the crew just before Macleod's departure from London. This Fraser turned out to be a "dour" man; and his discontent and grumbling seemed to be affecting the others, so that the domestic peace of Dare was threatened. On the night in question, old Hamish came into Macleod's conjoint library and gun-room.

"The fishermen hef been asking me again, sir," observed Hamish, with his cap in his hand. "What will I say to them?"

"Oh, about the wages?" Macleod said, turning round.

"Ay, sir."

"Well, Hamish, I don't object. Tell them that what they say is right. This year has been a very good year; we have made some money; I will give them the two shillings a week more if they like. But then, look here, Hamish: if they have their wages raised in a good year, they must have them lowered in a bad year. They cannot expect to share the profit without sharing the loss too. Do you understand that, Hamish?"

"Yes, Sir Keith, I think I do."

"Do you think you could put it into good Gaelic for them?"

"Oh ay."

"Then tell them to choose for themselves. But make it clear."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said Hamish; "and if it was not for that — man, John Fraser, there would be no word of this thing. And there is another thing I will hef to speak to you about, Sir Keith; and it is John Fraser, too, who is at the bottom of this, I will know that fine. It is more than two or three times that you will warn the men not to bathe in the bay below the Castle; and not for many a day will any one do that, for the Cave bay, it is not more as half a mile away. And when you were in London, Sir Keith, it was this man John Fraser,



he would bathe in the bay below the Castle in the morning, and he got one or two of the others to join him; and when I bade him go away, he will say that the sea belongs to no man. And this morning, too——"

"This morning!" Macleod said, jumping to his feet. There was an angry flash in his eyes.

"Ay, sir, this very morning I saw two of them myself—and John Fraser he was one of them—and I went down and said to them, 'It will be a bad day for you,' says I to them, 'if Sir Keith will find you in this bay.'"

"Are they down at the quay now?" Macleod said.

"Ay, they will be in the house now."

"Come along with me, Hamish. I think we will put this right."

He lifted his cap and went out into the cool night air, followed by Hamish. They passed through the dark fir-wood until they came in sight of the Atlantic again, which was smooth enough to show the troubled reflection of the bigger stars. They went down the hill-side until they were close to the shore; and then they followed the rough path to the quay. The door of the square stone building was open; the men were seated on rude stools or on spare coils of rope, smoking. Macleod called them out, and they came to the door.

"Now look here, lads," said he: "you know I will not allow any man to bathe in the bay before the house. I told you before; I tell you now for the last time. They that want to bathe can go along to the Cave bay; and the end of it is this—and there will be no more words about it—that the first man I catch in the bay before the house, I will take a horsewhip to him, and he will have as good a run as ever he had in his life!"

With that he was turning away, when he heard one of the men mutter, "*I would like to see you do it.*" He wheeled round instantly—and if some of his London friends could have seen the look of his face at this moment, they might have altered their opinion about the obliteration of certain qualities from the temperament of the Highlanders of our own day.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer.

"Come out here, you four men!" he said. "Stand in a line there. Now let the man who said that step out and face me. I will show him who is to be master here. If he thinks he can master me, well; but it is one or the other of us who will be master!"

There was not a sound or a motion; but Macleod suddenly sprang forward, caught the man Fraser by the throat, and shook him thrice—as he might have shaken a reed.

"You scoundrel!" he said; "you coward!—are you afraid to own it was you? There has been nothing but bad feeling since ever you brought your ugly face among us—well, we've had enough of you!"

He flung him back.

"Hamish," said he, "you will pay this man his month's wages to-night. Pack him off with the Gometra men in the morning; they will take him out to the *Pioneer*. And look you here, sir," he added, turning to Fraser, "it will be a bad day for you the day that I see your face again anywhere about Castle Dare."

He walked off and up to the house again, followed by the reluctant Hamish. Hamish had spoken of this matter only that Macleod should give the men a renewed warning; he had no notion that this act of vengeance would be the result. And where were they to get a man to put in Fraser's place?

It was about an hour later that Hamish again came into the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but the men are outside."

"I cannot see them."

"They are ferry sorry, sir, about the whole matter, and there will be no more bathing in the front of the house, and the man Fraser they hef brought him up to say he is ferry sorry too."

"They have him brought up?"

"Ay, sir," said Hamish, with a grave smile. "It was for fighting him they were one after the other, because he will make a bad speech to you; and he could not fight three men, one after the other; and so they hef made him come up to say he is ferry sorry too; and will you let him stay on to the end of the season?"

"No. Tell the men that if they will behave themselves, we can go on as we

did before, in peace and friendliness ; but I mean to be master in this place. And I will not have a sulky fellow like this Fraser stirring up quarrels. He must pack and be off."

"It will not be easy to get another man, Sir Keith," old Hamish ventured to say.

"Get Sandy over from the *Umpire*."

"But surely you will want the yacht, sir, when Mr. Ogilvie comes to Dare."

"I tell you, Hamish, that I will not have that fellow about the place—that is an end of it. Did you think it was only a threat that I meant? And have you not heard the old saying that 'one does not apply plaster to a threat'? You will send him to Gometra in the morning in time for the boat."

And so the sentence of banishment was confirmed ; and Hamish got a young fellow from Ulva to take the place of Fraser ; and from that time to the end of the fishing season perfect peace and harmony prevailed between master and men.

But if Lady Macleod and Janet saw no change whatever in Macleod's manner after his return from the south, Hamish, who was more alone with the young man, did. Why this strange indifference to the very occupations that used to be the chief interest of his life? He would not go out after the deer : the velvet would be on their horns yet. He would not go out after the grouse : what was the use of disturbing them before Mr. Ogilvie came up?

"I am in no hurry," he said, almost petulantly. "Shall I not have to be here the whole winter for the shooting?"—and Hamish was amazed to hear him talk of the winter shooting as some compulsory duty, whereas in these parts it far exceeds in variety and interest the very limited low-ground shooting of the autumn. Until young Ogilvie came up, Macleod never had a gun in his hand. He had gone fishing two or three days ; but had generally ended by surrendering his rod to Hamish, and going for a walk up the glen, alone. The only thing he seemed to care about in the way of out-of-door occupation, was the procuring of otter-skins ; and every man and boy in his service was ordered to keep a sharp look-out on that stormy coast for the prince of fur-bearing animals. Years

before he had got enough skins together for a jacket for his cousin Janet ; and that garment of beautiful, thick, black fur—dyed black, of course—was as silken and rich as when it was made. Why should he forget his own theory of letting all animals have a chance in urging a war of extermination against the otter?

This pre-occupation of mind, of which Hamish was alone observant, was nearly inflicting a cruel injury on Hamish himself. On the morning of the day on which Norman Ogilvie was expected to arrive, Hamish went in to his master's library. Macleod had been reading a book ; but he had pushed it aside ; and now both his elbows were on the table, and he was leaning his head on his hands, apparently in deep meditation of some kind or other.

"Will I tek the bandage off Nell's foot now, sir?"

"Oh yes, if you like. You know as much as I do about it."

"Oh, I am quite sure," said Hamish brightly, "that she will do ferry well to-morrow. I will tek her whatever ; and I can send her home if it is too much for her."

Macleod took up his book again.

"Very well, Hamish. But you have plenty to do about the house. Duncan and Sandy can go with us to-morrow."

The old man started, and looked at his master for a second. Then he said "Ferry well, sir," in a low voice, and left the room.

But for the hurt, and the wounded, and the sorrowful, there was always one refuge of consolation in Castle Dare. Hamish went straight to Janet Macleod ; and she was astonished to see the emotion of which the keen, hard, handsome face of the old man was capable. Who before had ever seen tears in the eyes of Hamish MacIntyre?

"And perhaps it is so," said Hamish, with his head hanging down, "and perhaps it is that I am an old man now, and not able any more to go up to the hills ; but if I am not able for that, I am not able for anything ; and I will not ask Sir Keith to keep me about the house or about the yacht. It is younger men will do better as me ; and I can go away to Greenock ; and if it is an old man I am, maybe I will find a place in a smack, for all that——"

"Oh nonsense, Hamish," Janet Macleod said, with her kindly eyes bent on him. "You may be sure Sir Keith did not mean anything like that——"

"Ay, mem," said the old man proudly, "and who wass it that first put a gun into his hand; and who wass it skinned the ferry first seal that he shot in Loch Scridain; and who wass it told him the name of every spar and sheet of the *Umpire*, and showed him how to hold a tiller? And if there is any man knows more as me about the birds, and the deer, that is right—let him go out; but it is the first day I hef not been out with Sir Keith since ever I wass at Castle Dare; and now it is time that I am going away; for I am an old man, and the younger men they will be better on the hills and in the yacht too. But I can make my living whatever."

"Hamish, you are speaking like a foolish man," said Janet Macleod to him. "You will wait here now till I go to Sir Keith."

She went to him.

"Keith," said she, "do you know that you have nearly broken old Hamish's heart?"

"What is the matter?" said he, looking up in wonder.

"He says you have told him he is not to go out to the shooting with you to-morrow; and that is the first time he has been superseded; and he takes it that you think he is an old man; and he talks of going away to Greenock to join a smack."

"Oh, nonsense," Macleod said. "I was not thinking when I told him. He may come with us if he likes. At the same time, Janet, I should think Norman Ogilvie will laugh at seeing the butler come out as a keeper."

"You know quite well, Keith," said his cousin, "that Hamish is no more a butler than he is captain of the *Umpire* or clerk of the accounts. Hamish is simply everybody and everything at Castle Dare. And if you speak of Norman Ogilvie—well, I think it would be more like yourself, Keith, to consult the feelings of an old man rather than the opinions of a young one."

"You are always on the right side, Janet. Tell Hamish I am very sorry. I meant him no disrespect. And he may call me at one in the morning if he

likes. He never looked on me but as a bit of his various machinery for killing things."

"That is not fair of you, Keith. Old Hamish would give his right hand to save you the scratch of a thorn."

She went off to cheer the old man; and he turned to his book. But it was not to read it; it was only to stare at the outside of it, in an absent sort of way. The fact is, he had found in it the story of a young aide-de-camp who was entrusted with a message to a distant part of the field while a battle was going forward, and who in mere bravado rode across a part of the ground open to the enemy's fire. He came back laughing. He had been hit, he confessed; but he had escaped; and he carelessly shook a drop or two of blood from a flesh-wound on his hand. Suddenly, however, he turned pale, wavered a little, and then fell forward on his horse's neck, a corpse.

Macleod was thinking about this story rather gloomily. But at last he got up with a more cheerful air, and seized his cap.

"And if it is my death-wound I have got," he was thinking to himself, as he set out for the boat that was waiting for him at the shore, "I will not cry out too soon."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A FRIEND.

His death-wound! There was but little suggestion of any death-wound about the manner or speech of this light-hearted and frank-spoken fellow who now welcomed his old friend Ogilvie ashore. He swung the gun-case in to the cart as if it had been a bit of thread. He himself would carry Ogilvie's topcoat over his arm.

"And why have you not come in your hunting tartan?" said he, observing the very precise and correct shooting costume of the young man.

"Not likely," said Mr. Ogilvie, laughing. "I don't like walking through clouds with bare knees, with a chance of sitting down on an adder or two. And I'll tell you what it is, Macleod: if the morning is wet I will not go out stalking, if all the stags in Christendom were there. I know what it is, I have had enough of it in my younger days——"

"My dear fellow," Macleod said seri-

ously, "you must not talk here as if you could do what you liked. It is not what you wish to do, or what you don't wish to do; it is what Hamish orders to have done. Do you think I would dare to tell Hamish what we must do to-morrow?"

"Very well, then, I will see Hamish myself; I dare say he remembers me."

And he did see Hamish that evening, and it was arranged between them that if the morning looked threatening they would leave the deer alone, and would merely take the lower lying moors in the immediate neighborhood of Castle Dare. And Hamish took great care to impress on the young man that Macleod had not yet taken a gun in his hand, merely that there should be a decent bit of shooting when his guest arrived.

"And he will say to me, only yesterday," observed Hamish confidentially, "it was yesterday itself he was saying to me, 'Hamish, when Mr. Ogilvie comes here, it will only be six days or seven days he will be able to stop, and you will try to get him two or three stags. And Hamish,' this is what he will say to me, 'you will pay no heed to me, for I hef plenty of the shooting whatever, from the one year's end to the other year's end, and it is Mr. Ogilvie you will look after.' And you do not mind the rain, sir? It is fine warm clothes you have got on—fine woollen clothes you have, and what harm will a shower do?"

"Oh, I don't mind the rain, so long as I can keep moving—that's the fact, Hamish," replied Mr. Ogilvie, "but I don't like lying in wet heather for an hour at a stretch. And I don't care how few birds there are, there will be plenty to keep us walking. So you remember me after all, Hamish?"

"Oh ay, sir," said Hamish, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "I mind fine the time you will fall into the water off the rock in Loch na Keal."

"There now," exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, "that is precisely what I don't see the fun of doing, now that I have got to man's estate, and have a wholesome fear of killing myself. Do you think I would lie down now on wet seaweed, and get slowly soaked through with the rain for a whole hour, on the chance of a seal coming on the other side of the rock? Of course, when I tried to get up I was

as stiff as a stone. I could not have lifted the rifle if a hundred seals had been there. And it was no wonder at all I slipped down into the water."

"But the sea-water," said Hamish gravely, "there will no harm come to you of the sea-water."

"I want to have as little as possible of either sea-water or rain-water," said Mr. Ogilvie, with decision. "I believe Macleod is half an otter himself."

Hamish did not like this, but he only said respectfully—

"I do not think Sir Keith is afraid of a shower of rain whatever."

These gloomy anticipations were surely uncalled for; for during the whole of the past week the Western Isles had basked in uninterrupted sunlight, with blue skies over the fair blue seas, and a resinous warmth exhaling from the lonely moors. But all the same, next morning broke as if Mr. Ogilvie's forebodings were only too likely to be realised. The sea was leaden-hued, and apparently still, though the booming of the Atlantic swell, into the great caverns could be heard Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman were of a dismal black; the brighter colors of Ulva and Colonsay seemed coldly grey and green; and heavy banks of cloud lay along the land, running out to Ru-treshanish. The noise of the stream rushing down through the fir-wood close to the castle seemed louder than usual, as if rain had fallen during the night. It was rather cold, too; all that Lady Macleod and Janet could say failed to raise the spirits of their guest.

But when Macleod—dressed in his home-spun tartan of yellow and black—came round from the kennels with the dogs and Hamish, and the tall red-headed lad, Sandy, it appeared that they considered this to be rather a fine day than otherwise, and were eager to be off.

"Come along, Ogilvie," Macleod cried, as he gave his friend's gun to Sandy, but shouldered his own. "Sorry we haven't a dog-cart to drive you to the moor, but it is not far off."

"I think a cigar in the library would be the best thing for a morning like this," said Ogilvie, rather gloomily, as he put up the collar of his shooting jacket, for a drop or two of rain had fallen.

"Nonsense, man; the first bird you kill will cheer you up."



Macleod was right; they had just passed through the wood of young larches close to Castle Dare, and were ascending a rough stone road that led by the side of a deep glen, when a sudden whirr, close by them, startled the silence of this gloomy morning. In an instant Macleod had whipped his gun from his shoulder and thrust it into Ogilvie's hands. By the time the young man had full cocked the right barrel and taken a quick aim, the bird was half-way across the valley; but all the same he fired. For another second the bird continued its flight, but in a slightly irregular fashion; then down it went like a stone into the heather, on the opposite side of the chasm.

"Well done, sir!" cried old Hamish.

"Bravo!" called out Macleod.

"It was a grand long shot!" said Sandy, as he unslipped the sagacious old retriever, and sent her down into the glen.

They had scarcely spoken when another dark object, looking to the startled eye as if it were the size of a house, sprang from the heather close by and went off like an arrow, uttering a succession of sharp crowings. Why did not he fire? Then they saw him in wild despair whip down the gun, full-cock the left barrel, and put it up again. The bird was just disappearing over a crest of rising ground, and as Ogilvie fired he disappeared altogether.

"He's down, sir!" cried Hamish, in great excitement.

"I don't think so," Ogilvie answered, with a doubtful air on his face, but with a bright gladness in his eyes all the same.

"He's down, sir!" Hamish re-asserted. "Come away, Sandy, with the dog!" he shouted to the red-headed lad, who had gone down into the glen to help Nell in her researches. By this time they saw that Sandy was re-crossing the burn with the grouse in his hand, Nell following him contentedly. They whistled, and again whistled; but Nell considered that her task had been accomplished, and alternately looked at them and up at her immediate master. However, the tall lad, probably considering that the whistling was meant as much for him as for the retriever, sprang up the side of the glen in a miraculous fashion, catching here and there by a bunch of

heather or the stump of a young larch, and presently he had rejoined the party.

"Take time, sir," said he; "take time. Maybe there is more of them about here. And the other one, I marked him down from the other side. We will get him ferry well."

They found nothing, however, until they had got to the other side of the hill, where Nell speedily made herself mistress of the other bird—a fine young cock grouse, plump, and in splendid plumage.

"And what do you think of the morning now, Ogilvie?" Macleod asked.

"Oh, I dare say it will clear," said he, shyly; and he endeavored to make light of Hamish's assertions that they were "ferry pretty shots—ferry good shots; and it was always a right thing to put cartridges in the barrels at the door of a house, for no one could tell what might be close to the house; and he was sure that Mr. Ogilvie had not forgotten the use of a gun since he went away from the hills to live in England."

"But look here, Macleod," Mr. Ogilvie said: "why did not you fire yourself?"—and he was very properly surprised; for the most generous and self-denying of men are apt to claim their rights when a grouse gets up to their side.

"Oh," said Macleod simply, "I wanted you to have a shot."

And indeed all through the day he was obviously far more concerned about Ogilvie's shooting than his own. He took all the hardest work on himself—taking the outside beat, for example, if there was a bit of unpromising ground to be got over. When one or other of the dogs suddenly showed by its uplifted fore-paw, its rigid tail, and its slow, cautious, timid look round for help and encouragement, that there was something ahead of more importance than a lark, Macleod would run all the risks of waiting to give Ogilvie time to come up. If a hare ran across with any chance of coming within shot of Ogilvie, Macleod let her go by unscathed. And the young gentleman from the south knew enough about shooting to understand how he was being favored both by his host and—what was a more unlikely thing—by Hamish.

He was shooting very well, too; and

his spirits rose and rose until the lowering day was forgotten altogether.

"We are in for a soaker this time," he cried quite cheerfully, looking around at one moment.

All this lonely world of olive greens and browns had grown strangely dark. Even the hum of the flies—the only sound audible in these high solitudes away from the sea—seemed still; and a cold wind began to blow over from Benan-Sloich. The plain of the valley in front of them began to fade from view; then they found themselves enveloped in a clammy fog that settled on their clothes and hung about their eyelids and beard; while water began to run down the barrels of their guns. The wind blew harder and harder; presently they seemed to spring out of the darkness; and, turning, they found that the cloud had swept onward towards the sea, leaving the rocks on the nearest hill-side all glittering wet in the brief burst of sunlight. It was but a glimmer. Heavier clouds came sweeping over; down-right rain began to pour. But Ogilvie kept manfully to his work. He climbed over the stone walls, gripping on with his wet hands. He splashed through the boggy land, paying no attention to his footsteps. And at last he got to following Macleod's plan of crossing a burn, which was merely to wade through the foaming brown water instead of looking out for big stones. By this time the letters in his breast-pocket were a mass of pulp.

"Look here, Macleod," said he, with the rain running down his face, "I can't tell the difference between one bird and another. If I shoot a partridge it isn't my fault."

"All right," said Macleod. "If a partridge is fool enough to be up here, it deserves it."

Just at this moment Mr. Ogilvie suddenly threw up his hands and his gun, as if to protect his face. An extraordinary object,—a winged object, apparently without a tail—a whirling bunch of loose grey feathers—a creature resembling no known fowl—had been put up by one of the dogs, and it had flown directly at Ogilvie's head. It passed him at about half-a-yard's distance.

"What in all the world is that?" he cried, jumping round to have a look at it.

"Why," said Macleod, who was roaring with laughter, "it is a baby black-cock, just out of the shell, I should think!"

A sudden noise behind him caused him to wheel round, and instinctively he put up his gun. He took it down again. "That is the old hen," said he, "we'll leave her to look after her chicks. Hamish, get in the dogs, or they'll be for eating some of those young ones. And you, Sandy, where was it you left the basket? We will go for our splendid banquet now, Ogilvie."

That was an odd-looking party that by-and-by might have been seen crouching under the lee of a stone wall, with a small brook running by their feet. They had taken down wet stones for seats; and these were somewhat insecurely fixed on the steep bank. But neither the rain, nor the gloom, nor the loneliness of the silent moors, seemed to have damped their spirits much.

"It really is awfully kind of you, Ogilvie," Macleod said, as he threw half a sandwich to the old black retriever, "to take pity on a solitary fellow like myself. You can't tell how glad I was to see you on the bridge of the steamer. And now that you have taken all the trouble to come to this place—and have taken your chance of our poor shooting—this is the sort of day you get!"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ogilvie, who did not refuse to have his tumbler replenished by the attentive Hamish, "it is quite the other way. I consider myself precious lucky. I consider the shooting first-rate; and it isn't every fellow would deliberately hand the whole thing over to his friend—as you have been doing all day. And I suppose bad weather is as bad elsewhere as it is here?"

Macleod was carelessly filling his pipe—and obviously thinking of something very different.

"Man, Ogilvie," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I never knew before how fearfully lonely a life we lead here. If we were out on one of the Treshnish Islands, with nothing round us but skarts and gulls, we could scarcely be lonelier. And I have been thinking all the morning what this must look like to you."

He glanced round—at the sombre browns and greens of the solitary moor-

land—at the black rocks jutting out here and there from the scant grass—at the silent and gloomy hills, and the overhanging clouds.

"I have been thinking of the beautiful places we saw in London—and the crowds of people—the constant change, and amusement, and life. And I shouldn't wonder if you packed up your traps to-morrow morning, and fled."

"My dear boy," observed Mr. Ogilvie, confidentially, "you are giving me credit for a vast amount of sentiment. I haven't got it. I don't know what it is. But I know when I am jolly well off. I know when I am in good quarters, with good shooting, and with a good sort of chap to go about with. As for London—bah! I rather think you got your eyes dazzled for a minute, Macleod. You weren't long enough there to find it out. And wouldn't you get precious tired of big dinners, and garden parties, and all that stuff, after a time? Macleod, do you mean to tell me you ever saw anything at Lady Beauregard's as fine as *that*!"

And he pointed to a goodly show of birds, with a hare or two, that Sandy had taken out of the bag, so as to count them.

"Of course," said this wise young man, "there is one case in which that London life is all very well. If a man is awful spoons on a girl, then of course he can trot after her from house to house, and walk his feet off in the Park. I remember a fellow saying a very clever thing about the reasons that took a man into society. What was it now? Let me see—it was either to look out for a wife—or—or—"

Mr. Ogilvie was trying to recollect the epigram and to light a wax match at the same time; and he failed in both.

"Well," said he, "I won't spoil it; but don't you believe that any one you met in London wouldn't be precious glad to change places with us at this moment."

Any one? What was the situation? Pouring rain, leaden skies, the gloomy solitude of the high moors, the sound of roaring waters. And here they were crouching under a stone wall, with their dripping fingers lighting match after match for their damp pipes, with not a few midges in the moist and clammy air,

and with a faint halo of steam plainly arising from the leather of their boots. When Fionaghal the Fair Stranger came from over the blue seas to her new home, was this the picture of Highland life that was presented to her?

"Lady Beauregard, for example?" said Macleod.

"Oh, I am not talking about women," observed the sagacious boy; "I never could make out a woman's notions about anything. I dare say they like London life well enough; for there they can show off their shoulders and their diamonds."

"Ogilvie," Macleod said with a sudden earnestness, "I am fretting my heart out here—that is the fact. If it were not for the poor old mother—and Janet—but I will tell you another time."

He got up on his feet, and took his gun from Sandy. His companion—wondering not a little, but saying nothing—did likewise. Was this the man who had always seemed rather proud of his hard life on the hills? who had regarded the idleness and effeminacy of town-life with something of an unexpressed scorn? A young fellow in robust health and splendid spirits—an eager sportsman and an accurate shot—out for his first shooting-day of the year: was it intelligible that he should be visited by sentimental regrets for London drawing-rooms and vapid talk? The getting up of a snipe interrupted these speculations; Ogilvie blazed away, missing with both barrels; Macleod, who had been waiting to see the effect of the shots, then put up his gun, and presently the bird tumbled down some fifty yards off.

"You haven't warmed to it yet," Macleod said, charitably. "The first half-hour after luncheon a man always shoots badly."

"Especially when his clothes are glued to his skin, from head to foot," said Ogilvie.

"You will soon walk some heat into yourself."

And again they went on, Macleod pursuing the same tactics, so that his companion had the cream of the shooting. Despite the continual soaking rain, Ogilvie's spirits seemed to become more and more buoyant. He was shooting capitally; one very long shot he made, bringing down an old black-cock with a

thump on the heather, causing Hamish to exclaim—

"Well done, sir! It is a glass of whisky you will deserve for that shot."

Whereupon Mr. Ogilvie stopped and modestly hinted that he would accept of at least a moiety of the proffered reward.

"Do you know, Hamish," said he, "that it is the greatest comfort in the world to get wet right through, for you know you can't be worse, and it gives you no trouble?"

"And a whole glass will do you no harm, sir," shrewdly observed Hamish.

"Not in the clouds."

"The what, sir?"

"The clouds. Don't you consider we are going shooting through clouds?"

"There will be a snipe or two down here, sir," said Hamish, moving on; for he could not understand conundrums—especially conundrums in English.

The day remained of this moist character to the end; but they had plenty of sport; and they had a heavy bag on their return to Castle Dare. Macleod was rather silent on the way home. Ogilvie was still at a loss to know why his friend should have taken this sudden dislike to living in a place he had lived in all his life. Nor could he understand why Macleod should have deliberately surrendered to him the chance of bagging the brace of grouse that got up by the side of the road. It was scarcely, he considered, within the possibilities of human nature.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A CONFESSION.

AND once again the big dining-hall of Castle Dare was ablaze with candles; and Janet was there, gravely listening to the garrulous talk of the boy-officer; and Keith Macleod, in his dress tartan; and the noble-looking old lady at the head of the table, who more than once expressed to her guest, in that sweetly-modulated and gracious voice of hers, how sorry she was he had had so bad a day for the first day of his visit.

"It is different with Keith," said she, "for he is used to be out in all weathers. He has been brought up to live out-of-doors."

"But you know, auntie," said Janet Macleod, "a soldier is much of the same

thing. Did you ever hear of a soldier with an umbrella?"

"All I know is," remarked Mr. Ogilvie—who, in his smart evening dress, and with his face flushed into a rosy warmth after the cold and the wet, did not look particularly miserable—"that I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much in one day. But the fact is, Lady Macleod, your son gave me all the shooting; and Hamish was sounding my praises all day long, so that I almost got to think I could shoot the birds without putting up the gun at all; and when I made a frightful bad miss, everybody declared the bird was dead round the other side of the hill."

"And indeed you were not making many misses," Macleod said. "But we will try your nerve, Ogilvie, with a stag or two, I hope."

"I am on for anything. What with Hamish's flattery and the luck I had to-day, I begin to believe I could bag a brace of tigers if they were coming at me fifty miles an hour."

Dinner over, and Donald having played his best (no doubt he had learned that the stranger was an officer in the 93d), the ladies left the dining-hall, and presently Macleod proposed to his friend that they should go into the library and have a smoke. Ogilvie was nothing loth. They went into the odd little room, with its guns, and rods, and stuffed birds, and, lying prominently on the writing-table, a valuable little heap of dressed otter-skins. Although the night was scarcely cold enough to demand it, there was a log of wood burning in the fireplace; there were two easy-chairs, low and roomy; and on the mantelpiece were some glasses and a big, black, broad-bottomed bottle, such as used to carry the still vintages of Champagne even into the remote wilds of the Highlands, before the art of making sparkling wines had been discovered. Mr. Ogilvie lit a cigar; stretched out his feet towards the blazing log; and rubbed his hands—which were not as white as usual.

"You are a lucky fellow, Macleod," said he, "and you don't know it. You have everything about you here to make life enjoyable."

"And I feel like a slave tied to a galley-oar," said he quickly. "I try to



hide it from the mother—for it would break her heart—and from Janet, too; but every morning I rise, the dismalness of being alone here—of being caged up alone—eats more and more into my heart. When I look at you, Ogilvie—to-morrow morning you could go spinning off to any quarter you liked—to see any one you wanted to see——”

“Macleod,” said his companion, looking up, and yet speaking rather slowly and timidly, “if I were to say what would naturally occur to any one—you won’t be offended? What you have been telling me is absurd, unnatural, impossible, unless there is a woman in the case.”

“And what then?” Macleod said quickly, as he regarded his friend with a watchful look. “You have guessed?”

“Yes,” said the other—“Gertrude White.”

Macleod was silent for a second or two. Then he sat down.

“I scarcely care who knows it now,” said he absently, “so long as I can’t fight it out of my own mind. I tried not to know it. I tried not to believe it. I argued with myself—laughed at myself—invented a hundred explanations of this cruel thing that was gnawing away at my heart and giving me no peace, night or day. Why, man, Ogilvie, I have read ‘Pendennis’! Would you think it possible that any one who has read ‘Pendennis’ could ever fall in love with an actress?”

He jumped to his feet again—walked up and down for a second or two—twisting the while a bit of a casting-line round his finger so that it threatened to cut into the flesh.

“But I will tell you now, Ogilvie—now that I am speaking to any one about it,” said he—and he spoke in a rapid, deep, earnest voice, obviously not caring much what his companion might think, so that he could relieve his overburdened mind—“that it was not any actress I fell in love with. I never saw her in a theatre but that once. I hated the theatre whenever I thought of her in it. I dared scarcely open a newspaper, lest I should see her name. I turned away from the posters in the streets; when I happened by some accident to see her publicly paraded that way, I shuddered all through—with shame, I think; and

I got to look on her father as a sort of devil, that had been allowed to drive about that beautiful creature in vile chains. Oh! I cannot tell you. When I have heard him talking away in that infernal, cold, precise way about her duties to her art—and insisting that she should have no sentiments or feelings of her own, and that she should simply use every emotion as a bit of something to impose on the public—a bit of her trade—an exposure of her own feelings to make people clap their hands—I have sat still and wondered at myself that I did not jump up and catch him by the throat and shake the life out of his miserable body.”

“You have cut your hand, Macleod.”

He shook a drop or two of blood off.

“Why, Ogilvie, when I saw you on the bridge of the steamer, I nearly went mad with delight. I said to myself, ‘Here is some one who has seen her, and spoken to her; who will know when I tell him.’ And now that I am telling you of it, Ogilvie, you will see—you will understand—that it is not any actress I have fallen in love with—it was not the fascination of an actress at all—but the fascination of the woman herself; the fascination of her voice, and her sweet ways, and the very way she walked, too, and the tenderness of her heart. There was a sort of wonder about her; whatever she did, or said, was so beautiful, and simple, and sweet! And day after day I said to myself that my interest in this beautiful woman was nothing. Some one told me there had been rumors; I laughed. Could any one suppose I was going to play ‘Pendennis’ over again? And then as the time came for me to leave, I was glad and I was miserable at the same time. I despised myself for being miserable. And then I said to myself, ‘This stupid misery is only the fancy of a boy. Wait till you get back to Castle Dare, and the rough seas, and the hard work of the stalking. There is no sickness and sentiment on the side of Ben-an-Sloich.’ And so I was glad to come to Castle Dare; and to see the old mother, and Janet, and Hamish; and the sound of the pipes, Ogilvie, when I heard them away in the steamer, that brought tears to my eyes; and I said to myself, ‘Now you are at home again, and there will be no more nonsense of

idle thinking.' And what has it come to? I would give everything I possess in the world to see her face once more—ay, to be in the same town where she is. I read the papers, trying to find out where she is. Morning and night it is the same—a fire, burning and burning—of impatience, and misery, and a craving just to see her face and hear her speak."

Ogilvie did not know what to say. There was something in this passionate confession—in the cry wrung from a strong man—and in the rude eloquence that here and there burst from him—that altogether drove ordinary words of counsel or consolation out of the young man's mind.

"You have been hard hit, Macleod," he said, with some earnestness.

"That is just it," Macleod said almost bitterly. "You fire at a bird. You think you have missed him. He sails away as if there was nothing the matter, and the rest of the covey no doubt think he is as well as any one of them. But suddenly you see there is something wrong. He gets apart from the others; he towers; then down he comes, as dead as a stone. You did not guess anything of this in London?"

"Well," said Ogilvie, rather inclined to beat about the bush, "I thought you were paying her a good deal of attention. But then—she is very popular, you know—and receives a good deal of attention—and, and, the fact is, she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I thought you were flirting a bit with her, but nothing more than that. I had no idea it was something more serious than that."

"Ay," Macleod said, "if I myself had only known! If it was a plunge—as people talk about falling in love with a woman—why the next morning I would have shaken myself free of it, as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself free of the water. But a fever—a madness—that slowly gains on you—and you look around and say it is nothing—but day after day, it burns more and more. And it is no longer something that you can look at apart from yourself—it is your very self; and sometimes, Ogilvie, I wonder whether it is all true, or whether it is mad I am altogether. Newcastle—do you know Newcastle?"

"I have passed through it, of course,"

his companion said, more and more amazed at the vehemence of his speech.

"It is there she is now—I have seen it in the papers; and it is Newcastle—Newcastle—Newcastle—I am thinking of from morning till night; and if I could only see one of the streets of it I should be glad. They say it is smoky and grimy; I should be breathing sunlight if I lived in the most squalid of all its houses! And they say she is going to Liverpool, and to Manchester, and to Leeds; and it is as if my very life were being drawn away from me. I try to think what people may be around her; I try to imagine what she is doing at a particular hour of the day; and I feel as if I were shut away in an island in the middle of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sound of the waves around my ears. Ogilvie, it is enough to drive a man out of his senses."

"But look here, Macleod," said Ogilvie, pulling himself together; for it was hard to resist the influence of this vehement and uncontrollable passion—"look here, man: why don't you think of it in cold blood? Do you expect me to sympathize with you, as a friend? Or would you like to know what an ordinary man of the world would think of the whole case?"

"Don't give me your advice, Ogilvie," said he, untwining and throwing away the bit of casting-line that had cut into his finger. "It is far beyond that. Let me talk to you—that is all. I should have gone mad in another week, if I had had no one to speak to; and as it is, what better am I than mad? It is not anything to be analyzed and cured: it is my very self; and what have I become?"

"But look here, Macleod—I want to ask you a question: would you marry her?"

The common-sense of the younger man was re-asserting itself. This was what any one—looking at the whole situation from the Aldershot point of view—would at the outset demand? But if Macleod had known all that was implied in the question, it is probable that a friendship that had existed from boyhood would then and there have been severed. He took it that Ogilvie was merely referring to the thousand and one obstacles that lay between him and that obvious and natural goal.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed. "Yes—you are right to look at it in that way—to think of what it will all lead to. When I look forward, I see nothing but a maze of impossibilities and trouble. One might as well have fallen in love with one of the Roman maidens in the temple of Vesta. She is a white slave. She is a sacrifice to the monstrous theories of that bloodless old Pagan, her father. And then she is courted and flattered on all sides; she lives in a smoke of incense: do you think, even supposing that all other difficulties were removed—that she cared for no one else, that she were to care for me, that the influence of her father was gone—do you think she would surrender all the admiration she provokes and the excitement of the life she leads to come and live in a dungeon in the Highlands? A single day like to-day would kill her—she is so fine, and delicate—like a rose-leaf, I have often thought. No, no, Ogilvie, I have thought of it every way. It is like a riddle that you twist and twist about, to try and get the answer; and I can get no answer at all, unless wishing that I had never been born. And perhaps that would have been better."

"You take too gloomy a view of it, Macleod," said Ogilvie. "For one thing, look at the common-sense of the matter. Suppose that she is very ambitious to succeed in her profession, that is all very well; but mind you, it is a very hard life. And if you put before

her the chance of being styled Lady Macleod—well, I may be wrong, but I should say that would count for something. I haven't known many actresses myself—"

"That is idle talk," Macleod said; and then he added proudly, "You do not know this woman as I know her."

He put aside his pipe; but in truth he had never lit it.

"Come," said he with a tired look, "I have bored you enough. You won't mind, Ogilvie? The whole of the day I was saying to myself that I would keep all this thing to myself, if my heart burst over it; but you see I could not do it; and I have made you the victim after all. And we will go into the drawing-room now; and we will have a song. And that was a very good song you sung one night in London, Ogilvie—it was about 'Death's black wine'—and do you think you could sing us that song to-night?"

Ogilvie looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean by the way you are talking, Macleod," said he.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural, "have you forgotten it? Well, then, Janet will sing us another song—that is, 'Farewell, Manchester.' And we will go to bed soon to-night; for I have not been having much sleep lately. But it is a good song—it is a song you do not easily forget—that about 'Death's black wine.'"

—*Good Words.*

#### THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SPRING ruled in earth and air;  
The breeze was soft and scented with the flowers;  
"Come, let us walk, ere day away doth wear,"  
—My friend said suddenly 'mid studious hours—  
"Whither, I do not care!"

Together forth we set:  
He led me far along the river way  
All blue with flowers that whisper "ne'er forget,"  
And, when I spoke of turning, answered "Nay,  
A little farther yet."

Amid the meadows green  
A farm-house nestled: "'Tis not very far"—  
My friend persuaded—"if you have not been,  
I'll take you; on a farm the chances are  
There's something to be seen."

Once there, my friend delayed ;  
 And I, half piqued, could see his glance go round  
 Until it rested on a lingering maid,  
 Who looked at him, and then upon the ground,  
 And then retreat essayed.

Homeward our steps we turned :  
 " And who's the damosel ? " quoth I ; and he—  
 " Why, nobody," and looked with eyes that yearned  
 Towards where, above us in Immensity,  
 Love's planet faintly burned.

—Good Words.

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TO ETHEL,

(Who wishes she had lived—

*" In teacup-times of hood and hoop,  
 Or while the patch was worn."*)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON,

" IN teacup-times ! " The style of dress  
 Would suit your beauty, I confess ;  
 BELINDA-like, the patch you'd wear ;  
 I picture you with powdered hair,—  
 You'd make a charming Shepherdess !

And I—no doubt—could well express  
 SIR PLUME's complete conceitedness,—  
 Could poise a clouded cane with care  
 " In teacup-times ! "

The parts would fit precisely—yes :  
 We should achieve a huge success ;  
 You should disdain, and I despair,  
 With quite the true Augustan air ;  
 But . . . could I love you more, or less,  
 " In teacup-times ? "

—Blackwood's Magazine.

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POPE LEO XIII.,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE article from the London *Spectator*, which we reproduced in the last (May) number of the *ECLECTIC*, gives substantially all that is known about either the character or the career of the new Pope, and it only remains for us to add a few dates and personal details which the writer of that article omitted to give. GIOACHIMO PECCI was born on the 2d of March, 1810, at Carpineto, near Anagni, Italy. He was high in the favor of Pope Gregory XVI., in whose household he held for some time

the position of private referendary ; and while still a young man obtained considerable reputation by suppressing brigandage in Benevento, whither he had been sent as Papal delegate. This reputation was strengthened by his firm and liberal conduct as Archbishop of Perugia, and subsequently while Nuncio at Brussels he won the cordial friendship and esteem of King Leopold, who used his influence with Pius IX. to have Pecci created a Cardinal. In spite of Leopold's good offices, however,







Engraved for the Selectus by J. J. Cade New York.

POPE LEO XIII.

he remained for seven years (till 1853) a Cardinal *in pectus*, and kept aloof from Rome. This was generally attributed to the jealousy and dislike of Cardinal Antonelli; and the conjecture is certainly rendered plausible by the fact that immediately after Antonelli's death Pecci was summoned to the Vatican and made Camerlengo, the *alter ego* of the Pope in all matters of business except foreign affairs.

In electing him, the College of Cardinals are thought to have chosen, if not their best man, at least their best Italian.

In person Leo XIII. is described as "a tall, thin man, with a cold expression of countenance, which wears an habitual, almost ironical smile. His features have an aristocratic stamp, and his manner is dignified."

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LITERARY NOTICES.

DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

WITH the inevitable defects of an experiment in a new field, this dictionary will undoubtedly take its place at once among the most useful of those works which abridge and facilitate the labor of both the readers and writers of books. It brings into one handy, portable, and well-printed volume all that is most essential in the biographical cyclopædias, in the dictionaries of literature, and in the collections of familiar quotations, phrases, and proverbs; besides introducing several valuable features which are peculiar to itself, and which will be better appreciated the more the book is used. Of all the prominent English writers the names are given, with the dates of birth and death, the titles of their principal works with the dates of their production, and notices of standard biography and criticism; the titles of the leading books, poems, essays, plays, and novels are accompanied by a brief analysis and description; the various *noms de plume* assumed by literary men and women are explained; characters in poetry and fiction are largely indexed; the most celebrated poems, songs, and ballads are entered by first lines as well as by titles; familiar sayings, phrases, and proverbs are indexed by catch-words, and referred to their original sources; and, finally, special articles of considerable scope are assigned to such general topics as the drama, newspapers, novels, poetry, epics, odes, masques, mysteries, and the like.

From a somewhat minute examination we are inclined to pronounce the Dictionary (even in its American subjects) as accurate and trustworthy as it is comprehensive; and if Mr. Adams had extended his plan sufficiently to include brief critical extracts indicating the qualities for which particular authors and books are celebrated, he would have furnished

us with a book inferior in usefulness to no compendium that has ever been compiled.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the seventh Italian edition by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is a masterpiece of descriptive writing. It is as full of color as one of Turner's most glowing landscapes; and should the Ottoman be driven out, and Constantinople become as commonplace as the other great European capitals, the author of the present work will have preserved for the readers of that time a living picture of the city in the heyday of its Oriental opulence and splendor. No other work on Constantinople can be compared with it for spectacular effects and brilliancy of style, except Gautier's; and even here the Italian, if less methodical and exhaustive, has the advantage in a youthful freshness of feeling, in a more absolute abandon to the uppermost impression of the moment, in a keener sense of the picturesque, and consequently in the greater vivacity, variety, and animation of his descriptions. An Englishman or American—proud of his impassive *nil-admirari* attitude, self-conscious and critical, and ashamed to show how much he is moved—could not possibly write such a book, even if he possessed the requisite literary skill; and the prosaic reader may be sure that, even should he visit it, he will never actually see the Constantinople which De Amicis depicts for him. In reading the book, indeed, he is looking at "the gorgeous East" through the eyes of a poet and enthusiast, and perhaps its only drawback is that it will almost inevitably render an actual visit disappointing. The description leaves a more vivid image in the mind than would the spectacle itself, and this is perhaps the greatest triumph that the author of such a book can achieve.

The translation is so good as to deserve a separate word of praise. It is spirited, flow-

ing, picturesque, and apparently faithful to the original; and whatever defects it shows are mostly attributable to careless proof-reading.

LANDOLIN. A Novel. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by Annie B. Irish. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Auerbach has never since equalled his first great story ("On the Heights"), but he never allows himself to sink to the level of a mere mechanical writer, and his stories are seldom without striking merit of some kind. "Landolin" we should be inclined to place among the best of his productions. It is deficient, perhaps, in that variety of incident which is supposed to give interest to a narrative; but it is very powerful, subtle, and vivid in its delineation of character, and it is a genuine if unconscious stroke of art on the part of the author to concentrate the reader's attention upon this by keeping the external features strictly subordinate. The *motif* of the story is the effect of crime upon the soul and character of the perpetrator, and seldom has this fascinating subject been more impressively treated. Landolin's crime, committed in a moment of sudden and overmastering passion, escapes the punishment of human law; but the soul itself is the arena in which guilt works out its inevitable penalty, and Landolin is kept before us through all the stages of that remorse which is eating like a gangrene into his character, and which finally drags him down to an untimely and miserable death. Nor is that awful feature of sin overlooked by which its effects are propagated or disseminated until the innocent and irresponsible are trammelled in its fatal consequences. Landolin would have found his position much more endurable could the results of his rash act have been confined to himself alone, but perhaps the worst aggravation of his punishment was that he was compelled to witness the suffering and sorrow brought upon those whom he loved and who were innocent.

A good motto for the book would be the following Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam:—

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ  
Moves on. Nor all your piety and wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Volume II. New York: Harper & Bros.

The second volume of Mr. Green's history amply fulfils the promise of the first, and demonstrates that the high expectations formed of the work will not be disappointed. The "Short History" will always, perhaps,

occupy a more unique place in literature and meet a more general want; but for those who desire something more than outlines and summaries the enlarged work will doubtless possess a deeper charm and a more lasting attraction. The narrative in the present volume extends from the beginning of the Wars of the Roses to the death of Elizabeth, thus covering one of the most momentous and eventful periods in English history. No previous or subsequent division of the work can deal with an epoch more interesting than that of the Reformation, and it may be said confidently that Mr. Green gives the most satisfactory survey of that great movement that has yet been given in a popular work. He brings out with peculiar effectiveness the fact that in England the Reformation was due quite as distinctively to political and social causes as to religious ones; and while he draws an impressive picture of the corruption of the Church, he does not allow the reader to lose sight of the fact that secular life and affairs were tainted with the same evils. His portraits of Henry VIII., of Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, of the great statesmen of the Elizabethan period, and, above all, of Elizabeth herself, are wonderfully good; and few more instructive passages can be found in any history than those which describe the growth of industry and commerce, the amelioration of the social condition of the people, and the development of literature.

KERAMOS AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The character and qualities of Mr. Longfellow's work are so well known that critical analysis is superfluous, and it is only necessary to describe the contents of any particular volume. The present collection comprises, besides the titular poem "Kéramos"—a noteworthy index of the growing popular interest in the ceramic art—sixteen short lyrics, grouped under the familiar heading of "Birds of Passage"; Part II. of "A Book of Sonnets," consisting of twenty-two poems; and a number of translations from Virgil and Ovid, and the modern French, German, and Italian. The lyrics touch so far upon topics of contemporary interest that several of them are evidently inspired by the prominence of Oriental affairs, and one of them, a fine song of "The White Czar," will doubtless meet a cordial welcome from the Russian people. Of the translations, the most striking are the "Seven Sonnets and a Canzone" from the Italian of Michael Angelo, which include the noble sonnet on "Old Age" and the touching ones on Vittoria Colonna, and



which give a very favorable impression of the great artist's poetical powers. Highly pleasing, too, is the hexameter rendering of Virgil's First Eclogue.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE King of Portugal is continuing his translations from Shakespeare, and is now engaged upon "The Merchant of Venice."

MR. TRELAWNY's revised and enlarged book, now named "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author," is likely to be issued very soon.

PROF. ZUPITZA says in the *Anglia* that he hopes soon to issue a critical edition of the Early English romances of Sir Isumbras, King Orpheo, and Athelstan.

A RUMOUR is abroad that Selim el Kari, whose name has acquired such notoriety in connexion with the Moabite pottery, is on his way to Europe.

THE sixth volume of M. Renan's "Origines du Christianisme" is in the printer's hands, but its progress through the press is delayed by the strike among the compositors.

MR. VAN LAUN is engaged upon a "History of Literary Exiles in England," a subject capable of being made extremely interesting both to Englishmen and to foreigners.

DICKENS's earlier works are just now coming out of copyright. The protection on "Sketches by Boz" has expired, and "Oliver Twist" will soon be common property. Three cheap editions of the "Sketches" are already issued in England.

COUNT WOLF BANDISSEN, who assisted Tieck and Schlegel in their great translation of Shakespeare, died at Dresden on the 4th April, in his 90th year. He was the author of the standard version of Molière.

PROFESSOR STERN has discovered in the archives of Oldenburg a relation by Mylius of his visit to England, containing an account of his conversations with Milton, as well as some unpublished letters of Milton himself.

MADAME LLANOS, the sister of John Keats, has written to her friends in England expressing strong disapproval of the publication of her brother's love-letters. Madam Llanos, who has long lived at Madrid, is the only surviving sister of Keats.

It seems probable that the Copyright Commission will recommend uniform legislation for Literature, Art, Music, and the Drama. It will further propose that authors should have power to prevent their works from being dramatized.

THE Historical Society of Berlin has decided to issue annual reports concerning the literature of history, which are to emphasize and expound all the really new facts discovered. The series will commence with the literature of the current year, and will be published about Easter 1879.

AMONG the important French works announced for publication are an entirely new work on the "Histoire de Montesquieu, sa Vie et ses Mœurs," by M. L. Vian. A preface and much new matter will be added to this biography by M. Laboulaye, whose recent edition of Montesquieu's works proved his thorough acquaintance with the great Frenchman's writings.

THE book trade in Italy has been flourishing during the past twelve months, nearly eight thousand new publications, a great increase on the previous year, having been issued. In 1877 were published 5,743 books; in 1876, 4,323: minor publications in 1877 were 1,880; in 1876, 1,524. Only 194 new journals, as against 256 in 1876, were issued, however, although all other publications show a high percentage of increase.

A COLLECTION of biographical anecdotes and letters of, or relating to, the late King of Italy has been made by Isaia Ghiron, and will shortly be published by Signor Hoepli, of Milan, under the title of "Ricordi Biografici di Vittorio Emanuele." A biography of the same monarch, with portrait and fac-simile of handwriting, is also about to be published by Herr Hartleben, of Vienna. The author is Herr Edward Rüffer, the historical and military writer.

MISS HOGARTH and Miss Dickens, we are requested to state, propose to publish a collection of the late Mr. Dickens's letters. The book is intended to be a sort of supplement to Mr. Forster's biography, which is the more needed as Mr. Forster's plan precluded him from printing almost any letters except those addressed to himself. Miss Hogarth will be obliged by the loan of any letters which the owners think of general interest, and such letters will be returned to the lenders. Miss Hogarth's address is 11 Strathmore Gardens, Kensington.

THE *Nuova Antologia* for March has an article by Signor Bonghi on "Leo XIII. and his Predecessors of the same Name." After a review of the careers of the Leos he points out that the first nine Popes of that name exercised no temporal power, while Leo X. exercised it to the great prejudice of the spiritual power, and Leo XII. brought it to its ruin by showing that it was opposed to the wishes of the people. Signor Bonghi hopes that this recognition of

the incompatibility of temporal and spiritual power may have influenced the present Pope in the choice of his name.

THE Paris International Literary Congress will hold its meetings from the 6th to the 15th of June. The following programme has been settled for discussion in the public session:— June 6. Literary copyright; its legal position. Should literary property be treated like all other property, or managed by special laws? June 8. On the republication, translation, and preparation of literary works. Of literary copyright, and the insufficiency of diplomatic treaties for its protection, etc. Scheme for an international literary treaty, by which the copyright of all authors shall be as secure in foreign countries as in their own. June 11. The position of authors in the present time. Literary societies. Plan for the improvement of the condition of authors in different countries. Arrangements for the future. June 15. Reading before the Congress the resolutions arrived at.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

PHONOGRAPH ODDITIES.—Professor Fleeming Jenkin has applied the phonograph to a very interesting series of observations on the wave-forms of articulate sound. By a process of enlargement of the vibrations caused by the indented tin-foil, he, with the assistance of Mr. J. A. Ewing, has obtained a large series of markings, upon bands of paper, by which the wave-forms of different sounds have been shown. Some of those results Professor Jenkin has laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The vowel sounds in the phonograph are found not to be dependent on the speed with which the cylinder of the phonograph is turned, the distinct vowel being heard however much the pitch of the note may be altered. He found that the phonograph resolutely refused to reproduce the French *u*, converting it always into the sound of *oo*. On the blackboard Professor Jenkin illustrated some of the constant forms assumed by the sound-waves, one of the most interesting being those of the letter *r*. In the case of the broad sound of *a*, it was shown that while with most ordinary voices the wave took the form which might be described as having two humps, a rich bass voice had been found to give a wave-form much more intricate, showing four distinct humps in each recurrent period of vibration. It was found that the phonograph gave vowel sounds, as well when the cylinder was turned backwards as forwards; and encouraged by this, the consonants were experimented upon, giving the same result. Even with a consonant at the beginning and

end of a syllable, as, for example, *bab*, it was rather unexpectedly found that the word would be correctly repeated either way, showing the identity of the sound. Professor Jenkin gave some amusement by describing the effects of reading words backwards, stating that with careful observation every sound could be heard, as, for example, in "association," which, when the cylinder was reversed, could be distinctly heard as "nosh-a-i-sho-sa." In "Edinburgh"—which, he said, Mr. Ewing could pronounce backwards, though *he* could not—the various sounds could also be distinguished. Words and sentences which when pronounced backwards or forwards sound the same, were tried. Thus was tried the well-known sentence, "Madam, I'm Adam," with which Adam is traditionally alleged to have saluted Eve; but "Madam, I'm Adam," although spelt the same both ways, did not sound the same in the phonograph, the diphthongal sound of the "I'm" giving a sound like "mya." It is obvious from Professor Fleeming Jenkin's experiments that some interesting points in acoustics may yet be settled by means of this extraordinary instrument.

RINGING IN THE EARS.—The phenomenon of ringing or tingling in the ears (*tinnitus aurium*) has recently been studied by Dr. Aigre. He believes that, in every case, it may be attributed to vibration of the walls of blood-vessels of the labyrinth. These vascular vibrations act on the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve, which they agitate. They may act on the nerve in two ways—either by increasing in amplitude or simply by reflex action, by concentration or by resonance. The former case occurs when there is increase or diminution of tension of the blood in the vessels of the labyrinth, or when the constitution of the blood is altered, as in chlorosis or anæmia.

THE LANGUAGE OF DEAF-MUTES.—At the meeting of the Anthropological Institute on March 12, Professor A. Graham Bell read a paper "On the Natural Language of the Deaf and Dumb." He regarded dumbness as, in most instances, a consequence of deafness, arising not from any defect in the vocal organs, but from an inability to acquire articulate language due to the want of the means of imitating it. He said that the dogma "without speech, no reason," was well founded, for deaf-mute children think in pictures, from which they form a language of signs, which, as contractions of it become understood, develops into a conventional language, but this is always very limited. No deaf-mute has been found who had formed the idea of a Supreme Being. About the commencement of the present century the Abbé de l'Épée established an institution for the education of deaf-

mutes, and the tendency of the instructions there given was to render the language more and more conventional by means of contractions. The result of systematic education has been to enable the deaf-mutes to form a community among themselves, employing a real language capable of representing abstract ideas as well as objects, and even possessing peculiar idioms of its own—for example, the objective case is placed first, thus: "the boots made the bootmaker." This is a difficulty, and perhaps due to a mistake in the education, but it furnishes an interesting subject for anthropological inquiry into the analogy with the development of spoken language. The North American Indians have a sign language, but less developed than that of the deaf-mutes. The language of the deaf-mutes is beginning to split into dialects.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN AMERICA.—American anthropologists have naturally taken a good deal of interest in Dr. Abbott's announcement of his discovery of stone implements in the State of New Jersey, under conditions which seem to point to their glacial age. The discoveries have been fully described in the last Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum; and the subject has also been discussed by Mr. T. Belt, in an interesting paper contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. During a recent visit to New Jersey, Mr. Belt had an opportunity of examining the implement-bearing deposits under the guidance of Dr. Abbott. It is believed that the sands and gravels in which the specimens occur were formed on the retreat of the land-ice of the glacial period, and before the last submergence of the surface. Most of the implements are ruder in type than our palæolithic flint weapons; and one abundant form has received the name of the "turtle-back" type. A solitary specimen has been obtained with markings very suggestive of glacial scratches; but doubt has been expressed as to whether this stone has really been fashioned by the hand of man. No conclusion, therefore, should be based upon this specimen, although Mr. Belt himself believes it to be worked. He renews an appeal for the thorough examination of the relation which the flint implement-yielding deposits in this country bear to the glacial beds, especially at Hoxne, in Suffolk, where he believes it would be easy to settle the question as to the age of the implements, whether glacial or post-glacial.—*Academy*.

SUNSPOTS AND RAINFALL.—Mr. Meldrum, of the Royal Alfred Observatory, at Mauritius, has recently furnished a new set of computa-

tions bearing out the theory with which his name is most prominently connected, that the weather of the earth has a relation to the display of spots on the sun. He now offers two tables: one based on fifty-four returns from Great Britain, forty-two from Continental Europe, and thirty-two from America; the other from one station's returns in each of the foregoing—Edinburgh, Paris, and New Bedford being selected. In all these returns the period embraced is from 1824 to 1867. The general correspondence of the rainfall cycle with the eleven-year sunspot period is very strikingly shown by the total averages, the first table showing that the rainfall gradually increased from the first to the seventh year, and then decreased to the tenth; the second table, that the rainfall gradually increased from the first to the sixth year, and then decreased to the tenth; both tables, that the rainfall lagged behind the sunspots about one year.

PERIODICITY OF SUNSPOTS.—Professor Wolf, of Zurich, has spent many years in collecting from every possible source records of sunspots from the beginning of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the telescope. And after careful examination he arrives at the conclusion that they do not bear out the theory of an eleven years' period, for since 1610 there are twenty or thirty different maxima and minima, extending to sixteen years in some instances and in others contracting to seven years. This is a fresh proof that many more observations are required for a settlement of the question.

SOLIDIFICATION OF GASES.—Mr. Dumas, the distinguished chemist, in giving an account to a scientific society in Paris of the liquefaction and solidification of gases, stated that the specimen of oxygen produced by Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, was the size of a hen's egg, and resembled snow in the solid form and water in the liquid form. Theoretically he had concluded that the density of liquid oxygen would be about the same as that of water, and this has been confirmed by experiment. As regards hydrogen, Mr. Dumas explained that it was liquefied under a pressure of 650 atmospheres with cold minus 140 deg.; and by evaporating the liquid thus obtained, the solid condition, showing the color of blue steel, was arrived at. Many years ago this possibility was foreseen, and the most advanced chemists admitted the existence of a theoretical metal—hydrogenium. "This confirmation of the real nature of hydrogen," continued Mr. Dumas, "is not to be regarded merely as a theoretical result useful to pure science; it appears to be of great importance for the fu-

ture of industry. A certain knowledge of the metallic nature of hydrogen will have a certain influence on metallurgy, of which manufacturing arts will take advantage."

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUN'S SURFACE.**—The very best photographs of the sun ever yet seen have been taken at the Observatory, Meudon, near Paris, by Mr. Janssen; and copies on glass, twelve inches diameter, are now placed in the hands of some of our scientific societies. They well repay study, for they show distinctly the granular appearance of the sun's surface: millions of white specks imbedded, so to speak, in a dense dark cloud. This surface is liable to violent commotions, or "vortex movements," as Mr. Warren de la Rue calls them, "of which we can form no conception whatever in thinking of tornadoes on the earth's surface. The photosphere," he continues, "had been whirled up in cloud-like masses in various parts of the sun; and he saw at once that that might be the origin of the luminous prominences with which we are all now so familiar." A conclusion drawn from these appearances is that sunspots are not the most important of solar phenomena. "There are changes taking place from day to day, from hour to hour, and in some cases from minute to minute, which completely change the aspect of the various parts of the sun, showing an amount of activity which it is extremely necessary to study." And it is suggested that this could best be done by establishing a physical observatory devoted to ceaseless observation of the sun, accompanied by photography. Such an observatory has been recently founded at Potsdam, near Berlin.

**CYCLONIC ARRANGEMENT OF THE SOLAR GRANULES.**—The splendid solar photographs taken by Dr. Janssen at Meudon show among other interesting features a tendency of the solar granules to arrange themselves in a spiral form, accompanied by more or less loss of distinctness of outline of the individual granules, an appearance suggesting great cyclonic disturbance of the part of the solar atmosphere in which these bodies lie. Mr. Huggins puts on record a similar appearance observed by him telescopically in 1866. His notes, made at the time, run thus: "Saw distinctly the granules. A spiral band of closely associated granules, ending in one of larger size. In one area near the centre of the sun's disc the granules appeared more elongated than usual, rather sparsely scattered, and the larger diameters very nearly in the same direction. In neighboring areas the granules were smaller and less elongated. Amongst these no general direction was observed."

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—Some interesting archaeological discoveries have been made at Rome. At the angle formed by the Strada Montebello and that of Volturno, on the site of the Prætorian camp, a vault has been opened containing about a thousand amphoræ in superposed rows ten deep. About two hundred of them bear colored inscriptions (black, white, red, or green), important from the light which they throw on the traffic in articles of food among the ancients. At the point where the Strada Mazarino and the Strada Nazionale meet has been discovered a magnificent mural representation in mosaic, in brilliant coloring, nearly seven feet in height by rather more than six in width. The subject is a large galley, with sails spread and standard displayed, at the moment of entering a port. The latter has quays, steps for disembarking, a mole built on piles and arches, and a light-house, of which the lower portion is rectangular and the upper cylindrical. The mosaic has been offered to the Capitoline Museum by Prince Pallavicini, on whose property it was discovered.

**SMOKE-PREVENTION.**—Professor Osborne Reynolds, in his presidential address to the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, discussed the smoke question; a very pressing question in a town with so grimy an atmosphere as Manchester. He pointed out that great part of the smoke is produced by the furnaces of small steam-engines carelessly managed, which are numerous throughout the town and neighbourhood, and suggested that it might be possible to do away with these by producing power at some great central establishment, and supplying it by transmission to all the little factories of a district. But how is the transmission to be effected? That is a question which has often been considered by engineers, "not so much as a means of preventing smoke, but because there are in our towns numberless purposes for which power is, or at all events might be, usefully employed, and for which it is almost impossible or very inconvenient to provide on the spot. Very small steam-engines are very extravagant in coal, besides requiring almost as much attention as large ones, and they are dangerous. . . . If, therefore," continues Professor Reynolds, "power in a convenient form could be obtained whenever and wherever required, at a fixed and reasonable charge, and with no other trouble than the throwing into gear of a clutch or the turning of a tap, it would be largely made use of, and would supplant steam-engines, which are now kept working with little or nothing to do for the greater part of their time;" whereby an



important saving of coal would be effected. The suggestion of supplying steam-power on a retail principal is not new, and nothing but some practical difficulties stand in the way. All we want is a solution of the question by some competent engineer. Let the genius but arise, he will find fame as well as fortune awaiting for him.

#### VARIETIES.

ROUEN CATHEDRAL.—You enter Rouen Cathedral, and all sense of jarring discrepancies, of inharmonious design, of fanatical destruction, of ignorant and superfluous embellishment, dies into a solemnity of peaceful wonder. It may be that within, as without, there is a discord of innovation; but it is overpowered by the marvellous grandeur and sublimity. If the eye falls on a clumsy classic screen, of modern ugliness, closing in the choir, it is with no greater disturbance of reverential feeling than might be caused by the sight of some accidental vulgarity foreign to the place. The grand secret of that perfect impression which everybody who enters Rouen Cathedral carries with him into open daylight—carries with him into the years that are to come—is proportion. Comments on this and that imperfection or blemish of detail are hushed by the solemn harmony of the whole. There is, in truth, far more visible agreement of parts inside the cathedral-church of *Nôtre Dame* that can be discerned in even the best view which can be obtained of the exterior—the view which throws into retirement the sharpness of the cast-iron steeple, and brings into prominence the porches, the towers, and the fretted rock-work of the west front. In all essential traits, the interior of this cathedral is of thirteenth-century character. The height of the nave is ninety feet, and the total length of nave and choir is four hundred and thirty-five feet; but a feeling of vastness beyond anything that these measurements would create springs from a contemplation of the interior space. Scarcely do we note, even after a time in which the eye has settled down to closer observation, the traces of the fierce Huguenot iconoclasm. The “lion heart” of Richard the First—bequeathed by that King of England to Rouen, because of the great love he bore the Normans—was deposited in the cathedral, as one of the lozenge-shaped tablets on the pavement of the choir testifies; but, after reposing here for centuries, it was removed, and is now shown in a glass case in the museum of antiquities at the suppressed convent of St. Mary, near the boulevard Beauvoisine. Richard’s effigy, in the Chapel of the Virgin, behind the high altar, was much battered by the

Huguenots; and the monuments of his kindred vanished altogether from the choir, and were lost to sight until they were discovered within the memory of the living generation.—*Picturesque Europe.*

EGGS AS FOOD.—Eggs of various kinds are largely used as food for man, and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate their value in this capacity, so simple and convenient are they in their form, and so manifold may be their transformations. They are exceedingly delicious, highly nutritious, and easy of digestion, and when the shell is included, they may be said to contain in themselves all that is required for the construction of the body. It has been claimed for them that they may be served in about six hundred ways, although it is generally found that the more simply they are prepared the more they are approved. Although other eggs than those of birds are eaten—for instance, turtles’ eggs—it is generally agreed that the eggs of the common fowl and of the plover possess the richest and sweetest flavor. The eggs of ducks and geese are frequently used in cookery, but they are of too coarse a nature to be eaten alone. The eggs of the turkey and of the pea-hen are highly esteemed for some purposes. The weight of an ordinary new-laid hen’s egg is from one and a half to two and a half ounces avoirdupois, and the quantity of dry solid matter contained in it amounts to about two hundred grains. In one hundred parts, about ten parts consist of shell, sixty of white, and thirty of yolk. The white of the egg contains a larger proportion of water than the yolk. It contains no fatty matter, but consists chiefly of albumen in a dissolved state. All the fatty matter of the egg is accumulated in the yolk, which contains relatively a smaller proportion of nitrogenous matter, and a larger proportion of solid matter, than the white. Therefore, in an alimentary point of view, the white and the yolk differ considerably from each other, the former being mainly a simple solution of albumen, the latter being a solution of a modified form of albumen, together with a quantity of fat. . . . Raw and lightly-boiled eggs are easy of digestion. It is said that raw eggs are more easily digested than cooked ones; but this may be doubted if the egg is not overcooked. A hard-boiled egg presents a decided resistance to gastric solution, and has a constipatory action on the bowels.—*Cassell’s Domestic Dictionary.*

CIVILITY.—Civility is a beautiful word, coming from the old Latin *civilis*, which means, relating to the community or to the policy and government of the citizens and subjects of a State; thus reminding us in its root-idea of the fact that we are members one

of another, that mere individual care and selfishness is not civil, and that we are related to those around us in multitudes of ways. An uncivil man by his conduct says, "Your pleasure, your comfort of mind, is nothing to me. What care I whether you are happy or not?" But a civil man desires by his very conduct to see those around him in the enjoyment of the pleasant sense of satisfaction and good-will. Thus it happens that *civil* comes, in its secondary sense, to mean gentle, obliging, well-bred, affable kind; and—let this be a satisfaction to citizens—it means, having the habits of a *city*. This surely is one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to those who have to endure a city's smoke and noise, that they are supposed to be especially civil. Certainly it is a sign of good breeding to be civil. It manifests that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which is the essence of true gentlemanliness. Manifestly there are dangers in this, as in every other aspect of life and duty. We can easily understand in physics how too much of sweets nauseate instead of pleasing the palate, and so in morals we can quite well understand that there is a danger lest courtesy should merge into a ridiculous and empty excess of mannerism. There are rocks on either hand here as elsewhere, but there are wide seas between in which we may safely steer our vessels; and if we are to be affrighted from one position because of its possible excesses, we had better confess at once our inability to steer between extremes. The danger of excess in this respect is not one-hundredth part so great as the danger of neglect. We are liable each day to be "put out" by so many things—to have the angry spirit, the grumbling spirit, the discontented spirit awakened in us—that it requires a marvellous amount of energy not to put this essence of unpleasantness into our mannerism towards others. Who has not felt it to be a great wrong that he should suffer Smith's snappishness, because in the morning Brown happened to be cross with Smith? It is difficult indeed to rid ourselves of the feelings of the hour; but if we *all* tried to be civil and courteous to each other, in court, and camp, and shop, in street, at home, and abroad, we should cure the evil at a stroke; and just in proportion as we personally cultivate a courteous spirit, do we diminish the discomfort of the world.—*Popular Educator*.

AN INN IN JAPAN.—The certainty of having a pleasant resting-place after the toil and trouble of the day is one of the charms of pedestrianism in Japan. The "Pied Bulls" and "Red Lions" of our English highways make no pretence whatever to any thing beyond the

mere satisfying of the animal wants. How very different is it in Japan! From the moment the threshold is crossed to the moment of departure, the visitor is the object of unceasing solicitude on the part of every one connected with the establishment, from highest to lowest. If it is midday, and he has arrived hot, dusty, and a little tired, after a long morning's tramp, the whole force of the establishment ushers the visitor into a pretty, light apartment, looking on to one of those marvellous miniature gardens, in which, covering a space of a few feet, the mountains, woods, rivers, and floods of an entire province are represented. By one neatly-dressed, pleasant-looking damsel his boots are taken off and his feet bathed in hot water, a second fans him and keeps up a voluble patter of conversation, a third on her knees offers him refreshing tea and sweetmeats, whilst the host himself with another detachment of waitresses is helping the coolies to unpack the box containing the European food. Every thing that meets the eye is contrived to please it. There are pleasant rustic paintings on the screens. There are vases with flowers dotted about; from the woodwork outside are suspended gayly colored lanterns, or festoons of glass through which the wind makes a soothing music, so that by the time the traveller has finished his repast, has smoked a pipe, and perhaps drunk a cup of "Saki" with the host, he feels thoroughly refreshed and in capital humor to resume his journey. All this enjoyment is procured at a merely nominal cost, and the present of some bread or European liquor to the house at leaving brings out the whole establishment, who say "Sayonara"—that is "Good-by"—with their foreheads on the mats.—*Belgravia*.

#### IN APRIL.

##### I.

THE nightingale sang in my garden  
In April, this marvellous year,  
For the frosts had forgotten to harden  
The world, and the ether was clear  
Over forest and mere:  
And my visions were stirred  
By the song of the troubadour bird  
Who had come o'er the ocean to woo,  
Whose tale, ever old, ever new,  
Was: "Only our dreams can be true."

##### II.

Ah! yes, when the happy birds carol,  
I pass to the Realm of Romance,  
Where fairies in emerald apparel  
Across the dim avenues glance,  
Led by Oberon's lance.  
Then I laugh at the life  
That is money and sorrow and strife,  
Then I learn from the beautiful eyes  
Which never their love can disguise,  
That "Nothing but folly is wise."

MORTIMER COLLINS.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

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OF THE

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Each volume contains 6 or more of these Fine Steel Engravings.

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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY. *Tan*

1878.

THE new year is the thirty-fourth of the publication of the *ECLECTIC*, and the present number is the beginning of twenty-seventh volume of the new series, which began in 1865. During the past year several new foreign periodicals, the principal one being the *Nineteenth Century*, have enabled us to enlarge our list of selections for the *ECLECTIC*, and we think the last two volumes will compare favorably with the long list of volumes that have preceded them. We shall aim during the coming year to give our readers all the most valuable articles in the entire field of foreign periodical literature, and to keep the *ECLECTIC* fully up to its old standard.

Our subscribers and friends can materially aid us in extending our circulation by sending us a new subscriber when they renew their own subscriptions, which we hope they will do promptly. They can also obtain a copy of our beautiful steel engraving "Home Poets" as an additional inducement, and we hope our old subscribers, by sending in new names, will avail themselves of our offer. For prospectus see third cover page of this number.

**RUSSIA'S DESIGNS ON TURKEY.**—The following extracts, from the "Table Talk of Napoleon the First," are extremely interesting at the present moment. "One day," Napoleon said, "I could have shared the Turkish Empire with Russia; we have discussed the question more than once. Constantinople always saved it. This capital was the great embarrassment, the true stumbling-block. Russia wanted it, and I could not grant it. It is too precious a key; it alone is worth an empire; whoever possesses it can govern the world." "All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first, his proposals pleased me, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes the Turks out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominion who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted

Constantinople, which I could not consent to as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."

**EDITORS' SALARIES.**—The leading editorial writers on the *London Times* get 2000 guineas, which is very fair salary. The largest salaries paid in America are not quite equal to this. Dr. Connery, the managing editor of the *New York Herald*, receives \$8000; Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, \$12,000; Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, \$12,000; Hurlbut, of the *World*, \$10,000. The Boston newspapers pay well. Hascal, the editor of the *Herald*, gets \$10,000. The leading editorial writer on the *Chicago Times* gets \$5000, and the managing editor, \$6000; Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, \$7500, and an interest in the profits; Sheehan, of the *Chicago Tribune*, \$6000. The largest sum paid in America to any editorial writer is that received from the *New York Herald*, by Charles Nordhoff. He gets \$10,000 a year, and writes when and what he pleases.

**COMPOUND OXYGEN.**—We call attention to this popular method of curing the sick.

The claims of Drs. Starkey and Palen, which appeared in our last issue, were of no ordinary character. The brochure which they offer to mail free contains an array of testimonials,—not a few of which are from persons of honorable fame,—which wholly precludes the idea of the doctors being other than safe men to deal with, even in matters of such vital importance as our health.

Let our readers who are invalid send for their brochure, to 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and read the testimonials therein contained, and judge for themselves.

**THE BORAX MINES OF NEVADA—A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.**—A remarkable discovery was made in Esmeraldo County, Nevada, some four years ago, by a young man who was prospecting for gold and silver mines. While thus engaged, traversing mountains, cañons, and valleys on horseback, he saw, in a valley known as Teel's Marsh, what appeared to be a vast bed of white sand, resembling dry sea foam. The appearance was so novel and singular that he dismounted and descended to prospect the object. Upon arriving at the

*L. J. B.*

place, he found it to be the bed of a dry lagoon, with the appearance of having been dry for centuries. Walking cautiously over the place, he found the surface to be soft and clayey, and often sunk ankle deep. After an examination of the curious clayey deposit, he put several handfuls into his pockets, mounted his horse, and returned across the mountains to his home in Columbus. There, he handed the contents of his pockets to an assayer, who, after analysis, pronounced it the richest sample of borax he had ever seen. This fact at once created great excitement, and no little expense attended the necessary claiming, etc., on the part of the fortunate discoverer. It soon proved to be an enormous lagoon or deposit of crude borax, two and a half miles wide, and five or six in length. The result is, that in the course of three or four years, the discoverer has perfected an immense establishment, and is producing an enormous quantity of a chemically pure article of borax, which stands first, and is in demand in every household, to which it is supplied by grocers and druggists throughout the country. So important has this new industry become, that the eminent house of W. T. Coleman & Co., New York and San Francisco, some time ago, became the sole agents for the article, and they are now pushing its sale in all parts of the world.

CHARLEY ROSS' father has expended \$60,000 in his searches, and made about 300 fruitless journeys. He is now poor, his business having gone to naught through neglect, and has engaged as a travelling salesman.

NEW CATALOGUE OF HOLIDAY BOOKS.—We call special attention to the Christmas number of the *Publishers' Weekly*, advertised in this number of the *ECLECTIC*. It contains a list of all the holiday books of the year, together with specimen pages and the choicest illustrations from nearly all of them, so that a fair idea of the book itself can be had from this list. It also contains a list of the choice books of the year, arranged in alphabetical order, as well as a list of juvenile books, and it gives the price of each book.

It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, contains 175 pages the size of the *ECLECTIC*, and altogether is the finest catalogue of holiday books ever issued. Before making selection of books for the holidays send for this catalogue, price, prepaid, 30 cents, which we deduct from any orders sent us.

MADAME BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, now over ninety years of age, is very feeble, and her early demise is not unexpected among her friends.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Appletons' Illustrated Hand-Book of American Winter Resorts.* For Tourists and Invalids. With Maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, paper, 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

*Substance and Show, and other Lectures.* By THOMAS STARR KING. Edited, with an Introduction, by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 484. Price, \$2.

*The Queen of Sheba.* A Novel. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

*Creed and Deed.* A series of Discourses, by FELIX ADLER, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 243. Price, \$1.50.

*Being a Boy.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

*Dita.* A Novel. By Lady MARGARET MAJENDIE. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 306. Price, \$1.

*About Old Story-Tellers: Of How and When they Lived, and What Stories they Told.* By DONALD G. MITCHELL. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 237. Price, \$2.

*The Harmony of the Reformed Confessions, as Related to the Present State of Ecangelical Theology.* An Essay delivered before the General Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh, July 4, 1877. By Prof. PHILIP SCHAFF. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 70. Price, 50 cents.

*Lapsed, but not Lost.* By the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 273. Price, \$1.50.

*Money and Legal Tender in the United States.* By H. R. LINDERMAN, Director of the Mint. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 173. Price, \$1.25.

*Doubleday's Children.* A Novel. By DUTTON COOK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 430. Price, \$1.25.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY. Feb

### OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

WE are glad to state that a large number of our subscribers, both new and old, have availed themselves of our offer to send our fine engraving of "Highland Pets," on receipt of \$1 extra.

In answer to inquiries, we will state that we will send the engraving to any subscriber to the ECLECTIC, on receipt of \$1, whether the subscription was made directly through us, or through any bookseller or agent. It will also be sent, on receipt of \$1 extra, to those subscribers who have availed themselves of our club rates. So far as we know, the engraving has given general satisfaction, and not a single complaint in regard to it has reached us.

**NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD.**—Mr. George E. Mansfield has constructed a road from Billerica, Mass., to Bedford, a distance of eight miles, having but ten inches width of track. There are eleven bridges over the route, one over one hundred feet long. The rails weigh twenty-five pounds to the yard, which is quite strong enough; twenty pounds would do. The road is well equipped; one grade is one hundred and fifty-five feet. The engine is placed behind the tender and next the cars, so that when the train moves, the car next the engine draws down upon and increases the adhesion of the engine to the track. Both engine and cars are constructed so as to be very near the ground, giving great advantages in regard to safety, also very little oscillation. The cars have an aisle with one seat on each side, in the same manner as ordinary cars have two seats. The length of the cars allows thirty seats, each person having a seat to himself. The cars are warmed with steam, are well ventilated, have closets, water tank, all the modern improvements, Westinghouse brakes, etc. They weigh but four tons and a half, ordinary cars weighing on an average eighteen tons. Hence, Mansfield will carry sixty persons with cars weighing nine tons, while ordinary roads must draw eighteen tons to carry fifty-six persons. The engines are equally light and less costly than on ordinary roads. The road cost \$4,500 per mile. The trains run about twenty miles an hour. Engines weigh about eight tons, and draw two passenger and two freight cars twice per day each way, at a cost of coal only one fourth that of ordinary engines.

**ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1878.**—One hundred thousand copies of the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* were issued last month. The new cover is designed by Walter Crane, and is a study in itself, giving promise of the various good things which it unfolds. There can be no question but *St. Nicholas* is the best periodical for children ever published. Whenever it is taken its advent each month is eagerly watched for, and hailed with joy by the young folks, and even older people find much to interest them in its pages. Four bound volumes of this work, viz.: 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877, have now been issued, and they form a complete library which, for interest, amusement, and instruction for the children, have never before been equalled. In looking over these volumes one can easily see why they are so popular with children; every story is bright and interesting, and there is nothing stupid or dull about them. If you wish to get a good, healthy book for children, get them a bound volume of *St. Nicholas*, and when you make up your list of periodicals for winter reading, don't forget to add the current year for the young folks.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.**—The *République Française* gives some statistics of the increase which has been made in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church during the Pontificate of the present Pope. During his lengthened reign, Pius IX. has, it appears, founded 29 metropolitan churches, 130 episcopal chairs, 3 chairs *nullius in locum*, 3 apostolic delegations, 33 apostolic vicarages, and 15 apostolic prefectures. In Europe, at the present time, there are altogether 595 bishoprics and archbishoprics, either immediately subject to the Papal See or suffragans of metropolitan churches; in America, 73; in Africa, 11; in Asia, 10; and in Australia and Polynesia, 21. Of religious orders, there are 53; of monastic orders, 15; and of mendicant orders, 14. Thirteen states are represented at the Vatican—namely, France, Austria, Spain, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Peru, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Portugal, Paraguay, and finally, the Principality of Monaco.

**MINING AND THE TELEPHONE.**—Already has the telephone received one practical application of great importance in connection with mining. It is a very difficult matter to keep a

mine perfectly ventilated. The miners themselves grow careless about it, and the inspector is often unaware of the real condition of the mine, excepting at special times when he visits it. The circulation of the air in mines is shown by the anemometer, which is below, and it is found that by attaching the telephone to it, the flow of air is communicated to the engineer in the office above-ground; and by the same telephone he can instantly call attention to the neglect, if there is not enough air. It is believed that the telephone may be made the means of communication between divers and their assistants.

**THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.**—Among the unquestionably sound life companies, which, in these days of unsoundness, uphold the honor of life underwriting, is The Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Co., of Hartford. It is a model of good management and steadfast continuance in well-doing. It began the new year with cash assets well sifted, yet increased to \$4,313,000, and a surplus, for security of policy-holders, of \$1,210,000. No man who heeds the well-worn injunction to "insure in The Travelers," has any reason to doubt his insurance. The company has paid nearly 30,000 claims for death or injury by accident, amounting to \$2,750,000, besides paying over a round million in its life department. We are glad to make a note of such uniform good conduct and prosperity.

**OPIUM, AND THE FAMINE IN INDIA.**—The famine in India, which has cost so many lives and so much money, is believed by some who have investigated the subject to be in part due to the British opium policy. More than a hundred years ago the East India Company began sending opium from Bengal to China. Three vast provinces were devoted to the cultivation of the poppy, instead of food. Circumstances compelled, as it were, the people to cultivate it—they could scarcely be said to have the liberty of refusing—so that with a constantly increasing population, only a noxious drug is raised in provinces where there is a growing frequency of famines.

The sermon of Henry Ward Beecher on the subject of future rewards and punishments, concerning which there has been such gross misrepresentation, is published in full in the *Christian Union* (New York) of December 26th. It is entitled, "The Background of Mystery."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Poems of Places.* Edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Germany. Two volumes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 254, 248. Price, \$1 each.

*The Silver Country; or, The Great Southwest.* A review of the mineral and other wealth, the attractions and material development of the former kingdom of New Spain, comprising Mexico and the Mexican cessions to the United States, in 1848 and 1853. By ALEXANDER D. ANDERSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 221. Price, \$1.75.

*The American Girl of the Period: Her Ways and Views.* By GARRY GAINES. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 158. Price, 50 cents.

*The Paradox, and other Poems.* By J. ALBERT WILSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 226. Price, \$1.

*Select British Essayists. Vol. 3. The Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder.* By ADDISON and STEELE. With an Introductory Essay by JOHN HABBERTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 238. Price, \$1.

*The Bride of the Rhine. Two Hundred Miles in a Mosel Row-Boat.* By GEO. E. WARING, JR. To which is added a paper on the Latin poet Ansonius, and his poem "Mosella." By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 312. Price, \$2.

*Economic Monographs. No. 1. Why we Trade, and How we Trade.* By DAVID A. WELLS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 67.

*Economic Monographs. No. 2. The Silver Question: The Dollar of the Fathers VERSUS the Dollar of the Sons.* By DAVID A. WELLS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 47.

*Economic Monographs. No. 3. The Tariff Question and its Relation to the Present Commercial Crisis.* By HORACE WHITE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 30.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY. *March*

**INDUSTRIAL ART.**—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., by special arrangement with the English publishers, have begun the issue of *Industrial Art*, a monthly review of technical and scientific education at home and abroad. Each number will be profusely illustrated with a series of engravings representing fine examples of articles of use and ornament. This work is of special value to all who are engaged in any branch of decorative or household art, and it is believed it will supply a real want, and no effort will be spared to render it worthy of general patronage. The subscription price will be \$4 per annum. Single numbers, 40 cents. Subscriptions received, and numbers supplied at ECLECTIC office.

**TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.**—The "Annual Circular" issued by the Travelers Insurance Company is a sixteen page pamphlet of much interest, both in the facts presented, and the candor of its statements. These words, which we clip from it, should be the "golden text" of every life insurance company:

"Confidence in the men who have the custody of trust funds lies at the foundation of the life insurance interest, and failure here perils the entire structure. The changing of values and the vicissitudes of trade may not be permanently and irretrievably ruinous, but integrity is essential and imperative."

The corporation that can honestly say what follows, in regard to its handling of the funds intrusted to it, is worthy of all confidence;

"In the case of this company, it is just to say that the loans made by it have been carefully selected by men of good judgment and known integrity; and no director, member of the finance committee, or officer of the company, has ever had a farthing's interest in the commissions or realized therefrom any perquisite. And in this connection it is pertinent to mention the fact that no member of the finance committee or director of the company has, from the beginning until to-day, received a dollar for service or attendance."

**BUFFALOES.**—Some idea of the extent to which the destruction of the buffalo is now carried on may be gathered from the fact that in three years' time, including 1872, 1873, and 1874, nearly half a million buffalo hides were

shipped over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. Very few of these animals were otherwise utilized. In 1874 nearly seven millions of pounds of buffalo bones were shipped east for conversion into bone-dust, and for other purposes.

STANLEY's just completed African expedition is said to have cost \$115,000, which was shared equally by the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph*.

**CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT HATS.**—A scientific inquiry lately made by Dr. Delaunay, among the hatters of Paris, offers some curious results. Accepting it as true, that the capacity of the cranium and development of the brain are proportional to the external volume of the head, also that the intelligence is proportional to the volume and weight of the brain, he shows, *inter alia*, that certain families develop like individuals—that is, they have a period of growth, then a stationary period, then a period of decrease, previous to extinction. In families in the first period, the head enlarges from generation to generation. The citizens who wrought the Revolution of 1789 had bigger heads than their fathers. On the other hand, in families that are nearing extinction the head grows smaller. The sons of the present ruling families in France have such small heads—according to the author—that they require hats specially made for them. Among certain families newly risen from the common people, the head increases from generation to generation. The wide-brimmed hats—*bolivars*—worn by the Republicans from 1830 to 1848, were very capacious. The quarter in which are the largest heads in Paris is that of the schools. The hatters of the Faubourg St. Germain say they only fit fine heads. The Polytechnicians have larger heads than the St. Cyrians, and the students of the normal school larger than those of St. Sulpice, etc. The members of the clergy present a peculiar feature in these statistics. "In general," says M. Delaunay, "men from thirty to forty years of age have larger heads than those from twenty to thirty. Not so with ecclesiastics, for their heads cease to grow at about twenty-five. The curés, bishops, archbishops, etc., have no larger heads than the students of the large seminaries."

**A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THACKERAY'S WORKS.**—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., in connection with the English publishers, announce that they have made arrangements for the issue of a new and cheap illustrated edition of Thackeray's works, in twenty-four crown 8vo volumes. This new issue will be illustrated by nearly all the small woodcut illustrations appearing in the Standard Edition; and for those volumes which have not hitherto had the advantage of such embellishment, new illustrations will be supplied by eminent artists. The price has been put at the moderate sum of \$1.25 per volume.

**NEW FRUIT.**—A new and distinct species of fruit always secures attention, but it is long since anything has absorbed as much interest among fruit growers as the recently introduced Japanese persimmon (*Diospyros Kaki*). The tree itself is highly ornamental, a prolific bearer, as hardy as the American persimmon, and fruits much earlier, thus escaping the astringent quality of the American species, that never ripens before frost. When dried, it surpasses the fig in flavor, and can be kept a long time in excellent condition. Of the half dozen varieties of "kaki," or Japanese persimmon, introduced, one of the principal is described as large, round, and shaped like a Rhode Island greening apple. Its color is rich golden, and the meat juicy, vinous, and firm. Another variety is oblong, resembling in shape a minie ball. This has a deeper, darker shade than the other, is soft, sweet, and delicious. This variety attains a very large size, and is the one usually dried and prepared like figs for market. Some think this persimmon destined to rival the peach in popularity, which may be the case south of Baltimore. Northward, its hardiness has not been sufficiently tested, although a little winter protection during youth will unquestionably save it permanently. In California, it has already been extensively distributed, but in the East the sale has as yet been confined to the Kissena Nurseries, Flushing, L. I.

**RAVAGES OF INSECTS.**—A remarkable statement occurs in a report by one of the government naturalists on the injurious insects of the West; namely, that in the United States, the loss of agricultural products through the ravages of insects amounts to "probably more than two hundred millions of dollars each year, and that from one quarter to one half of this sum might be saved by preventive measures."

**MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & CO.** have in preparation for early publication, in their "Leisure Hour Series," "The Honorable Miss Ferrard," an English novel. The scene is laid in England and Ireland. The book is said to be very interesting, singularly free from padding, and to throw many side-lights on Irish politics. They also have in preparation Auerbach's new novel, "Landolin," translated by Miss Annie B. Irish, translator to the Department of State, at Washington. The story is said to be in Auerbach's best and earlier style. An enthusiastic reader reported to the publishers, "It is Auerbach's old self." The same house has concluded to add Lewes on "Actors and Acting" to their popular "Amateur Series," which already contains Moschels's "Recent Music and Musicians," Chorley's "Recent Art and Society," Wagner's "Art Life and Theories," and Thornbury's "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A." The illustrations in the latter volume, which have met with varying criticism by the purely literary writers, are welcomed by the water-color artists as rare prizes.

**A LUMINOUS PAINT.**—A French chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers of street doors at night. Figures traced with it shine so as to be read through the most profound darkness; and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious.

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*Boston Monday Lectures. Orthodoxy, with Preludes on Current Events.* By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 343. Price, \$1.50.

*Cerebral Hyperæmia the Result of Mental Strain or Emotional Disturbance.* By WM. A. HAMMOND, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 108. Price, \$1.

*An American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the year 1878.* Edited by A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress. New York: American News Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 420. Price, \$1.50.

*Through a Needle's Eye.* By HESRA STRETTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 433. Price, \$1.50.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY. *April*

**OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—We are glad to state that the demand for our ECLECTIC engravings is constantly increasing. We have now revised our catalogue of subjects that have appeared in the ECLECTIC, and reduced our price to \$7.50 per hundred. We can furnish a portrait of almost any prominent man in letters or in science, and hardly any thing can be more attractive to persons of cultivation and refinement than a well selected list of portraits from our list. We furnish neat cloth cases or portfolios to hold the engravings, and on receipt of \$1.50 we will send by mail, prepaid, any fifteen subjects that may be selected, together with one of our portfolios.

**THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.**—We call the attention of our readers to the thirty-third annual report of the New York Life Insurance Co., of this city. The report shows that, notwithstanding the extreme stringency of the times, which has affected the life insurance business probably as much as any other business, the company has issued, during the year, no less than 6597 policies, insuring \$20,156,639, and its cash assets have increased during the year from \$32,730,893.20, on January 1st, 1877, to \$34,957,250.93, on January 1st, 1878. The company and its policy-holders must certainly feel highly gratified at such a showing in these times, and persons seeking life insurance will do well to note these figures.

**DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—Within the past ten years, according to estimates which have been made, not less than 12,000,000 acres of the forests of the United States have been cut down for fuel, lumber, railroad ties, etc. If the destruction and consumption go on, without greater efforts to provide for the renewal of the supply, the time will come before long when the supply will be exhausted. The present generation have a duty to perform in the line of tree-planting, but many take no thought for the future. One man, Mr. S. D. Payne, of Kasota, Minn., has done his duty, 70,000 trees having been planted by his directions.

**COST OF LIVERPOOL DOCKS.**—The town of Liverpool expends annually three millions and a half of dollars in maintaining and extending its docks. This is more than the entire river and harbor appropriation of the United States.

**DISRAELI.**—This picture of Disraeli-Beaconsfield is given by the London correspondent of *The Hartford Courant*: "I saw, not long ago, this striking personage step out of his carriage and walk leisurely through a street near Piccadilly, alone. He was dressed in plain black, without ornament; his head was bowed, his face strong and sad; his strange, piercing, powerful eye looking at nothing before him, or nothing that was visible; he seemed the personification of all that he is called in this present hour of his greatness, a 'modern Machiavelli,' 'a sphinx,' an Italian 'jettatore,' or 'Evil Eye'—the cruellest of all. . . . I am told that at the garden parties of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, and other great houses, and at Buckingham Palace, you may see the Prime Minister wandering about among the throng of eminent men and beautiful women, like an evil spirit, without a word for any one save when necessity compels; his face, the expression of moody and saturnine discontent, tinged with bitter contempt and lofty scorn. Now that he has reached his goal—gained his paradise—he finds, perhaps, the soil strewn with ashes, and that it is not the paradise, after all, that brings peace to the soul."

**THE American Institute of Instruction** will hold its Forty-ninth Annual Meeting among the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. The sessions will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1878. The members will be entertained at the extensive hotels in that section, at very low rates of board. Among the houses which will be open to the Institute are the Crawford, Fabyan's, Twin Mountain, and Mt. Washington. An extended line of excursions will be planned, and a portion of each day will be devoted to explorations in the Switzerland of America. Railroads will give free return-tickets to members. All persons attending the Institute are entitled to its privileges by the payment of one dollar as a membership fee.

**BUSINESS OF THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.**—Enough letters, circulars, and postal cards annually pass through the post office in this city to extend, if placed end to end, from one side of the Atlantic to the other; or, in round numbers, they aggregate over 240,000,000 per

year. To this must be added over 100,000,000 newspapers, which, in the same period, are dispatched, and then a roughly approximated idea of the enormous mass of mail matter which is handled in the lower floors of the new post office building will be obtained. It is curious to remark that the aggregate of letters is more than half of the total number dispatched in all France, and over four times as many as are forwarded in Russia, while a notion of how extensively news and information is disseminated in this country may be obtained by comparing the above total of newspapers transmitted from New York alone with that representing the aggregate number sent in all Germany (2,300,000), or even with the same in all Great Britain, which is only about 50 per cent in excess.—*Scientific American*.

**POPULATION OF ASIA.**—The entire population of Asia is larger, by about twenty-five millions, than the estimate given in last year's issue of Behm and Wagner's work. The increase mainly falls upon the East India Islands and Anam, the figures in the case of the latter being more than double those given in the tables of last year, viz., 21,000,000. The population of British India is rather less than last year, being 188,093,700; that of Burmah being about 2,750,000, including tributary or protected States. The whole population of British India is close on 239,000,000. In a map of India, which accompanies the work, the varying density of the population in India is shown, from five inhabitants to over 750 per square mile. The greatest density is found, of course, about Calcutta, as also in patches all along the east coast, and all over the north-western provinces. The population of China is given as 405,000,000, with 28,500,000 of outlying people. Hong Kong seems to have decreased by upwards of two thousand since last year, the number now given being 121,985. Japan is set down as 33,299,014.

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*Putnam's Literary Companion: A Quarterly Continuation of "The Best Reading,"* giving Priced and Classified Lists of the English and American Publications of 1877. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, boards, pp. 94. Price, 50 cents.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

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**BEGGARS' BRIDGE.**—According to the following legend, the Beggars' Bridge in Florence was built without expense to the city. The Grand Duke of Florence once issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should receive a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue to the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. But the old clothes were examined, and in them, concealed in various ways, was money enough to build the beautiful bridge which spans the Arno.

**THREE WEALTHY MEN.**—The relative wealth and income of the three most opulent men living—the Duke of Westminster, Rothschild, and Mr. Mackey the Bonanza King—has been reduced to figures, as follows:

	Duke of Westminster.	Rothschild.	Mackey.
Capital.....	£16,000,000 00s.	£40,000,000	\$235,000,000
Per year.....	800,000 00	2,000,000	2,750,000
Per month....	60,000 00	170,000	200,000
Per day.....	2,000 00	5,000	7,000
Per hour....	90 00	200	300
Per minute..	1 10	4	5

**CIGARETTES.**—Knowing that their cigarettes are second to none, and learning that the red label has led many fastidious persons to suppose cigarettes put up in so attractive a style to be but an ordinary article, has induced the manufacturers, Messrs. WM. S. KIMBALL & Co., to prepare an elegant new and less showy label, hoping thereby to induce some of the many cigarette smokers who are prejudiced against Vanity Fair cigarettes to give them a trial, which will convince them of their superior excellence. The old label is not abandoned by this change. Connoisseurs may always depend on finding both Vanity Fair cigarettes and tobacco fully up to standard.

**LAND OWNERS IN ENGLAND.**—John Bright said in a recent speech at Rochdale, Eng., that one third of the whole land of the United Kingdom, being no less than 23,000,000 acres belongs to 935 men.

**FIRES IN NEW YORK CITY.**—Many lessons may be learned from the fire record of New York City for the year 1877. Of the 1457 fires, upward of 1200 resulted from neglect or recklessness. About 400 of these are ascribed directly to carelessness, 155 to foul chimneys, 74 to children playing with matches, 127 to kero-

sene lamps, 89 to candles or gas-lights igniting light drapery around them. In fact, ordinary care would have prevented all but one or two hundred of all the fires in the city.

**BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.**—Great labor and ingenuity are expended on the production of the Bank of England notes. They are made from pure new white linen, and for 200 years have been manufactured in the same family. The printing is done by a most curious process in the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for insuring that no note shall be like any other in existence; consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note except by forgery.

**COST OF INDIAN WARS.**—No less than 247 Indians have bitten the dust in frontier wars during the last year, and each bite cost the United States \$11,578.24.

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*Home Interiors.* By E. C. GARDNER, Author of "Illustrated Homes," etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 268. Price, \$1.50.

*On Actors and the Art of Acting.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Amateur Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 237. Price, \$1.50.

*Free Ships: The Restoration of the American Carrying Trade.* By JOHN CODMAN. Economic Monographs. No. VI. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 38. Price, 25 cents.

*Life Insurance: How to find out what a Company owes you.* By GUSTAVUS W. SMITH. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 8vo, paper, pp. 38. Price, 25 cents.

*Canoeing in Kanuckia; or, Haps and Mishaps, Afloat and Ashore, of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler.* Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook (C. L. Norton and John Habberton). Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, boards, pp. 254. Price, \$1.50.

*Poke O' Moonshine.* A Poem. By LATHAM CORNELL STRONG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 117. Price, \$1.25.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY. *June 1878*

**THE DEEPEST ARTESIAN WELL.**—The deepest artesian well in the world is being bored at Pesth, and has reached already a depth of 951 metres. The well at Paris, which measures 547 metres, has hitherto been the first. The work is undertaken by the brothers Zsigmondy, partially at the expense of the city, which has granted £40,000 for the purpose, with the intention of obtaining an unlimited supply of warm water for the municipal establishments and public baths. A temperature of 161° F. is shown by the water at present issuing from the well, and the work will be prosecuted until water of 178° is obtained. About 175,000 gallons of warm water stream out daily, rising to a height of 35 feet. This amount will not only supply all the wants of the city, but convert the surrounding region into a tropical garden. Since last June the boring has penetrated through 200° feet of dolomite. The preceding strata have supplied a number of interesting facts to the geologist, which have been recorded from time to time in the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Among some of the ingenious engineering devices invented during the course of the boring are especially noteworthy the arrangements for driving in nails at the enormous depth mentioned above, for pulling them out (with magnets,) for cutting off and pulling up broken tubes, and above all, a valuable mechanical apparatus by means of which the water rising from the well is used as a motive power, driving the drills at a rate of speed double that previously imparted from the mouth of the well.—*Nature*.

**THE FRUIT CROPS.**—The value of fruit crops in the United States is estimated by the Government Statistician at \$140,000,000 annually, or about half the value of the wheat crop. The value of the annual crop of Michigan is put down at \$4,000,000. California has 60,000 acres of vineyards, producing 10,000,000 gallons of wine annually, besides vinegar, raisins, brandy, and fresh grapes. The other States produce 5,000,000 gallons of wine annually. The single port of Norfolk, Virginia, reported 3,000,000 quarts of strawberries this year. Illinois, a Prairie State, whose fruit growing is of recent origin, now has 320,000 acres of orchards.

**WHAT IS ETCHING?**—The question may seem a superfluous one to many people, but nevertheless there exists so much misconception on the subject, that it is better to begin with a definition. We often hear, for example, that a certain person "etches beautifully," and find on inquiry that the work so complimented consists merely of pen and ink drawings on paper, which are no more etchings than they are oil-paintings. To etch, then, from the German *etsen*, to eat, is to produce designs on copper by means of lines drawn upon it by a needle or point, and bitten in by the application of aquafortis. Works so produced, and none others, are etchings; and this requires to be insisted upon, as books have been published from time to time, illustrated by pen-and-ink drawings reproduced by lithography or other processes, which have been wrongly called etchings, and which have brought discredit upon a most delightful branch of art. What is known as "dry-point"—a word the reader will often find used in connection with etchings—is the use of lines drawn upon the copper after the plate is bitten, and leaving upon it the "bur," or ridge of metal raised on each side. This in engravings is taken off, but is left in etchings, as it produces a peculiarly soft and rich effect, very useful in shadows. Sometime, too, plates are produced in pure dry-point, as we shall see when we come to examine some of the works illustrated by etchings. It is obvious, then, this being the process by which etchings are produced, that it allows of the greatest latitude to the artist in recording his impressions, and moreover that these impressions are conveyed to those who see them with the utmost directness, without the interposition of another person, such as occurs, for example, when an engraver cuts a drawing on wood.

**WEALTH OF PIUS IX.**—Pius IX. may be fairly classed among the higher capitalists of Europe. In his desk was found a sealed packet, with instructions for delivering it into the hands of his successor. There was also found 400,000 scudi, which is probably disposed of by testament. The total of the Pope's wealth is said to be about 120,000,000 lire (\$23,160,000), which is mostly in the hands of the Rothschilds, at Paris.

**TURNER'S BOYHOOD.**—An anecdote has been preserved which gives the very starting point of the boy's art life. One morning, when "little Billy" was about six years old, the barber of Maiden Lane went to a certain Mr. Tomkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy was allowed to accompany his father on this occasion, and one can imagine him trotting along, grand with the responsibility of carrying the barber's scissors or curling-tongs. Mr. Tomkinson was a rich silversmith, whose house was filled with many objects of beauty. While the father was at work frizzling the wig of his grand patron, the boy was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing with his great blue eyes at a huge silver salver on the table at his side, adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son again turn their faces toward the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day; he sat upstairs, away from the confusion of the little shop below, brooding over a sheet of paper. At tea-time he appeared, triumphantly producing his sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion, a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tomkinson's. The little barber, unlike some parents whose children have given early indications of artistic talent, was beside himself with delight. His son's vocation was at once settled in his mind. Thenceforth when old customers, looking up from under the glittering razor, would mumble through obstructive lather, "Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?" the barber would smile proudly, rest the ready razor on a piece of thin brown paper, and reply, "It's all settled, sir; William is going to be a painter." Two or three years later the door of the little barber's shop was ornamented by small water color drawings, hung around among the wigs and frizzes, ticketed at prices varying from one to three shillings. Some were copies or imitations of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing master; others, original sketches made by Boy Turner, as he was then called. His great delight was to get outside of London into the fields, and, with pencil in hand, spend whole days trying to catch the exquisite effects of color and light and shade, which touched the young artist like a grand poem.

**IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE U. S.**—The net import of merchandise into the United States from 1820 to 1878 were \$12,257,753,197, and the domestic exports \$10,777,782,872.

Since 1870 the imports have exceeded the exports in value by the sum of \$49,114,339, although the excess of exports in the last four years was \$395,481,316.

**RAILWAYS.**—According to some statistics published by the *Economiste Français*, the total length of railways in the world at the end of 1876, was 184,002 miles, of which Europe possessed 89,430 miles; America, 83,420 miles; Asia, 7,689 miles; Australia, 1,924 miles; and Africa, 1,519 miles. The United States had 74,095 miles; Germany, 17,181 miles; Great Britain, 16,794 miles; France, 13,492 miles; Russia, 11,555 miles; Austria, 10,852 miles; Italy, 4,815 miles; and Turkey, 960 miles. The railway system in India was 6,527 miles in length; while Canada had 4,200 miles; the Argentine Republic, 990 miles; Peru, 970 miles; Egypt, 975 miles; and Brazil, 836 miles. The *Economiste Français* calculates that at the end of 1876 the capital invested in the European railways amounted to £2,077,200,000, and in those of America, Australia, Asia, and Africa, £1,185,500,000, making a total for the railways of the whole world of £3,262,700,000. The European railways were credited with the possession of 42,000 locomotives, 90,000 passenger carriages, and 900,000 luggage trucks, in which were conveyed during 1876 1,140,000,000 passengers, and 5,400,000,000 tons of goods.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Memoir of William Francis Bartlett.* By FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY. With portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 309. Price, \$1.50.

*Landolin. A Novel.* By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by ANNIE B. IRISH. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 265. Price, \$1.

*Kéramos and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 148. Price, \$1.25.

*Constantinople.* By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Seventh Italian edition by CAROLINE TILTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 326. Price, \$1.75.

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**DITA.**

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
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For greater convenience of editing, printing, and distribution, the place of publication will be removed from Boston to New York, and on the 1st of January, 1878, the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will be published by D. Appleton & Co. It is scarcely necessary to say that this change, implying neither change of proprietorship nor management, will in no wise affect the choice of matter or the general spirit which characterizes the REVIEW.

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Annuity Account.			
	No.	ANN. PAY'BS.	
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1877...	34	\$26,098.88	
Premium Annuities.....		6,393.46	
Issued.....	7	2,335.13	
	59	\$34,827.46	
	No.	ANN. PAY'BS.	
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1878...	34	\$25,900.61	
Premium Annuities.....		6,174.00	
Terminated.....	5	2,752.85	
	59	\$34,827.46	

Insurance Account.			
	No.	AMOUNT.	
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1877, 92,285		\$301,978,037	
Risks Assumed.....	2,494	26,951,813	
	100,619	\$328,929,853	
	No.	AMOUNT.	
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1878, 91,553		\$294,488,311	
Terminated.....	9,066	33,744,541	
	100,619	\$328,229,852	

Dr.		Revenue Account.	Cr.
To Balance from last account.....	\$79,536,900.87	By paid Death Claims and Endowments (matured and discounted).....	\$6,100,532.83
" Premiums received.....	14,020,153.41	" " Annuities.....	31,979.59
" Interest and Rents.....	4,889,307.32	" " Dividends.....	3,568,161.57
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions.....	4,239,426.47
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)	603,202.16
		" " Contingent Guarantee Account and Taxes.....	*733,886.96
		" " Expenses.....	797,493.73
		Balance to New Account.....	89,353,078.27
	\$98,439,361.60		\$98,439,361.60

\*Of this the sum of \$164,235.64 was paid to the different States that levy taxes upon the premiums of their people.

Dr.		Balance Sheet.	Cr.
To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$80,057,941.00	By Mortgages on Real Estate.....	\$58,152,733.88
" Claims by Death, not yet due.....	486,787.00	" United States and other Stocks.....	16,909,611.17
" Premiums paid in advance.....	217,561.00	" Real Estate.....	5,725,035.65
" Surplus and Guarantee Fund.....	4,971,009.20	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	1,701,622.87
		" Cash in transit Dec. 31, 1877 (since received).....	67,969.92
		" Interest accrued.....	1,436,647.92
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual.....	851,813.52
		" Premiums due and unpaid, principally for December.....	153,768.13
		" Balances due by Agents.....	32,115.14
	\$85,033,318.20		\$85,033,318.20

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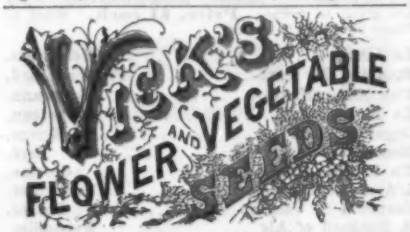
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AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1877.....\$32,730,898 20

## REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,304 70	
Less deferred premiums, Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40	\$5,799,609 30
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85	
Less accrued Jan. 1, 1877.....	300,558 08	1,867,457 17
		\$7,667,156 47

## DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

\$40,398,054 67

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12
Life annuities and re-insurances.....	194,318 86
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,347 36
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00
	473,142 72
	\$5,945,149 38

## ASSETS.

\$34,452,905 29

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value, \$12,379,930.33).....	12,875,584 69
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195).....	695,234 74
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878.....	396,289 26
*Premiums on existing policies, in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000, included in liabilities).....	167,183 37
Agents' balances.....	56,945 97
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1878.....	315,895 35
	\$34,452,905 29

\*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....

\$504,345 64

CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1878.....\$34,957,250 93

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted Losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48
Reported Losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84
Reserved for Re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent, Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent, Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91
	32,293,106 44

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.....\$2,664,144 49

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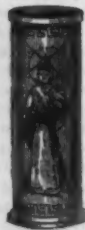
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JANUARY 1, 1878.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1877.....\$32,730,898 20

## REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70	
Less deferred premiums, Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40	\$5,799,699 30
Interest received and accrued.....	2,166,013 85	
Less accrued Jan. 1, 1877.....	300,558 68	1,867,457 17
		\$7,667,156 47

## DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

\$40,398,054 67

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12
Life annuities and re-insurances.....	194,318 86
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,095 90
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00
	473,142 72
	\$5,945,749 38

## ASSETS.

\$34,452,905 29

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value, \$13,379,930 33).....	12,875,584 69
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195).....	695,234 74
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878.....	396,289 26
*Premiums on existing policies, in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000, included in liabilities).....	167,183 37
Agents' balances.....	56,945 97
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1878.....	315,895 35
	\$34,452,905 29

\*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....\$504,345 64

CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1878.....\$34,957,250 93

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted Losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48
Reported Losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84
Reserved for Re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent, Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent, Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91
	32,293,106 44
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.....	\$2,664,144 49

SURPLUS, estimated by the New York State standard at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, over.....\$6,000,000

From the undivided surplus of \$2,664,144.49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year 6597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1876.....	44,661	Amount at risk Jan. 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk Jan. 1, 1877.....	127,748,473
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk Jan. 1, 1878.....	127,901,887
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1876.....			\$2,499,656
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1877.....			2,626,816
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1878.....			2,664,144

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